

I Remember Great Aunt Patti

We'd visit her once every few years
in a trailer park on a small island way up north in Washington.
Me, Sister, and Aunt Patti's big mix-breed, Molder,
would play fetch in her barren backyard,
amidst a decrepit shed and tall trees.
Mom and Dad would converse with her
about comedic work anecdotes or politics,
her heart would burn with laughter,
her voice bouncing off the woodwork.
Sometimes, us kids would join 'em when
she divulged in strange and wild stories.
Supposedly she had plans to move closer to us,
but it never happened
because of family dramas
we never knew she had.