Autumn Winds

Linda DeMaso
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss2/30
Autumn Winds

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I remember she wore red the year she was a platinum blonde. Just picture it. Red clothes-bleached hair-Native American skin. That was my Mom. She drove a white Buick convertible and chain smoked Pall Mall cigarettes. I was in the sixth grade with Mrs. Austin; a God-awful woman who disliked me almost as much as I disliked her."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2000/iss2/30
Autumn Winds

I remember she wore red the year she was a platinum blond. Just picture it. Red clothes-bleached hair- Native American skin. That was my Mom. She drove a white Buick convertible and chain smoked Pall Mall cigarettes. I was in the sixth grade with Mrs. Austin; a God-awful woman who disliked me almost as much as I disliked her.

The invitation for the open house was sent home with a large R.S.V.P. on the bottom that my Mother chose to ignore. She lived life by her rules; no one elses.

"Are you going?" I asked her the day of the open house. 

"I’m not sure," she said a cigarette perched between her two fingers with the ash dangerously long. "Depends on how fast I finish my hair." The peroxide worked miraculously underneath the woven bath towel guaranteeing another week of long blond strands in the hairbrush.

My sister stood darkly in the archway. “I don’t think you should go,” she said loudly.

"Why?" my Mother asked with the momentary hurt showing in her eyes.

“Because people will stare,” my sister retorted, her nose once again higher than any of us had a right to be.

My Mother took a long drag on her cigarette inhaling deeply; her cheeks sunken in with effort. “I’ve decided,” she told me exhaling long . . . fast, “I’m going.”

“Fine,” my sister said stamping away, “I’m not.”

Dinner was quiet; both my sister and my Mother now not eating very much. I could hear the changing leaves blowing outside, hitting the window in their whirlwind fury.

My hand stalled on each button as I dressed for the open house. I practiced the speech I would give to my Mother convincing her that she wouldn’t fit in with the other parents who didn’t drive too fast and drink in country bars too much.

I waited for my Mother in the car. Finally she came out, her cigarette blazing a hazy trail towards the car. On the ride to school I lost my nerve, sitting quietly in the corner of the seat.
She double parked in the school parking lot, smoothing herself as she got out. She wore a bright red wool suit. An imitation fur collar encircled her ruddy face. It was loud and wrong for a teacher conference. People would laugh!

“Do I look alright?” she asked momentarily unsure of herself.

“You look great,” I lied.

I took a deep breath, hooking my arm in hers we walked toward the dreaded Mrs. Austin. The cold, fall night surrounded me and I shivered.

--Linda DeMaso

Letter to a New Father From

Take this piece of flesh I offer to you
And hold it.

Draw it close to your breast,
Let it hear the beating of your heart.

When the night comes,
To bring dreams of devils and monsters,
Sing lullabies and tell stories of me.

When the cold comes,
To build icicles and shed snow across the
Bring out the scarf I knit last winter and

And when love comes
To take him away to build a life of his
Give him this ring on my hand and tell

For I will always be a breath away
A shadow lingering in a hall
A scent in the air as you pass by an empty
A sentiment in your voice
A picture on a wall
A look in the eye of the child that I lab

--Linda DeMaso