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Peeling Memories

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BASTIONS

They sit
rocking,
thinking,
silently
on the front porch.

The wood floor beneath them
creaks
with each rock back they make.

"Hand me my specs, dear,"
says Grandma.
"I wanna finish my embroidrian."

The fall leaves rustle crisply in the wind
that blows back the air on my face.

"Gonna be bad weather,"
says Grandpa,
"The cows' hair thick, thickest I've ever seen it in a long while.
The corn, it's got heavy silks. Yup, it's gonna be a bad one."

We smile
thinking
they are so content in their old ways.
I wish I could stay forever.
I'd stay forever.
Everything is so peaceful,
so calm,
so quiet.
The farm is wonderful.
The old rusted tractor sits in the field
over there.
It's hard to see with all the weeds around it.
But I know where it is--
Grandpa showed me.

The white, cracked, peeling fence that guards the house that is in
the same condition gives you a sense of security.
It all fits, though.
It's just right.
Grandma and Grandpa's is--
just right.

We leave.

Next week I call.
I have to thank Grandpa for the sled.
I played all day,
in the worst snowstorm ever.

*(MICHELLE RUSSELL of Cordell is a senior at SOSU majoring in
Elementary Education. "Peeling Memories" is her first published work. Her
grandparents' farm is located just west of Bessie, Oklahoma.)*

PEELING MEMORIES

By Michelle Russell