

2508 Circle Drive
Jessica Temple

I remember

cicadas on cedar
 (we wore them as jewels)
the smell of warm earth in the greenhouse full of milk jugs
and circles
 always circles
 down ramps up stairs through the kitchen bedroom to bedroom

I remember

cutting roses from the garden
picking up crabapples
turning the crank on the big composter
seeing more birds in the freezer than there really were

I remember

card games
woodworking
fresh-ground nutmeg
squirrels painted blue bowling backrubs French silk pie the half-door in the hallway
and three protruding bricks

I remember

riding up the stairs
 in the white leather chair
 edged with brass tacks
the pass-through window in the kitchen
 (later I found out the dining room was an addition)
 (that explains the sliding glass door)
and the closet with the secret passage
 (I still dream of finding others
 although I know it's the only one)