

I hate the drive but I love the ride  
Claire E. Tierney

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My Dad and I rolled over the endless fields of corn and past the little but proudly standing farm villages. He told me about a song he loves only because it was on the radio while his parents were driving all of them up the mountains of Colorado to ski back in the 60s. He remembers seeing how happy they were even from the back seat of the station wagon, the white one with the ugly wooden panels. He reminded me that he would never tell anyone that. I thought about the time my Mom mentioned that one New Year's Eve back in the city when he finally just sobbed on her shoulder because both his parents were really gone. She insisted that I never tell him I knew about that moment. Then he told me that Bob Dylan song, "Mr. Tambourine Man" which was playing on the radio in the hospital when they first handed him his tiny wide-eyed boy.

Tire Swing

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The heat from the sun on the black tire burned her little thighs as she grasped the hard metal chains so tightly, her fingers grew numb. She was beginning to feel limp and nauseous. She stared at the woodchips below as they got blurrier and blurrier like an all brown kaleidoscope. Yuck. All the other kids moved over towards the sandbox. She peered over at him and could see that his smile faded as he too noticed that they had all left. He abruptly reached out, giving the tire one last thrust to the right causing her to whip around as her feet dangled helplessly. She caught repeated glimpses of his blue light up sneakers running away, blinking with each stride, getting farther each time she flew around. Not knowing how to stop it, she just let herself keep spinning. She was the very last kid left on the swing set. In her dizzy state, she faintly heard the whistle in the distance but she ignored it and stayed, still spinning as her classmates sauntered over to line up. That was the very first time.