

1-1-1987

Strawberries and Ice Cream

Laurel Black

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr>

Recommended Citation

Black, Laurel (1986) "Strawberries and Ice Cream," *Grand Valley Review*: Vol. 2: Iss. 2, Article 9.

Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr/vol2/iss2/9>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Grand Valley Review by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.

LAUREL BLACK

Strawberries and Ice Cream

In the haze that rose from the corn those purple summer evenings, there was always the humming of insects, the smell of pigs from someone's lot. Sitting on the porch steps in shorts and bathing-suit tops, my sister and I compared our flat chests, arguing about whose would get as big as Mom's, about how we'd have to walk with all that weight up front. Mom stepped out onto the porch and leaned against the screen door, wiped the sweat from where her glasses held her nose, watched the fields fade away. She liked it dark, she said, everything seemed closer. Would we help her slice strawberries? We'd have ice cream when Dad got home, but first she thought she'd sit with us a bit. My sister and I said nothing, and walked through the dust away from her, from her breasts and grown body. She was quiet, just sat on our spot on the steps and watched us, wiping her neck beneath her chin.

Finally, it was too dark to see. We sat with her then, rubbing our heels in the dirt. Far off down the road we saw the headlights, then the pin-lights on the trailer and around the running board of Dad's truck. Coming on that way, it seemed so small. But then it bent the corn with its breeze, made the big loop around the house and we ran to it. His shirt was sweaty where he leaned, the cotton pulled tight and creased. He threw down his suitcase. Whew, it hadn't cooled down much yet, he said, and how were his girls? We were getting pretty particular about our company, Mom said, but then maybe we'd got a little sunburned in town. We'd been sitting; the strawberries weren't even ready for his ice cream; she didn't know where the time had gone. That was okay, he had to shower first, Dad said, and damn it, go help your mother, don't argue, he said, I'm tired, walking to the house with Mom. We followed them, pushing out our chests in the dark.