

# Independence Day

Allison Kantack

You took me to spend the day at your grandparents' farmhouse, setting off hundreds of fireworks on that dusty, gravel road between two barns. Afterwards, your family had a picnic – grilled hot dogs, corn on the cob, and a sweet potato salad. Then you drove me around the mosquito-infested wood in your grandfather's golf cart. You stopped to hop over that creek – a tradition you had as a child. Later you taught me how to shoot a gun, but never how to aim. That night, everyone watched your hometown's fireworks in the dark, summer sky. You held my hand because you thought the thundering cracks would startle me. But after a while, you let go, and I finally knew what it felt like to be free.