

Sketch

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In the meadow where we spent the summer we counted the stars.
You passed on through the sun room.
My aunt Delia filled the space with daisies, some yellow, others white.
I'll never forget those nights when the air conditioner broke, and the humidity wouldn't permit sleep.
We'd listen to the crickets caught under the porch, the melody of midnight.
Summer is forever my favorite season.
When the children would run down the dirt road, chasing field mice into the prairie grass.
Little Emma wore her patent leather shoes, the ones she insisted that your mother buy for her.
Elvis played over the radio on a Sunday morning, while you read the paper over and over again.
Something was always missing.
When i touched you, you no longer got goose-bumps.
i can't recall a night when you didn't sleep with your back towards me.
Where did it go?
Sometimes i think it ran away with the fifties,
and it's hiding somewhere behind an ole' Joe McCarthy communist witch hunt.

Rachel Greving is a sophomore from Pella, Iowa studying English education. She loves to learn about history and writing poetry, but her favorite thing to do is to watch football. She hopes to gain a degree in Psychology someday in grad school to eventually become a high school counselor.