The Way to Santa’s House

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Rachel Greving

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 edu-
cation. She loves to learn about history and writing poetry, but her favorite
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