

About 500 words

Saturday Morning Blues

By Nicole Davis

It was a dewy fall morning, and the sound of the birds chirping was being overpowered by the melodic tune of Aretha Franklin's "Natural Woman" being blasted at maximum volume through the Philips Stereo System. The scent of lavender Fabuloso filled every corner of the house. Mama was about halfway through an air guitar solo before she was startled by the aura of my presence. Saturday mornings were always her favorite. Every Saturday started off with deep cleaning because mama believed "cleanliness is close to godliness, and we are holy in this house". One of her many philosophies that I would not grow to cherish until I grew older. I chuckle at the memory, as I open the bottle of lavender Fabuloso and pull it into the bucket. Growing up I hated waking up on Saturday mornings to clean but now that's she's gone nothing has made me feel closer to her. I connect my phone to my Bluetooth speaker and pull up Aretha Franklin's Natural Woman. "This one is for you mama", I said as I began mopping the floors singing along to the chorus.

With each stroke of the mop, memories flooded my mind like a vintage photograph coming to life. Mama's infectious laughter echoed in the corners of the room, and the scent of lavender transported me back to those cozy Saturday mornings.

As the rhythm of "Natural Woman" swirled through the air, I couldn't help but smile, recalling Mama's air guitar solos and her unwavering belief

in the sanctity of cleanliness. What once felt like a chore had become a ritual, a sacred connection to the woman who shaped my world.

I moved from room to room, dusting off memories and wiping away the residue of time. The lyrics of the song became my anthem, a tribute to Mama's spirit that lingered in every corner of our home. In those moments, I felt her presence, as if she were dancing alongside me, guiding the mop with the same care she used to guide me through life's twists and turns.

As Aretha sang about being a "natural woman," I embraced the authenticity of the moment. The music, the lavender-scented air, and the act of cleaning became a celebration of Mama's legacy. She had a way of turning mundane tasks into expressions of love, and now, I found solace in continuing those traditions.

With the last note of the song, I stood in the midst of a clean, refreshed home. The physical spaces sparkled, but it was the echoes of Mama's laughter and the warmth of shared moments that truly illuminated the rooms.

Closing my eyes, I whispered, "Thank you, Mama, for teaching me that the ordinary can be extraordinary. Saturdays will always be our day, filled with music, laughter, and the sweet scent of lavender. You're still the queen of our home."