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After School on Fridays

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After School on Fridays

Ryan Sevel

I remember when
I used to go over your house
After school on Fridays.
I had been waiting the whole day,
Because I knew how much fun we would have.

We would always begin our adventure
With a homemade snack made by your mom.
As I walked into your house,
The aroma of chocolate cookies or fudge brownies
permeated the air.
A day at your home was like a year in heaven.

Our adventure continued as we put on our bathing
suits,
And jumped into the pool.
We would also set up the slip-n-side.
Down the hill we went, right into your lake.
After we dried ourselves, the fun continued in your
garage.
I remember the monkey bars you had in there.
We would climb from one end of the garage to
other,
Trying not to touch the “hot lava” floor.
Like monkeys,
We would jump, hang, swing, and laugh.

Time flew when I was with you.
Before I knew it, dinner was ready.
Because it was Friday night,
Your mom prepared a lavish dinner.

I anxiously waited as your parents said the
blessings,
Because I knew a dinner fit for a king had been
prepared.
After feasting for what seemed like days,
We would always watch a movie.
It was usually a comedy or action your brother
picked out.
You and I would snack on popcorn
As we laughed and made jokes about the past week.
It would get late and somehow we both ended up
asleep
On your family room couch.
Before I knew it, my parents were tapping me on
the shoulder.
Unfortunately, a fun-filled day was over.

This pattern of going to your house continued
steadily.
Until that one day,
When you told me you were moving to North
Carolina.
I could not believe it,
No more swinging from your garage or homemade
cookies.
I would be able to visit you only once a year,
If my parents allowed me to.

Now we are both ten years older,
And no longer swing on monkey bars or play with
the slip-n-side.
So much has changed,
Since those afternoons after school on Fridays.