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.