

## 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.