Growing older

Brett Stonecipher

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Growing older

is putting everything you have
into square brown cardboard boxes
with sharpie labels on their flaps
and moving them across a country
you haven’t ever seen.

it is taking all of your crinkled receipts
and the letters you thought you might need again,
realizing you won’t, and placing them nostalgically
into the wastebasket.

it is unpacking your books and your records
your clothes and your photos and your bicycle
in an unfamiliar home with an unfamiliar garage
and putting your kitchen table together again
in a room where it doesn’t quite belong.

Brett Stonecipher

An Unlikely Companion.

And suddenly, a black cat crossed my path.

I didn’t think much of it; I was never one for superstitions.

This day was no different. I just knelt down, unafraid, and hoped the dark shadow
would return.

It did.

I spent the next little while petting that kitten. It seemed to want my company, and
I kind of enjoyed being around it. I was feeling lonely, and something about that
feline reminded me of home.

I think my kindness towards it, and our short yet uncommon interaction, bought
me some time. But in the end, the misfortune found even me.

That black cat and I never saw each other again.

Thomas Nantz