

My grandmother's hands

My grandmother's hands
are not delicate.
They are red and chapped,
the tips are callused white,
and the knuckles are pregnant
with arthritis: the price of her labor.

My grandmother is a quilt-maker,
a history maker and a storyteller.
Delicate hands could not be burdened
with such responsibility.

her house is littered with pieces of history,
with stories, half told, or single squares
strewn about like characters of an epic
not yet bound.
Fat quarters she calls them,
these bits and pieces of
old baby blankets, torn shirts,
or maybe a solitary print too exceptional,
always promised to the next quilt,
the next epic.

I have spent my life
disgusted with house wives,
with weak women who didn't understand
the power of education,
the fundamental importance
of an
independent individual.
And now I look at my hands, which are
my mother's hands, which are
my grandmother's hands
and I am filled with amazement
at what I too
may be capable of.

-Jane Stevens