

5-1-2010

Pottery

Eunice Bridges

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Recommended Citation

Bridges, Eunice (2010) "Pottery," *Forces*: Vol. 2010 , Article 140.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2010/iss1/140>

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As Mary Elizabeth stood and watched the Indian eat she heard one of her younger children turning over in the adjoining room, and gave a prayer that he and his sister keep sleeping. She thanked God that this was the day her older children made their monthly trip in the wagon with Harvey to Wall to get supplies.

As she watched him he ran his tongue over the rough edge of the sterling silver spoon she often used to stir food as she cooked. He pulled it from his mouth and looked at it before taking the last of the stew. Then he wiped the plate clean with bread and with his finger traced the pattern of the blue flowers that her mother had loved so much.

He suddenly pushed back the chair and looked at her. Then he spoke for the first time, "Good." He turned and walked out the door. Mary Elizabeth followed him and stood in the doorway as he walked to the far side of the house. Then he stopped and picked up the ax that was leaning against the stump used to cut fire wood.

Her heart stopped; he glanced at her, ax in hand. Then he picked up a small log and swung the ax at it, breaking it into pieces. After watching him chopping wood for a few minutes she went inside and sat down heavily at the table. She put her hands in front of her, slowly opened them and noticed that her knuckles were white and her nails had left marks in her palms.

Soon she heard Charley, her youngest, and went to get him out of bed. When she had time to look outside again her visitor was gone. By the stump there was a large, neat pile of firewood.



Glowing in the Dark

Bathshua Thomas

Glowing in the dark,
Fireflies exhibit light shows.
Crickets applaud them.



The Perch In Cottonwood Creek

David Knapé

perch hang playfully
in the water
slowly turning like a baby's
mobile

they rise to the surface and park
fanning their tails slowly
unafraid

fall brings an early sunset
and the perch float in half-light
asleep in their water bed.



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