I miss the old rock house

Every inch of it forever imprinted onto the blueprint of my memory

The wooden porch where my sisters and I went to escape the heat and chores

Rivers of purple running down our tanned arms as we devoured icy-cold popsicles

The cool dirt cellar our refuge as dark funnels of clouds barreled through Oklahoma skies

Hiding in the womb of the musky cave as winds spun above leaving destruction in their wake

The kitchen wore an apron of gold Formica countertops, a scarred wooden table resting on worn linoleum floors

Bickering, laughter, late-night secrets, and shared meals pumping life into the heart of the home

The rusted metal barn where I gathered eggs at daybreak, carefully sneaking past the mean red rooster

Hiding in the dark shadows of the barn to smoke my first cigarette, to kiss my first boy

The sleeping house awakened each day by a staticky transistor radio and our parents’ morning murmurs

Pungent aromas of coffee and bacon invaded our dreams, luring us from our nests of warmth

Simple lives punctuated by neighbors visiting after church on Sunday afternoons

Sharing potluck suppers and fence lines
Memories of Home

2

Barefoot kids running wild and free playing tag and riding bicycles in the day

Catching fireflies and sleeping on screened-in porches during starlit summer nights

Howls of coyotes and calls of hoot owls our bedtime lullabies

The old rock house and memories merge, their tentacles intricately entangled

Sixty years of snapshots blurred to form a montage of an ordinary but savored life

Time took its toll on the house leaving leaking faucets, shifting foundations, and squeaking doors

Time took its toll on the people leaving graying hair, failing memories, and fragile bodies

We believed our parents would always be there, time standing still between our visits

Our brains tried to warn us but our hearts refused to pay heed, stubbornly clinging to comfort

Mortality is the victor, stealing away one generation and leaving the next bereft

I miss the old rock house