

The kitchen window

It remains in my mindseye
as it was

After she'd say,

As long as you can see the kitchen window

You know you've not gone too far.

And pat my snowsuited head
or suggest I use some bug spray
and shoo me through the red front door
outside.

Then, the front porch
hadn't been enclosed
the wooden swing set was
not yet replaced by carport
Leaving my view
unimpeded
from all relevant landmarks:

fossil rock
the mint patch
the straight section of country road
the tippity top of our best sledding hill
even up the hill a quarter mile away to Alicia's house if I wanted to split hairs with her.

Sometimes, I still catch her through it
singing praise or Patsy Cline songs
over a sudsy sink
or cradling the old phone against her ear
while propping her frame against the counter, content.