

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/2

Tom Miller

I REMEMBER...

I remember our first refrigerator
And the ice box before it
And our first washing machine
And clothes lines and clothes pins
The drier came decades later

I remember the end of the War
And Uncle Don and Uncle Frank coming home
Uncle Ron didn't

I remember rationing
And pulling weeds in our victory garden
And outhouses
And the daily visits by the milk man and the ice man
In their horse drawn wagons

I remember the first phone call I ever made
It was from the telephone on the wall
In our next door neighbor's house
Our first phone came along several years later
And it was a party line

I remember iron lungs
And Easter Seals
And how relieved we were when
Polio vaccines came available

I remember our first television with its rabbit ear antenna
And the radio before it with everyone gathered
Around close to the fire place listening to Amos and Andy

I remember shoveling coal into the furnace
On cold winter mornings

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And dragging out the ashes
And the wind blowing the curtains
Away from the leaky windows

I remember walking to school
Busses were for the farm kids
That lived outside the city limits

I don't remember ever being really hungry
But I knew some who were
I remember patches on my jeans
And scuffed shoes

I look at all we have today
That we did not have then.
But we did not know
That anything was missing

And most of all I remember
Being happy