Mama

Margaret Shelton

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo

Part of the Creative Writing Commons, Fine Arts Commons, Illustration Commons, and the Photography Commons
Mama
by Margaret Shelton

She drinks from the yellow cup with black flecks in the plastic,
sets crystal glasses
and paper napkins on the table.

Her touch is a satin pressure,
    an old clean cotton top sheet
    thrown into the air
    and sighing back down.
Fingers smooth and brushing along my skin.
Quiet calligraphed I love you across my wrist.

She teaches me to sew a white wedding dress,
    doll-sized.
The buttons are plastic pearls.
(I keep her winks in a clear bookcase in my brain. Open it.
Smell the lavender.)

I drink from her mother’s tea set.
I keep her old string of beads in my jewelry box.
On the fourth finger of my left hand,
I wear her husband’s wedding ring,
    a circle of beaten gold.