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Grandma Turskey

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Grandma Turskey
by Kristin Belleson

I sit in bed, my body in a pretzel like position,
wrapped and rolled into many blankets.
I gently tug at the frayed edges of the card.
Remember O Most Gracious Virgin Mary
The smell of sweet buttered yams fills her cozy home
on the old country farm in Wisconsin,
while the cold snowy air whirls outside.
Inspired with confidence I fly on to thee, O Virgin of Virgins
Her hot apple cider burns a warm path to my stomach.
My Mother to thee I come before thee sinful and sorrowful
Playing dress up with her ballroom gowns
and hats that were
a little too big for my tiny frail body.
O Mother of the world incarnate
Big hugs from her after scribbling crayon colored cartoons
and circus clowns.
As the sky fades into darkness, I lie with her
and am swept away into
my world of carnivals and sugar coated candies.
She wouldn't move until she saw my little body sleep peacefully.
Despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me
Clutching the prayer card,
unwinding my tangled body out of a rolled up knitted afghan
I'm transported out of fun filled weekends
with Grandma Turskey,
into my eighteen year old life with
big kid problems.
Amen.