

Expecting

We're sitting on the porch, sweating with our cold drinks,
as England unfolds before our ears: a steep hike to a good ale,
an unexpected history room in a village library. Family ties
deepened. Heading to bed in the guest room, I find I've remembered
correctly that I could skip packing a book, relying on my friends'
good-taste-filled shelf — sure enough, I find a bedtime story,
The List of Things That Will Not Change. Here are some things
I know will not change: when I return, to tell of my own trip,
my stories will be attended to; good food will be prepared and enjoyed;
dance rhythms will be found anywhere, perhaps in an electric toothbrush;
fun will be had with words. When I say, “now it's your turn
to tell a story,” there may be a short pause for thinking, or it may take days
to remember one of the best ones. But it will come. If any house, anywhere,
is made for welcoming a new life? This is the house.

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