CAUGHT IN ICE

A light, clear-blue, plastic ice cube tray sits in small puddles on the counter by the aluminum kitchen sink.

Light, yellow and dusty hot, streams through the window cutting itself on a suspended prism.

The room is empty.

In the living room with dark wood a naked three-year-old with pink bows in blonde hair plays the piano thinking of last night's bad dreams.

In another room someone rustles.

STRAIGHTEDGE RAZOR

Old, but as clear of eye as a sixteen-inch rainbow trout freshly pulled from the blue lake, she looks at me seeing a son with an ex-wife and children. She has come across the praries and mountains with packages and bags, suitcases and valises, stopping at the ocean to hold the final grandchild, a mancub named Max.

After a stay she packs again turning the car into the rising sun of the east.

What she expects or needs from me has been lost in the bowling alley of time. A kiss and she pats my cheek saying, "Take care of my grandchild, that woman, and, for God's sake!, shave."