

# Dirt Cake

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ZOE THORTON

Our parents never put sunscreen on us unless we were swimming  
My older brother and I would stumble outside  
Onto the rust-stained porch  
Down the loose steps  
And into the overgrown yard  
We'd crouch beneath the slide and get to work  
Digging with our hands in the damp dirt  
Flinging handfuls of soil behind us  
The heat was overbearing  
Cicadas sang past the treeline  
My brother held a cup of water  
The key ingredient in our cake  
He tipped it  
The newly dug hole filled with wet  
Loose dirt mixing into mud  
Scooped out by pale hands and molded into a hill with a sliding peak  
We were pleased with our creations  
And would take turns pretending to be chefs  
"Did you make this?" We'd ask  
Imitating the French folk from Ratatouille  
Our accents slipped through  
We were just two redneck kids playing in the dirt  
With sunburnt shoulders  
Cause my parents never put sunscreen on us  
And we rarely went swimming

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