

AND THEIRS, TO REMEMBER THEM

We are the women of small histories/  
diaries, journals, letters to our sisters/  
whose mothers recited earlier accounts  
while mixing turkey stuffing or brownies  
in any coffee-flavored kitchen.

We are the keepers of lesser treasures/  
relish recipes, songs our uncles sang,  
steps to the old dances/  
whose children are relentlessly photographed  
and ride the years from sharp to fading  
in masks of cellophane.

We are the bearers of background memories/  
his last words, her first song,  
Christmas before the war/  
whose grandchildren will grow to remember us,  
and theirs, to remember them.