The 7th Day in the 14th Place I Have Lived in 21 Months

There were the girls and the cars and the school that drew them (inside the school they learned to draw the Waldorf way) and their parents, my friends who lent me the car.

There were the hills and the bare trees upon them and the few roads like rivers among them and the prior empty days.

There was my hope the light would not vanish from the earth before I found my way after the goodbyes and could barely see the sign that said Harlemville Road which was the road I needed and as I turned I saw the wide tractor sort of machine coming down it and I didn’t know the car I was driving or the road so was busy with all this and the fading light and yet still somehow looked up right into the eyes of the man who sat so high atop the machine in the cold November evening so happily smiling beneath his cap. Previously, I have had this experience with the moon and with a Vietnam vet at a party in Albuquerque whereupon he said directly, “Let’s go to your place,” since he had no My Place. Neither had I.

However, it would do no good to drive that road again.

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