



ARCHITECTURAL/HISTORIC INVENTORY FORM



PHOTOGRAPH

Photographer: RE/MAX Area Real Estate	Date: Dec. 2016	Description: Just out of frame: the pond sheathed by cattails, no longer stocked with crappie. Just out of frame: where the white wooden fence used to be. Just out of frame: the apple trees, fruits dangling near where the pen for the bird dogs used to be, by where the tractor used to be. Just within the frame: you can see it — the black walnut tree where girl tried to be where me used to be.
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ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

<p>21. (cont.) History and significance.</p> <p>This would be the easy image: my grandpa, in his garage, showing me how to properly fill & case a shotgun shell while, half-listening, I stare at the jug of sun tea my grandma has brewing on the stoop over by the birdbath. How binary. How romanticizing domestic labor yearning my femininity. How dismissing generational forms of masculine knowledge passed down.</p>	<p>Expand box as necessary, or add continuation pages.</p> <p>This would be the harder image: I was fully listening to my grandpa, and I still think of the smell of gunpowder and polished copper, the weight of the crank turning over, compressing the shell.</p> <p>I know that singed carbon breath of a Winchester .243's exhale.</p> <p>I know the texture of antler bark how much grip it takes to lift a lifeless head</p> <p>I know how, even among the dried leaves and iron-slicked soil, field-dressing a buck somehow smells like soft old milk</p> <p>and I miss it sometimes. A grounding clarity.</p>
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