

# A NORWEGIAN'S HOME

LAUREN IVERS

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My grandmother's shaking hands rattled the dry cereal  
against the wooden bowls as she served us.  
We would devour the sweet colored circles  
as we watched Disney movies about the prince and his love.  
A solo artist, she sang in solitude,  
swaying in search for her someone.  
Her coiffed hair always set, slightly frazzled,  
a neat nest,  
a tired adventurer frayed from fancy.

Her house was a Viking ship  
where my sister and I hunted for relics  
from her distant land.  
An autoharp twanged tragically to our touch,  
groaning beneath undeserving fingers.  
The burnt orange sofa smelled of dust and history,  
our fort to take inventory of our loot.  
Decorated by medals and costume pearls,  
our little bodies inflated with giddiness.

At night I re-read familiar stories,  
words now etched into memory.  
Like the story about the little bird who wakes up alone  
and searches longingly for identity,  
asking every creature it stumbles upon,  
*Are you my mother?*

She was my mother's mother  
who sang with Aurora and danced the waltz alone.