

The Weight of His Name

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They taste his name like copper,
bitter and metallic,
their mouths twisting
as if it's poison.
The sound of it drags the room backward,
to alleys they swore to forget,
to hands stained with work
that never made them proud.

Her parents built their lives
with the frenzy of escape—
homes in places where streets
have no cracks,
vacations framed in glossy brochures.
But their success is fragile,
a glass house of triumph
always threatened by the dust
of where they began.

And now their daughter—
their polished pearl,
their ticket to permanence—
leans into the arms of a boy
with a name
that smells like old tools and hard mornings.

They don't ask who he is;
they already know.
The name is a stamp,
a sentence handed down
before he was even born.
It comes from families
that fix things
but never own them,
from houses where the roof
barely holds against the wind.

They don't see the boy,
don't see how he runs faster
than the shadows chasing him,
don't hear the gears in his head
already building a future
made of circuits and code.

They only see the dirt they once shook off
now clinging to their daughter's hem.

They tell her to leave him.
They don't say why—
they don't have to.
Their words hang heavy with disgust,
as if his name is gravity
dragging her down,
a weight she must drop
to stay in the world they built.

But she holds him anyway,
her love louder than their fear.
And he,
carrying the burden of their judgment,
walks on,
quiet, steady,
already planning how to prove
he's more than the name
they refuse to look beyond.

Years pass, and the boy becomes a man,
his name no longer whispered in corners
but printed on things they could never touch—
patents, companies, visions made real.
He moves like wind over oceans,
creating futures in places
their success never reached.

Her life, too, unfolds:
a series of gilded choices,
each framed and hung on hollow walls.
The pearls her parents gave her
press like stones against her chest,
their luster dimmed by the weight
of everything she didn't choose.

One night, she dreams of him,
his face sharp as the memory of love.
In her dream, he still smells of earth,
of things that grow despite the odds,
of hands that made her feel
more real than any promise.

When she wakes,
she writes his name in the dark,
the letters strange now,
as if they belong to someone else.
And somewhere across the world,
the man with that name
is not thinking of her,
but of the next thing he will build.

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