

## Southern Grandma

Going through the Quarry around the old salt mines  
Wanting to take the bridge across the creek to  
Grandma's house  
I see the dilapidated green tin roof peeking through  
the way  
Down through the sprawls to the worn in homestead  
Up to the porch, the swings are empty and I'm back:

The smell of Chicken and Dumplings hits me first  
Then the sound of the Braves on their little t.v.  
Of course Grandma is in the kitchen making dumplings  
for me  
A household favorite I remember from childhood

The old six room house is hollow though left with mere  
memories  
Pictures antiques will to wall furniture placed ever  
so neatly  
Grandma cleaning something or cooking a feast  
Fixing this and taking care of that  
Never a still bone in her body  
Always making sure Grandpa was in splendid heaven

I see it all so clearly taking place  
Decorating the deer head with tinsel  
Living in such a primitive lifestyle  
Hunting and gathering  
Canning and conserving  
Grandma never complained though  
I never saw her cry  
She chased me with a switch one time  
Furious at me for getting in the creek with my Church  
clothes on  
But in no time she would hug and kiss me and things  
would be fine

It all seems so fresh like it was just a day ago  
 Monday was always wash day  
 The day my mom was born  
 The day we buried Grandma

Watching all the towns people come together  
 Uniting in our time of need  
 I didn't know Saltville had that many people  
 But there they were honoring Grandma

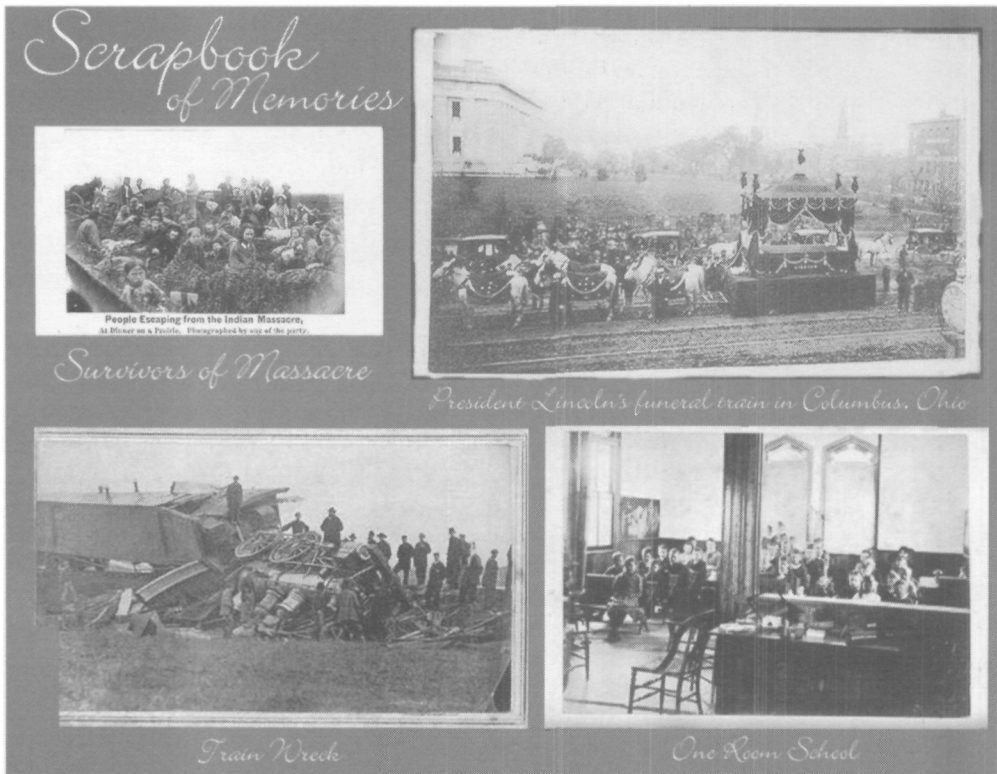


image created by Shilda Ballantyne