Sunday after the pie

Sunday after supper
the kitchen in Spring City

The plates go in the sink. The stories stay.

Horseshoe Mountain on the skyline.
The dog who waited under the table.
Printed for the good drawer.

Saddle-stitched cream ´• kraft sleeve
After the Dishes ´• afterthedishes.com

What is a small moment you still remember?

Cards on the porch after the dishes. Nobody
rushed the riffle. You can still hear the creek
whenever anyone deals.

â a cousin

Which family tradition should never disappear?

I burnt the peach pie and served it anyway.
Said the black part was the crust earning its
keep. They still ask for the burnt one.

â an aunt