Indian Box

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Recommended Citation
Lupo, Katie (2005) "Indian Box," The Prairie Light Review: Vol. 26 : No. 1 , Article 70.
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss1/70

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My Grandmother’s Painting
Katherine Brichacek

hangs in the staircase
of her aunt’s house
neither have visited each other
since they spit their vows
never to step through the threshold
of the other’s door
so in Auntie Irene’s staircase
that she no longer can ascend
hangs a lonely landscape,
a snow-showered shed
long-abandoned by the couple
who huddle together for warmth
the fire refuses to provide
the trees bent over
from years of battering
the grass hidden for the season
and in the gray dreary sky
float the pride and regret
of both women

Indian Box
Katie Lupo

Not more than an inch high
Made of resin, thick and brown
It's decked with diamond-shaped mirrors
Inside lies a single Indian rupee.

She gave it to me,
“You don’t have a culture, you’re white bread,”
She declared, “so I’ll give you mine.”
I gazed at the “Made in India” sticker on the bottom
She knew why I was laughing.
She understood me.

Now I look at the box and smile.
Inside it are my memories of her, her exuberant soul,
And her sharp-witted tongue slinging back retorts.
But also, memories of the sadness of that day.
Seeing classmates’ ash-white faces
Through my tear-blurred eyes

I miss her, but she is never truly gone.
She is alive in that box and in my soul