

Reflections

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In my grandmother's house
I live surrounded by old
dark wood and the song
of the wood thrush
playing on tape.
In my grandmother's bed
I lie watching the same
crack in the ceiling
she watched
night after night.
In my grandmother's chair
I sit fitting into cotton
crevices formed by old hips
and wood worn smooth
by soft, wrinkled hands.
I'm occupying still warm
vacated spaces.
My grandmother's strong bones are
buried in the graveyard
by the interstate highway
but I catch reflections
in the bathroom mirror
as I pass.
She is too quick for me.