

Great Grandma Emma

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The crystal door knob I look into:
The light filters through it.
I know that I will never forget this.
I don't want to ever forget this.
I am two years old.
I will hold onto this image for the next fifty years.

Unknown reasons why this was image was so important.
I never knew her, only what I have learned.
She was important to my mother. She loved my older sister.
We are all of us survivors in one way or another.
Maybe it was to just remember.

Sometimes this side of the family shows up in my dreams.
They appear very refined, even aristocratic. They are Irish.
My mother's favorite side. I am always thrilled to dream about
them since I never knew them in real life.

Great Grandma Ora on the other side played the banjo and all instruments.
She had a gold tooth. Had traveled with her sister in the circus, the story goes.
They were the good sisters.

These are the good stories.
Those were the good times.

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