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## Great Aunt Sara

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## GREAT AUNT SARA

The bank's long line snakes its way to us.  
The soft brown ropes hold us all in,  
single file.  
We the last, stand behind a big burly black man.  
Aunt Sara comes up to his belly-button.  
His black skin radiates through her white hair  
like night time sky through a snowflake.  
Aunt Sara gives him a slight nudge  
with her wooden cane.  
Slowly he turns  
his white teeth flash at us in a smile.  
His dead black eyes show nothing,  
concealing even his pupils.  
Aunt Sara gives him a big yellow smile  
"You votin' for Jackson?"  
she asks.

The line grows before me.

*Megan Epps*