

Mama

Third Place Literature

She always loved
the wild boys. Running
pink shell tipped
fingers through their
long greasy hair and
catching the rebellious
spark in their
hazel eyes like
a cigarette
bouncing and exploding
on the highway,
tossed from a speeding car.
Sneaking out
the bedroom window
as little sisters
watched, giggling,
envious of
Mary Beth,
but scared to death
of their mama's wooden spoon.
Straddling a motorcycle
at midnight,
lucid street lamps
reflecting in shiny
white go-go boots,
whispering promises
of high school
love with Southern
Comfort breath.
My mama
was a wild girl.

Riding alongside
the wind, arms wrapped
around the waist
of a father
to be.

-Tara Wendel