

Devon R. Terrell

Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

The Memories with the Picture

She is wearing black threadbare slip-on shoes with large socks wreathed around her ankles and a common gray skirt covering her like a shroud from her hips down. The long sleeves of her shirt are rolled up to fight against the heat of the day, baring her soft, porcelain skin to the world in the process. In sharp contrast are the large work-worn hands wrapped around her with a cool assurance. The man, in the prime of his life, exhibits one of those smiles that says he could love this woman forever and work hard for twice that long to keep her happy.

Around them, the world seems to blur out of existence, neither of them taking notice of the warm breeze tangling the woman's hair and causing it to lean to one side. In their moment of bliss, they are completely oblivious to the sun having chased itself three quarters of the way across the sky and to the faint red and pink streaks that are easily seen in the long wispy clouds that are meandering their way across that grand blue abyss. The young man never takes heed of the tall, overgrown grass rising over the sides of the small barren dirt patch they are so idly standing on. The woman, so entranced by the man's touch, forgets about the snarled blackjack oak just off behind her and the sound of the harsh cicadas crying for mates therein.

This small instant in time stays unbroken, going on for what seems like infinity. Neither the young, beautiful woman nor the hardworking man by her side wants the moment to end. If the moment were to end, it would mean breaking the spell and going back to everyday life. He would be back in the world of backbreaking labor of a construction crew again, a place no man

can truly love but only grow accustomed to, the type of place you throw yourself into with either the hope of breaking the world or the dread of being broken yourself. She would regress back into that world where in the morning she would begin gathering eggs from the laying-hen houses again, a tiring job of monotony, heat, and dust, a place where people willing to sacrifice may earn enough money to help pay for a few of the bills.

Neither of them wished for the moment to end. Each only wanted to stay with the other for just a little while longer and forget about everything else.