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Memories Like Muscadine Vines

Loren Mixon

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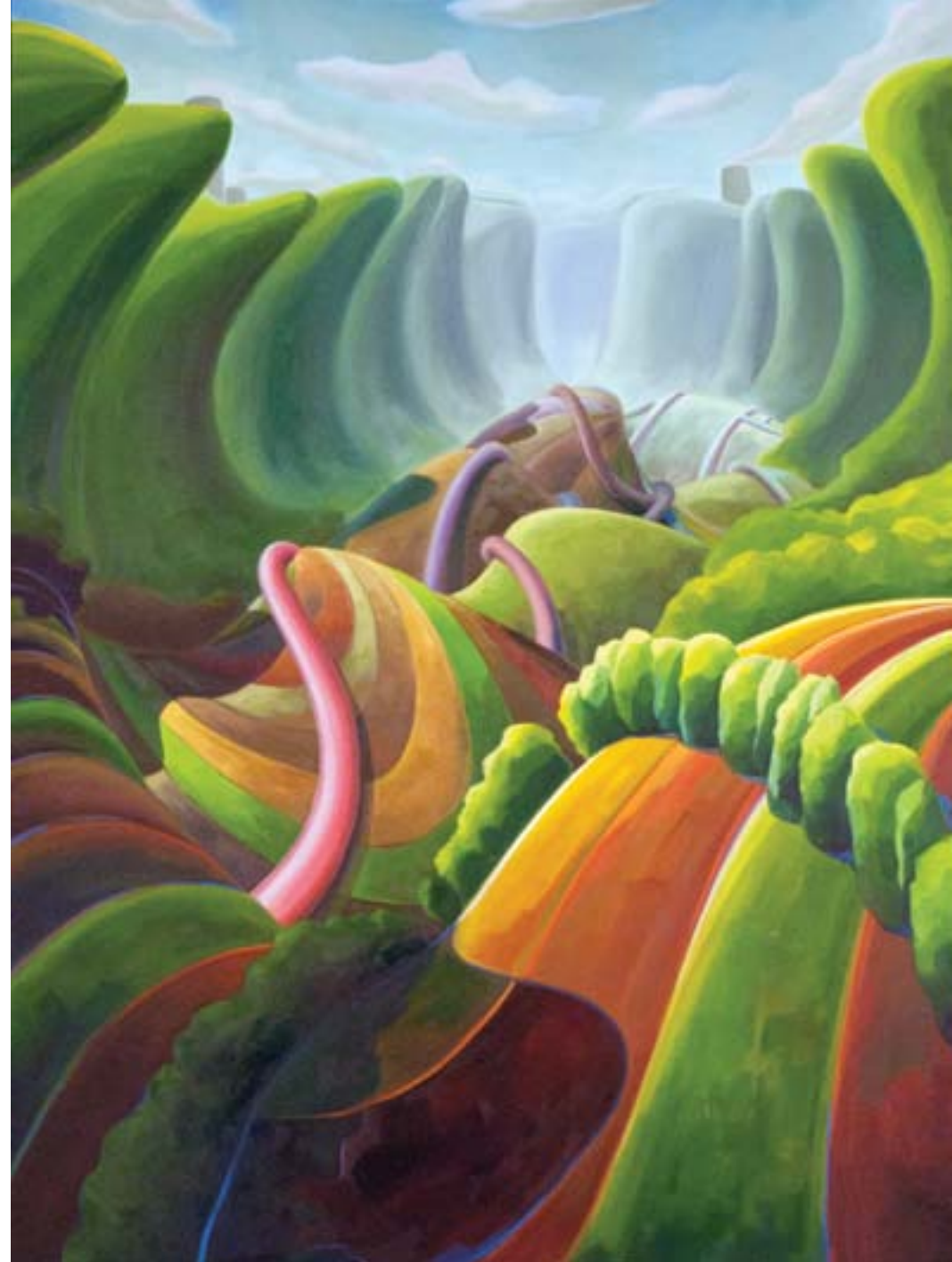
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Memories Like Muscadine Vines | Loren Mixon

I am from Sunday morning donuts
sickly sweet, that make cardboard communion wafers
taste a little bitter,
from jack and ginger poolside
the crudely painted tiki sign illuminated by lightening bugs,
from barefoot heat blisters
cooled in crabgrass and sprinklers,
from duffle bags packed and biking
to the creek down the road,
planning creekbed homes with minnow parents,
from making wild onion and wisteria perfume
to spill on my favorite stuffed animal.

I am from fried turkey and lasagne
on an Italian Thanksgiving battered in the South,
from the Carolina holidays every Saturday in the Fall
where leaves crunch under your feet
as you throw footballs outside the stadium
where Howard's Rock stood, stately,
from sleepovers in basements with
a million taxidermied eyes staring back at you
and antlers to hang your coats on,
from the dollar movie theater that closed
eight years ago
where my mother used to go on dates.

I am from memories I cling to
like muscadine vines and
putting tender feet on burning pavement
to remember the past.



Luminous Luminosity | Thomas Seay

Oil on wood panel, 34 × 48