

Remnants of Sorrow

I went back to my Iowa home
for one week every summer.
Mom and I got up early,
the percolating coffee pot
added its staccato rhythm
to the excited sun streaking its way
through the arms of the cottonwood
parked just east of her clapboard house
where she now lived- without Dad.

Dark smudges under her eyes,
creases like chicken scratches
around her mouth, sagging ear lobes
and a hugging apron
around her waist and breasts-
all caught for a moment
in the slicing sunlight
told me she missed the smell of Dad's overalls
and oh the empty rocker.

“How about an egg and some toast?”
as she reached for the weathered cast-iron pan.

By Arlin Buyert