Only A Kid

Kevin Kuntz*
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The church's steeple eyed my naked grandmother in bed. It watched her knees grow calloused from hard wood pews and licked her finger tips, leaving an oily film that soon evaporated before reaching her forehead. The enamel white crucifix on the steeple burnt its shadow across everyone's backyard, making easy targets for the pigeons overhead.

My mother's first time under that overhanging cliff of a roof, she cried. Of course, she was only a kid then. Now, she goes smiling every week with my grandmother to celebrate that ancient slaughter among the plastic reek of flowers and smooth cosmetic faces.

— Kevin Kuntz