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The Pumpkin Patch

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The Pumpkin Patch
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The farmhouse has stood just so, with its fresh coat of red paint, the quiet clucks of chickens in the backyard. It has stood just so, at least, for the last few weeks, as couples, men with wicker hats and women in pigeon blue prairie dresses, passed over the creaking floorboards. No one stayed for long, not for long enough, at least, to wait for me to set my weathered feet onto the squishy, molding pumpkin that lies beneath my stake; no one waits for me to stretch my legs as long as they will go, and lift my straw hat with my straw fingers to get a good look at the moon; beautiful tonight.

It wasn't until two weeks later that someone stayed overnight. I saw her in the window, lit briefly by the light of passing fireflies. She was beautiful, with her orange blouse and faded blue jeans. She belonged in my pumpkin patch. My button eyes wouldn't move, sewed in place, as she moved around the bedroom opening drawers and fiddling with blankets. It was a relief to have something other than the moon to watch tonight. I couldn't go long without something beautiful.