

The Gulf

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

My 99 year old mother sits in the passenger seat. It's a breezy October morning in Vermont and I'm driving on a road that winds down for miles into a gulf, a deep hollow between mountains.

Trees at the edge of the road let go of their leaves all at once as we pass, uncover a sky as blue as the morning glories blooming around doorways. "Heavenly Blue," they're called.

"My, my," my mother says again and again.

She sits still as stone, her purse in her lap, as if the slightest movement might break the spell. She could ride like this forever.

Although lately she's been saying some man keeps calling her up and asking her out. She won't go. She says she thinks she knows who it is.

