

Caramel Memories

Streaming through the sun-kissed blinds, golden yesteryear saturates the living room.
In the chair made of creaks and cracks sits an idol flush with illuminated brown.
A tribute more beautiful and more blasphemous than any calf statuette,
I await my sleeping uncle's rise from his dream bogged cave,
so he can resume his annual sermons.

The church is quiet for now,
but there has never been a better time to believe.
The chipped walls smile proudly at the seams
as they welcome aspiring apostles to their humble chambers,
spreading family photo triptychs like open arms.

As Turkey Day football crumples to the crunch of Mississippi leaves
that magnolias have placed proudly on the soil,
my 6 year old toes let the wispy fingers of the carpet wrap them in safety.
Knees tucked to chest is how I pray on these Thursday evenings.
I am the only one that attends this tryptophan mass,
reciprocated sweetness my one true reward for remaining faithful.

The pitter-patter stubble dusted in salt and pepper gleams on his chin,
smirking slyly with his lips as new tales simmer in his mind.

Once he awakes, my congregation will rejoice.
Recycling the stories wrapping my prophet,
will feed a mind even to the afterlife.

— *Travis McClerking*