

It is

Stirring.

It is August.

I am driving the wheat rust of Indiana fields right before twilight.

The vacation feel of long ago hotels

breeze in through the windows.

Stirring.

It is 1973.

I am running behind Cindy Bentz's light green house on Treemont Avenue,
catching fireflies and riding bicycles as if they are horses.

Like childhood, freedom begs to be remembered

in orange push-ups and bright blue popsicles dripping down the chin.

Stirring.

It is Valentine's Day dinner.

Ana has given me a small, wooden handled spatula from Goods-to-Cooks.

I use it almost every single day,

flipping and scooping grief from the pan.

Stirring.

It is afternoon.

My cat is haunted.

When she is on the floor, rolling in agony with her evil twin self,
a shrill scream of indignation sirens up out of her body.

Stirring.

It is Sunday.

Sandstone melts into moss at Nature's toll bridge.

There is no toll, but the hike.

Like democracy, nature makes sense in equilateral irregularities.

Stirring.

He never rocks in his grandfather's rocking chair,
but the fact that he has it speaks.

It was snowing, blowing across dark frozen yards,
drifting into banks.

You cannot smell the dead below freezing.

~C.E. Wagner