

Thread

Barry Sternlieb

You say it was summer,
1948, in the big white
farmhouse, a memory
clear as the footsteps
of your mother and aunt
carrying their dead mother
to the kitchen, when all
that seemed to matter
was a closer look
at the wasted body
naked on the table.
You saw the sewing basket,
bucket, and sponges, but
your mother moved quickly,
grazed your dark hair
with a single kiss and said,
We should get grandma ready,
then led you outside
closing the door.
So many years later,
I can see by those words
the way to love,
stitched, like our histories,
into the world.

