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Bookends

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Drowning into a memory backseat with brother rotten stinker old white Dodge used Lincoln Continental (or was it a Cadillac?) Anticipation unbearable – steamy Florida when orange groves choked roadsides forever from Jacksonville to Pompano. Ocean of parking spaces at an amusement park– write it down, Mom – hold this for me, Mom – do you have the lunch, that cold fried chicken? My mouth waters and collapses inward. Dark brown strap curved into her fist, oiled leather that magical purse where all things good are guarded.

Suddenly brackish and then awake my name coming from another room.

“I’ve dropped the damn thing oh how I *hate* this always dropping and can’t bend.” Breathe, breathe. Rhino skinned hand like old worn hide over white mountained knuckles steady herself holding the footboard. I bend for her, blood swarms my hearing gone I pick up the cane and offer the brown curved end placed carefully perfectly in front of her, steady her stroke side and wait while she shakes and stammers.

“I’m sorry I’m sorry.”

Bookends

DAWN HACKETT