

DAVID SHUMATE

Moving Away from Home

Here we raised a son. Trained and buried four dogs. Tended gardens of tomatoes and cabbage. Basil and squash. Tall flowers that caused people along the road to stop and gawk. At night we sat out and drifted away with the stars. We grew from large children into adults. Now halfway back to children again. Boxes full of the litter of our lives are scattered about. Like on that day we first opened the door. We were thinking of painting this room blue. That room yellow. I looked out the window and suggested goats would fit nicely into the pasture. You mentally paced the garden off. I remember quite clearly How I stood in front of you and lifted your red and orange sun dress. How we pretended that this wooden floor was a bed.