

AUNT SYLVIA

Aunt Sylvia had eyes as blue as
The chicory blossoms along the coal camp's dirt road.
During the Great Depression, she had two dresses,
one navy blue dress with a lace collar,
another moss green with embroidered flowers on
the pockets.
She washed out one dress by hand in the evening and
every morning before going to high school,
she pressed it
She was a coal camp girl; she had her pride.

Sylvia was fragile and coveted by the coal camp boys.
She married two times before World War II,
her last husband, a barber.
She spent her days making fine tailored clothes and
her evenings drinking beer and cheap wine.
She talked to her dead child Charlotte on her Ouiji board.
Her hand moved quickly, smoothly over the board.
"How are you tonight, Charlotte? I miss you, Charlotte.

Patricia Silver

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