

Fall 12-1-2018

Homestead

Susan Trestrail
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Trestrail, Susan (2018) "Homestead," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 41 : No. 1 , Article 26.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol41/iss1/26>

This Artwork is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Origami

When my father left my mother, she became smoldering paper. She didn't fold, spindle or mutilate herself. She didn't crumble up into a ball and throw herself away. Instead she became inanimate, flat, two-dimensional, with charred edges, silent and always smoking. She could interface with things, pots that cooked meals, dishes that needed washing, hair that need to be braided, she only conversed with our cat Dog, and she always had a lit cigarette. She became afraid she would be swept away by a strong wind, or damaged in some way by the wetter elements, or perhaps yellowed prematurely in the sun, so she rarely left the house. She would stare wistfully at the television, or out a window for hours at a time, or listening to music. Even then I recognized the way my mother waited for the familiar sounds of keys, and then footsteps, a heavy voice that would call out and ask for something, food, water, the mail, anything as a greeting. She was waiting for my father to come home.

For a while my mother could change shape and form and will herself to become various things, mother, daughter, separated wife, and magically never showing where a previous crease or fold had been. She did emotions as well, laughing at jokes, angry that something that couldn't easily be replaced had gotten broken, she hugged and smelled of Youth Dew... for awhile at least. Then one day in the middle of the night she made a shape, so complicated with so many angles, and tight corners, that she could barely move. Anna with the laughing eyes, suspended animation and became her final self, ornamental, and fragile.



Homestead
Susan Trestrail