

Saturday Creek

Drinking French press coffee
with friends at a wooden table

our children outside in pajamas
racing away the night, growing hungry.

Feeding them homemade muffins
and oatmeal, the clamor and song

of their hunger. Turning the kerosene
stove up to catch the cold they've brought in

as all four adults shout, once again,
close the door!

I think this day will be the one I reach for
the day I learn I'm going to die. It must come

sometime, and when it does, I think I'll hurt
not for the loss of life, but for the loss

of days. For the taste of coffee grounds
on my tongue, as the sun rises in February

along the dark river. The comfortable way
my feet rest on the grate of the kerosene stove.

The hungry child who comes to me, and takes
the warm muffin from my hand.

Wall, Emily, "Saturday Creek" *Cirque 7*, 2 (2016): 106.