

Grandma Died

Blue eyes
Seeing, knowing
The woman she was
Watch for a breath

Smithy hands clasp
One, Slowly messages
The other

Shoulders
Always straight
And proud
Stoop

A quiver
Of his lip
And the first drop
Of the storm within

Grandpa.....don't cry.

Reflections of the funeral of Cleora Maynard and Orrie standing beside the coffin

James Gregory Maynard

