

Back

Subject: She stands (Pawnee)

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She stands
In denial
Where a gravel road
Crosses pavement
Nothing but land and fencing
She was born here
Ninety-some years ago
The Dust Bowl
Blew her away
When she was 16
Crystalizing
Her memories of her childhood
Bustling, booming, alive
Not empty like this
No sign of the friends, the family,
The hard work, the love
No structures for her stories
To hang on, to cling to,
Like the Monday wash
That Mama set out
To dry in the Oklahoma wind
So long ago.

Nothing.

Later in the day
At the gathering of cousins
She finds her remnants
Not in board and tin
But in their smiles and hugs
The love renewed
Her memories find their place
When shared with others' memories
Her stories find a home
When told with others' stories
Childhood regained
Pieces found and replaced
In the puzzle of her past

She stands.
She smiles.