

## GLENN BROOKE

### *Aunt Laurel*

I waved each morning on my way to school,  
and Aunt Laurel waved back.  
At night I could see her porch light,  
a warm yellow star.

She was an aunt to every kid  
on our ridge, and the ridge over.  
In August we ate her green apples,  
belching like Spring Herefords.  
She scared us with stories about  
the Moss Man (whom she knew personal),  
who ate the eyes and toes of moles.

Rocking fifty years on her porch,  
she never married, never accepted Jesus.  
After she died they found in her cellar,  
cool and patient with dust,  
sixty-two quarts of blackberry jam.