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**Marked**  
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## Joel Brouwer

### MARKED

God marked Cain so we would know to curse him, but who pushed the teapot from the pantry shelf and cut Francine's cheek? And why? The scar glows white when she's cold: a rice grain in a dish of milk. In Egypt death passed over doors dabbed with lamb's blood, but in Poland stopped at each chalked with a star. The pencil salesman's son hides upstairs, painting the encyclopedia's pages white. His father's shadow pours into the room like ink into water: *You have to make a mark upon the world!* The kid dips his brush, says *OK, hold still.*