

Saturday Morning

by Mark Reep

Saturday morning, and I'm pushing the old truck a little, chasing retreating bands of cloud shadows along a winding hilltop road. Wide fields rolling away on either side, big clumps of raw earth not yet dragged, lush green hay already nearly ready for first cutting. They've worked the road again, smoothed out the ruts, but the new gravel's not packed down yet—Easy to get loose in this stuff, probably should back off a little. But it's been a week since I've seen you, and it's the first hot day of the summer, chance of storms later but none come to darken the dusty rearview mirror yet, just sunshine and blue skies and windblown cotton-candy clouds I can't catch or even keep up with, and all this afternoon, this weekend still in front of us, if I hurry.

