

# When The Weather Changes

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my family moves.  
From Mathis to  
Lubbock, the sunrise  
waits for the car.  
Clothes bundled into  
boxes and trash bags.  
No room for my First  
Communion dress.  
From Lubbock to  
Amarillo, Mamá's  
voice rattles through  
the hallway, strips the  
mattress. Our breaths  
fog the car windows  
until it blurs the  
moon. From Amarillo  
to Corpus, my  
notebooks crumple as  
Mamá stuffs blankets  
into my backpack.  
She throws bags into  
the trunk and replaces  
my doll with a bag of  
pans. From Corpus to  
Mathis, the cops



invite themselves in. I  
hold my baby  
brother's bruised  
body as the thin flesh  
of our apartment  
tears. Only four pairs  
of clean underwear. It  
never matters if it's in  
the middle of the  
night or early in the  
morning, or if we are  
pulled out of school  
around noon. We get  
used to taking what  
we can —

