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Snow Water

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Seybold: Snow Water

SNOW WATER Sarah Seybold

For months after the August drought, when the pump parts dried up and broke, we hauled milk jugs filled with water to flush the trailer's toilet and wash the dishes.

Fall of my senior year, I tried to hide my grimy hair. Sat in the back of class, scratched the build-up on my scalp, collected white grease under my nails.

One day in January it finally snowed. My sister and I leaped through the yard, heaping full the bucket we took inside to our mother in her musty nightgown.

She stood at the stove, melting the gritty white scoops we gathered without gloves. I lowered my head over the plastic basin. She poured the warmed gray water.

I learned how little water was in snow, but my mother tried to make it enough to rinse away the cheap shampoo, the grease.

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