

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/4

John Sierpinski
All the Way Home

Donna is stuttering, again. I
remember how she played with
us kids—innocent, her light
brown skin, her purity. Her
mother yells, “Donna!”
The entire neighborhood hears.

“Donna! Donna!” The sound
is as common as Monday’s wash,
Friday’s payday—Saturday night
sucked into the teeth of a tavern.
Then, as clear as a glass of tap
water, Jack, Donnas’ Father,

comes up the hill. He grabs
Donna by the neck, doesn’t look
at us other kids, and proceeds
to kick her all the way home.
It is the first time I saw a face
in fear, so upright, so close.