Leaning Into the Party

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I was having a good time at the party until I leaned back on the door frame into the kitchen, dislodging an antique serving platter from the wall where it had hung, presumably for years, from a single bent nail, well driven, according to the hostess, by an ancestor with some degree of separation yet close enough to be reminisced over, as great old uncle so-and-so who had built the dwelling, over a century ago.

The lady of the house had just finished elaborating on the history and all family connections when I, simply trying to relax, leaned against her ancestor's handiwork causing the exquisitely hand-painted plate to slip and shatter in the kitchen doorway. Screaming silently through her inherited violet eyes, but smiling, she poured me a second glass of a richly dark cabernet. Then I ambled into her living room onto the amazingly plush, white carpet.