

Summer Circa 1960

by Gary Hardaway

I sweated a lot as a kid. And burned
to a golden brown the skin exposed

to Texas sun. A latch key boy, free
to do the stupidest things-- like jumping

off the carport roof clutching a homemade
flying machine that couldn't fly and

proving the force of gravity with a wrist
sprained and untreated that's stiff still

today. No x-ray, no MRI, just ice and
aspirin and my mother's lecture about

risk and painful reward. The cash flowed
out much faster than it flowed in. It was

a glorious childhood none I think today
enjoy. That I survived is just a bonus.

