

Tick Tock

She half-dozes as she proudly watches
daughters, sons' wives and granddaughters
prepare the Christmas dinner.

Is she asleep?

She is softly remembering
rushing home and making dinner
for hungry sons, a husband, a daughter.

Remembering her first cook book
the biscuits with too much salt.

She is a young girl, skipping breakfast,
toasting marshmallows on a stick.

She is a small, shy child
passing cookies to her mother's friends.

How did it happen?

Now she is the old grandmother,
rocking, rocking.

Naomi Wingfield