To My Uncle Mark

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To My Uncle Mark

My Favorite.

Those words swelled the heart and head of a little girl grown old. Floating on an unnamed lake at midnight, peaceful tranquility, stars breathing, pulsing life and wonder into the blue-black sky.

You're a rock-n-roller turned pure, having to break up and do Christian rock at local town bicentennials instead, but that's ok, you still brought tears to my eyes with your inflections & intentions.

Song singing and drinking fake wine while autumn bustles outside the windows of simplicity, smells of ripe pumpkin and roasting seeds, crackles in the fire and ancient stories made me warm and fuzzy.

Strawberries abound moist pound cake as we listened to REM on creaky wooden porches, watching the Sunday strollers stroll lazily by.

I've got a secret for you. You're my favorite, too.

-- Alicia Hoffman

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