

HALLOWED BE THY NAN

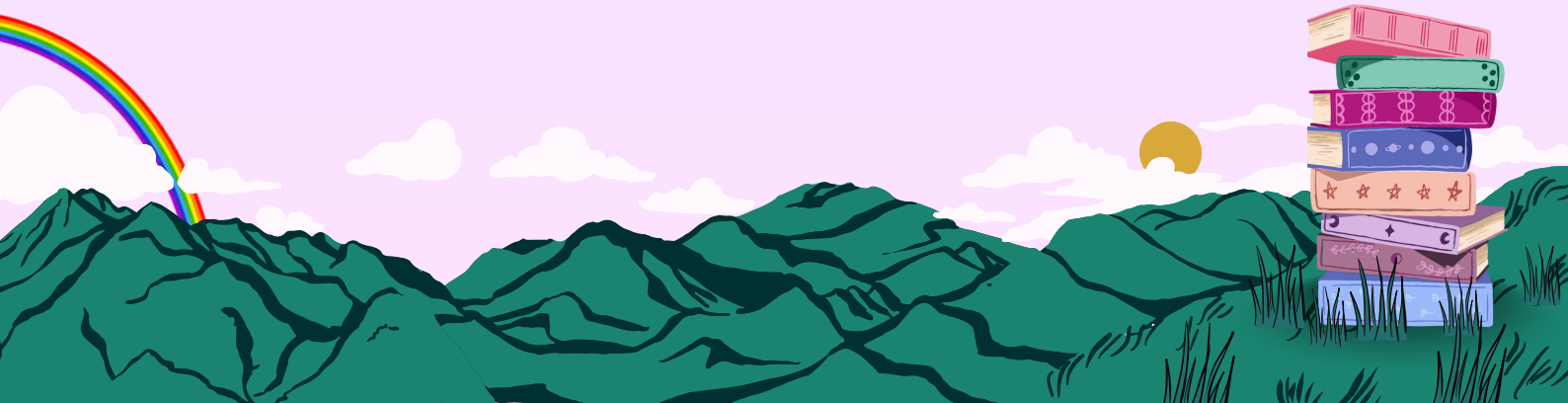
Grace Lawrence

A Christ-esque triptyque
Wedged next to a picture of an unforgivably
Ugly baby that
Might be Jesus or
My cousin

What does an overlocker do? Did you teach
Me or just show me
You must know that I take
Instructions like
A sieve takes water

This seat, the one where porridge dribbled
From my tongue and I
Sat, six, sedentary
With my desire for honey
You took one look at my table manners and decided

Decorum might be unteachable. Now
We pass newspaper back and forth in
Silence
I mumble my lunch
Slip a crust into a folded square of Classified



You told me once you made all
Of my mother's clothes from scratch, bar
Birthdays when you took her to
The local mall
Passing the fabric shop on the way

You used the colours of a graveside eulogy
Hemlines a silhouette of amendments
In lieu of your god I learned
To place my cutlery
Together after meals

(By the time I glance up she's turned
The clock forward thirty years
With trouble breathing
Through a violent cough she
Leaves me with a line of wisdom about

Wisteria, white lilies
And sun-blackened sand)

