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Walking Softly

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Walking Softly

DAVID KNAPE

When walking
the woods
all the hardness
comes off
there are no
straight lines or
sharp edges
only ovals and
rounded shapes
the curl of leaves
round trunks of trees
the smoothness of
rain washed rocks
the softness of sands
the curve of a creek
a gentleness of light
filtered through trees
that lets you see
all hardness
going away
see where
softness is.

snow covered roads. As we listened to the radio that day, the forecaster said there would be at least six more inches of snow overnight. That night we went to bed and prayed that the sun would be shining when we got up the next morning.

The next morning we woke up to find icicles hanging from the roof of our house. Some of them were as long as baseball bats. I opened the door to try to grab one. It was too big for me to hold, so I dropped it and it shattered into tiny pieces. When my mother heard it hit the porch, she came running into the living room to see what had happened. She told me to get away from the door before I caught the 'Pneumonia.'

My mother started cooking breakfast. She was cooking rice and eggs. I sat there watching her as she cooked and sang old black spirituals. She was singing my favorite one called, "By the Grace of the Lord." My mother always sang while she was cooking. It made me feel happy just to sit and watch her cook. To me, my mom was the best cook in the world.

As the day went on, the snow continued to fall. We all played games inside the house in order not to get bored. When it was time for lunch, we had pork meat from a can, and beans and cornbread. After lunch, we watched television for several hours. I got a pillow and a cover then laid on the floor. Shortly after that I fell asleep. It seemed like only a few minutes later my sister woke me up and said it was time for supper. We had leftovers from lunch, and then we got ready for bed.

Again we prayed for the sun to come out in the morning. When we got up the next morning, the snow was still coming down. My mother cooked scrambled eggs for breakfast. I noticed that our portions were smaller, but I did not say anything.

Shortly after breakfast I saw my farther putting on his overalls. I thought that maybe he was going to take out the trash or something. He put on two jackets, a hat that had flaps to cover his ears, and his rubber boots he used to move irrigation pipes. I thought to myself that this was unusual for him to put on so many things to take the trash out to the trash can; the trash can was only five yards away.