Untitled

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And puts me to bed, her bed, of feathers and seer-sucker sheets all white and cool like when she was little and sat in the chair by the bookcase in the corner.

Where the chair is funny, all covered in flowers and a seat that sticks out so far towards a stool for feet, a good place to read stories with Mamma while getting drowsy for sleep.

Like I was with my thumb in my mouth while I watched the chair and its silly seat and it asked me to come so I did.

And I curled on its seat and I watched the shelves from the lights of the lamps down the drive at the street that came into my room through glass that can break.

Like the ballerina on the middle book shelf, gracefully dancing in pink satin shoes on toes, far below her tutu of lace that Gramma made with her sister, too.

From watered-down clay where they ripped real lace and gathered the flounce around the waist of the ballerina on the middle book shelf, letting it dry hard to paint it.

Later while I watched and saw Gramma's pink cheeks and happy blue eyes that smiled at me while I fell asleep.

-- Betsy Lewis