
mother-of-pearl- 1996

Karen Stoner

In her white kitchen Grandma is
spreading bread with butter and I
reach out from my time to ask
why she's untouchably in mine
 her pearly hair mussed
 her stockings rolled and banded
 but we don't talk we just
 pass from her porcelain room
till her garden holds an abalone throne
with lanterns casting iridescence on us
and on its shell and alabaster walls while
sudden nakedness is nothing as we
buoy toward those gathered by a crystal cove
 cooled by a waterfall whose wave
 shapes a dancing shimmer and
 my gaze goes down but
 Grandma's calmly glistens back.