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Feast / On a Sunday Afternoon

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MEMORIES

identifiable childhood celebration

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.

By Margie Snowden North

family celebration

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.