

1983

## When with my Grandfather

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WHEN WITH MY GRANDFATHER

I was a stranger to my father's father.  
Although things changed little from Christmas to Easter,  
The cows were never used to our green sedan.  
I'd sit in front of the oak-encased black and white T.V.,  
(Which depending on the weather got three local channels,)  
And stare at my third grade picture on the wall.  
He'd laugh as I searched for the on/off switch on the green  
John Deere.  
Or blacken my sneakers with the help of the goats.  
The tattered wool quilt kept me company at night,  
As I waited for a barn spider to pounce on my head.  
It could have been the Union 76 cap perched on his head,  
Or maybe the callouses covering his hands,  
For I was a stranger to my father's father.

Eric Dreyer