

There is a clear-eyed one  
by my spotted hand.  
I want to ask her  
something. I say,  
for you there is,  
up on a closet shelf,  
a gift, all wrapped  
and just for you.  
Please take it and say,  
thank you grandma.

She looks and climbs on the  
vinyl chair as the  
girls  
(We wish you a merry Christmas!)  
move on.  
And she takes the  
package from the shelf  
and looks and  
moves on.  
(O Holy Night!)

I have given my gift.  
The room smells of hay.

## Grandma

*by Janet Renard*

Grandma crocheted  
herself into my  
afgan.  
My afgan Grandma made for me  
is electric yellow  
and 7-Up green.  
So's Grandma.