

THE CLEARING

By James Montgomery Jackson

On our three-month anniversary, I park next to the white cross and snowshoe in. Am I ready for this?

All summer I prepared the site for the cabin: cleared trees, pulled stumps. Weekends, Christine joined me, sharing the tent.

After our wedding, we drove to the clearing and my surprise: a cast iron bed marked the spot our bedroom would be. Under stars, we bounced the springs and toasted our new life.

I climb onto my half of snow-padded springs and make a snow angel to hold Christine's hand and wonder: will I ever forgive the drunk driver?