

One Glad Morning

Alicia McGhee

It's still one of her
favorite stories to tell.
I imagine,
the little girl was wearing
one of those
big, fluffy dresses,
white,
with shoulder pockets so tall
they itched her ears.
The milk white tights
were dead
in contrast to the white patent leather shoes
shining from her little feet.
They were going to
Granddaddy's church...again.
Her brother
sat abreast,
almost picture-perfect
in a little man's suit.
The kids called him Jimmy.
When Mommy opened
the back door,
Jimmy
looked up and whined,
"We don't want to see Jesus today,"
his arm hung over
the little girl's shoulder.
She did her part
and shook her head
"No."