Autumn Cleaning

Philip Pierson
AUTUMN CLEANING

An ordinary wiskbroom it was, one of those jobs wound with copper wire. Perhaps bearing a tiny wooden disk on the handle, Old Man’s Cave, or Coover Dam. Your mother tells the story of your hiding it under the floormats of the Oldsmobile Super 88 where it would not be found for weeks. This is the same Oldsmobile in which, years on, you will coax Marilyn Ryan to the shredding back seat where stuffing spills onto the floor like dirty urine-stained snow, & someone has left a jackhandle, two empty cans of oil. Marilyn Ryan wipes steam from the window with a Kleenex, rubs her nose. God but you wish the car-radio worked. Your mother wants to know, standing over you huge as a tree going yellow, why you’ve suddenly become practical. Behind her the Motorola brays so loudly her skirt & apron seem to flare out with wind. You watch her mouth clap open & closed. This is Autumn, time to take the wiskbroom to the inner recesses of the cupboards where dried crumbs & coffee grinds sift over the dark shelves like leaves in an empty lot at night seen from stories up. Your mother will be on her knees. She will appear jammed to her hips in the cupboard. Stacks of boxes, jars beside her.
You, smiling to yourself on the linoleum floor, you will be scooting on your palms as if at only five years old attempting some prodigious dance to the commotion of the radio, as if you knew all along the wiskbroom was hidden safe from all harm, the music too loud, the autumn arbitrary, bright, cold.