

*Thoroughfare*

by

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It started with a suitcase and laptop in the back seat. I returned to find the driver's door wide open in the supermarket parking lot. Passed the groceries to the top of the trunk to open the back door. Nothing, as far as I could see, was taken. I must have not shut the door.

On the quarter-of-a-mile walk from Davis Park to just beyond Family Dental with Mom, I noticed that these Washington Street houses had been converted into professional medical and mental health facilities, all closed since it's Saturday, and that all of the parking spaces were empty. I looked up and this is when I saw my first ghost. Or was it a hallucination?

A girl, or a short young woman, with longish blonde hair in a white prairie dress with muted flowers crossed the street and I could see moving vehicles through her. Midway, on the walk back to the locked car on the other sidewalk, a bear cub ran across the street in front of us and crossed the lawn of the house my father grew up in. What does this mean?

Now, outside the long term care facility on Route 16 where my father is a flight risk, we collect our valuables—wallet, purse, cellphones, and a Diet Pepsi for him—to bring inside. We leave the windows all the way down.