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Charlie

Wilda Morris
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Charlie

Wilda Morris

Charlie wakens from a short nap
and asks, *Did I ever tell you about the time*
Winston Churchill came to our house
for tea? And his wife, Winnie, too.
He was a big man, really big.
I still have the stub of his Cuban cigar
packed away in a drawer somewhere.

Another day, as we put on our coats,
Charlie says, *I can't run like I used to.*
Wish you'd seen me in the Berlin Olympics.
When Jesse Owen won gold, I was on his heels.
Too bad someone stole my silver medal.

One weekend, Charlie's grandson
hears him declare, *Eleanor Roosevelt*
was a great friend of mine.
She invited me to Hyde Park
whenever Franklin vacationed
with Lucy at Hot Springs.
Eleanor used to call me everyday
on her cell phone.

What was she like?
his twelve-year-old grandson asks.
Formidable, he replies.
Much prettier in person
than in pictures. I'm sorry
I lost the snapshots taken
when we hiked together
on the Appalachian Trail.

As usual, I say nothing.