Tower Poetry, 2014, 63(1), 3.

Facing Time

Minutes tick, hours chime on Grandma's porcelain clock In her gold-framed mirror what do I see?

Mom's pert nose pale skin, open smile talking hands age-spotted

Dad's curling hair brown curious eyes furrowed get-the-job-done brow broad shoulders ready for work

Features repeat in the children daughter's face so much my own grandson's dark eyes dancing waves already on grandbaby's head

Fleeting crooked smile caught in photos like a relay baton first baby portraits fiftieth anniversary gatherings

My face in the mirror reflected by time Hours chime, decades pulse

~ Ellen B. Ryan