

Resurrected

by: Andrea Goyan

Coast live oak trees are evergreens. These ones stand majestic encircling this fallow meadow. Ancient, never sleeping sentries who cradle this sacred location.

Mom's place.

I open the box I carry. Inside, a plastic bag holds her remains.

Strewn acorns crunch beneath my feet as I scatter her ashes with my bare hands.

Is anything more intimate?

Silty powder of Mom sticks to my skin. I cannot wipe her on my pants, and I've brought no towel. My dilemma would delight her.

Rainclouds dance on the horizon.

Red-tail hawks circle overhead. I sit until fat drops fall.



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