Feast / On a Sunday Afternoon

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MEMORIES

By Margie Snowden North

FEAST

Buns hot out of the oven and yeast smells warm the kitchen, Golden brown mounds crowd the breadpan, steaming. Fragrances waft upward and out, call those in other parts of the house. Mama's bread fresh cow butter Wild plum jelly on a cracked dinner plate Feast fit for the President right here in the Snowdens’ own two-room shack.

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Clutching our nickles in perspiring hands we walk the mile and a half following the railroad tracks into town. Sweaty, flushed, we open the wide screen door that lets us into Bennett’s Ice Cream Store. Breeze stirs from overhead fans aromas tantalize or assault our senses: Tapioca cones and California fruit flavors, Oiled floors, stale milk.

We ask for a double dip Chewy-hard vanilla Crunchy cones Lay our sweaty coins on the counter, face the long walk back home.

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH of Erick contributes regularly to WESTVIEW. In fact, one of her manuscripts has appeared in almost every issue during recent years.