

My First Teacher

By Pam Fordham

I was still in bed when dawn arrived
The first signs of light made the edges of the door frame glow
So much time had passed since I had been in the old house.
More light filled the room,
While I sat on the edge of the bed looking at the shadows in
pictures on the wall.
I recalled two of the figures in a frame:
A girl that looked like my daughter
And a woman I had longed to be.

I walked bare foot across familiar creaks and uneven wood panels
My toes shifted as I stepped from floor to carpet
Then down the stairs
As my fingers joined the prints on the rail.

More light came from the kitchen window
Before stepping into the polished renovated space –
The new house.
I paused at the old door,
Over-stained with tarnished handle,
Uneven and shifting unexpectedly,
I reached out to touch the strip of dried tape.
The only remaining evidence of Mom, the teacher,
Whose reading lessons started early with the rising of the sun.
D-O-O-R.