

## I Remember and I Miss

I haven't really been back to Garysburg since that day my mother and Mrs. Turner couldn't get my father to wake up. I hated it then, but I miss it now.

I remember and I miss the smell of honey suckles on the first day of school.

I remember and I miss the sound of silence broken by crickets on a July night.

I remember and I miss, James, walking through the neighborhood at 2:17 a.m. singing loudly and off key.

I remember and I miss BBQ chicken plates and sweet tea from Ralph's BBQ.

I remember and I miss the familiar greeting: "How you doing? How your mama doin?"

I remember and I miss my daddy.