

Fall 1986

Grandmother

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Recommended Citation

Tafoya, Terry (1986) "Grandmother," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 25 , Article 44.

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Grandmother

You died.
eighty-seven
it's understandable
12 years past your husband
15 years past your son
my child nights often
burned with your pleas
to join them.
Your ice fingers
look carved
a snow queen,
lips slashed in a red
you'd never wear in life.
You gripped fire in times before,
witch fingers twitched
like twigs,
raw with energy.
The spirits danced
at your beckoning
old woman,
the wind breaking branches
and singeing the moon
was a truer funeral dirge
than organed hymns.
In the end not even you
could beat down death
no whispered words
or sharp toned songs
could turn him away.
He claimed his price
and left your cold thin husk
for me.
A thousand lives ago
you tempted innocence,
bled boys into men
this life you hid
in grey hair and print dresses,
denying prophecy and reverence
a goddess in a laundromat
palming yourself off as human,

masquerading as a grandmother
you never fooled me
not for a moment
your eyes were traitors,
whispered antiquities
of buried races, tracings of lovers
sucked dry and covered by centuries
as you strode towards the future
with pained determination
garbed in blood and bone.