

160Y

Grandma Evans

When I'm home we finish the jigsaw
disappearing under dust on your kitchen table.
You send me downstairs, to the garage,

where I choose a can of pop to drink
while we cook. Fetch me that knife, you say,
and the chopping board. On it blooms

a forest of vegetables, too colourful even
to provoke the disgust of a child. You slice
carrots, onions, peppers, with care I recognise

from your hand in birthday cards.
I drizzle oil and grind salt from my fingers,
you take the tray to slide it into the oven.

I want to tell you one of my stories,
but standing by your side I forget how it goes,
so instead I run water to wash the dishes.