

2019

## Polaroid

Hunter Williams

*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>

### Recommended Citation

Williams, Hunter (2019) "Polaroid," *The Laureate*: Vol. 18 , Article 24.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol18/iss1/24>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu](mailto:wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu).

## *Polaroid*

Hunter Williams

Sandy reaches to put her carry-on into the compartment above her head, half expecting the touch of her husband's familiar hand to help. Then she remembers, bows her head and sighs as she sits down with her husband's journal. "Excuse me," Sandy says, signaling the flight attendant, "can I get a glass of Merlot please?"

The slight turbulence of takeoff makes Sandy realize that she's been staring at the seat in front of her for fifteen minutes. "Ma'am, your Merlot." Sandy is startled by the flight attendant and she takes the glass with shaky hands. In an attempt to calm her nerves, Sandy takes a big sip of the wine. She stares at the journal on the seat beside her; it's staring back at her, begging her to discover what's inside. Her husband's journal was the one thing that was off-limits. She opens the journal, feeling uncomfortable, like she is somehow infringing on her husband's privacy.

The pages smell like him—hard work and Ralph Lauren's Polo Blue, the one thing he treated himself to. Sandy reaches for her glass of wine while flipping through the journal and a photograph falls to the ground. It's a photograph of her and their first baby chick, both of them covered in pine shavings. Sandy looks at the Polaroid closely and she sees her husband in the reflection of her glasses, taking the picture with a smile as wide as hers. Sandy drinks the rest of her Merlot, then reclines her seat as she holds the Polaroid to her chest. She closes her eyes to go back to a simpler time. Their farm is gone, sold to developers. She is moving to North Carolina to live with her daughter. She closes her eyes again and she sees her husband feeding their hens at the coop. Her husband looks happy, at peace. He looks at her, his crow's feet deep from years of late nights and early mornings. He smiles at her, the smile that has remained the same after forty years and will remain the same, and for the first time in a long time she feels at peace.