

Great-Grandmother

White porcelain sits on my dresser
Holding small memories that glisten in the soft light.
Gentle whispers and the creak of worn floorboards
Float around me in a grand symphony.

Sweet berry popsicles bought with precious pennies
Bite into our teeth.
Hair curls gently until
A burst of humidity from the open window throws it into chaos.
Stuffed dogs play in front of round glasses and a fragile smile.

Leaves change from green into
Garnet red, amber yellow.
Flying aimlessly until they settle in the ground.
Crisp laughter starts to lose its voice,
The room can't find its color.
The leaves stole it.

A lap loses its warmth from the chill,
The deck of cards only has one shuffle left,
Lips flutter without words.

A basket of flowers takes over the counter,
Along with doves on a jewelry box and fine china.
The small significance of white porcelain
Stands out amongst the distractions.
Carefully painted flowers lay on the surface,
A shallow hole lost its golden loops of the past,
I gather rings of memories to make it full again.