

Eighty-three

Frost melts off the glass of my diesel truck.
Parking spot painted blue. Sliding door.
Bob Davis.
May fifth, nineteen thirty-seven.

Swift motions on clacking letter keys,
Smacking lips of the receptionist.
Here. Fill these out. Pile of paperwork
Thrusts at me. Fingernails painted gray.

A blue chair near a begging child,
Pointing at the vending machine.
Dark circles loom under her eyes.
Black like the night of a new moon.

The young mother watches me. Tan line where
Her ring once was. Mine had been gone twenty
Years. Mama, why is he shaking like that?

Twenty years gone. How has it been so long?
Time is something you can never get back.

I hand her a dollar before I go.

--Savannah Price