I wear my grandmother’s elbows
soft folds of skin like gold coins
pale and remarkably familiar but
for a long scar that spills through my
right side poured out
of a metal wagon to which
I’d hitched with jump ropes
our old shepherd mix
barking mush!
with a grin, without knowing she knew
what it’d meant
now even the summer’s fat moon
seems to make my palms slick
and from my grandmother, I’ve learned
I ought to keep her raw strawberries
safe from the drunk bellies of earwigs
instead of writing about them.
sometimes, grandmother
I am like hot tea in the sun
spiced cinnamon and honey
left out on long September days
leave me on the porch
leave me by the fireplace
leave me in the sea
sometimes, I am fenceless
at once young and old, gold
and wild and so temporary