Grandfather

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Watching the sunset reflected  
In his dusty tan glasses  
Trying to commit to memory his words  
Which he won't allow me to write down in his presence  
He thinks my rendition would be good enough  
I think he's completely full of it  
I can't capture the truth that shines in his eyes  
When he tells me about his grandmother  
A tough little woman from Indiana  
Who moved from mining town and then some  
With her coalminer husband  
She was so short, he said, that when he was twelve  
(and grandma says he was a short twelve)  
His grandmother could walk easily  
Under his arm raised at the shoulder  
His leather lined face crinkled with smiles  
At the memory  
This story began when he wanted to sing the praises  
Of cast iron for cooking  
And butter and bacon and grease  
That led him to his grandmother, who cooked on a woodstove  
And spent her days in the kitchen  
Starting her mornings with a cup of warm water and sugar  
(she said it got things started)  
She overfed not only her family  
But the railroad bums as well  
They knew that if they walked along the tracks  
She's be sure to have warm food and a smile for them  
Not only did her cast iron skillet feed the hungry  
It served up justice, grandma style  
One day his uncle Marion  
True to form  
Jumped up on the old wooden porch  
While she was, where else, in the kitchen  
And he let loose a rebel yell  
You don't mess with grandma when she was cooking  
She flung her skillet and knocked him clean off the porch  
Things were simpler then  
He said  
We're so lucky now  
He said