

DARA WIER

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*Nostalgia*

When the package from Cousin Floyd  
Arrived on Thursday afternoon it reminded  
Them of the time they chewed shoe leather  
For lunch. The knife they used to cut through its  
Wrapping straps made them think of the shoe-  
Lace they looked for in the haystack at some  
Old great-uncle's dairyfarm. Because the packing  
Material was old newspapers they sat straight  
Down and read every word which made them wish  
For a certain kind of fishbait, maybe it was chicken-  
Necks or roadkill. Then one of them remembered the  
Terrible thing Mother said every time she de-loused Dad and  
Then they remembered how none of them could  
Ever figure out how Dad was always so be-loused and  
Then they argued over who loved who the most and what  
Church song who sang the worst and then they had a  
Good laugh just thinking about Aunt Elenora's awful  
Peach cobbler which was just a little better than  
The disgusting spittle Uncle Dude spewed every time he  
Told them what life was like in the good old days.  
Then they tried to recall the name of the next to  
Last president's dog. Then a long time passed during  
Which everyone was silent. Then it grew very dark  
And lightning struck close enough to rattle the win-  
Dows and someone remembered that there were candles  
Up in the attic and they drew straws to see who'd  
Go up there. And then a long time passed. And one  
Of them wandered off into the backyard and hasn't

Been seen since. And a few of them decided to put  
On some music and look at old photographs. And a  
Handful climbed into the old jalopy and headed for the  
Cemetery. And one of them answered the phone. What-  
Ever it was inside that package, if it was anything at  
All, closed its eyes and rolled itself up into a ball  
And comforted itself or perhaps never did. And then  
A long time passed.