



October Saturdays

Rebecca Piñero



Fourth grade was an important year.
No settling into a new school for the first
year in two.
My whole family was now a part of a beautiful
community
Full of teachers with shining smiles and
students tucked
Into little uniforms, green ties pulled
tight, and skirts freshly ironed.
Fourth grade was a special year.
When fall rolled around, taking with it the
sluggish humidity
And sour afternoons of summer, it brought
crisp motivation
Sprinkled in with the cold wind that brought
tiny hands to the upper arms.

We were going to learn a poem. It felt
special –
They trusted us enough to recite it to
parents.
When the Frost is on the Punkin.
You had to say it like that. Not “pumpkin”.
Punkin. Like a woman
Who noticed you gazing around her store on

the road trip with your family
"Can I help you dear?" Dialect was key. Put
your hands behind your back
And don't stand on your tippy-toes. Lift your
chin up. Eye-contact.
For a nine year old, I was pretty good at it.

Saturday School.

Twice a year. Half a day. The autumn one
Was always the best. Uniform, light sweater
Pulled over to protect you from the chill.
Wind rustling your hair, forcing the
goosebumps
Up your arm. Pumpkin cider doughnuts in the
morning,
A smile from the principal. The smell of the
leaves
On the ground, the cold pinching your nose
and turning it red.
Hoping it wouldn't be stuffed up as you stood
With your pumpkin and let your brain rattle
away
The words you had spent weeks memorizing,
And could still remember six years from then.

A little shake.

A little shiver.

The promise of carving pumpkins when we got
home.

Saying the words – don't stumble.

I didn't.

A big smile.

A little wave.

I miss those October Saturdays.