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Charlie

Wilda Morris
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Charlie

Wilda Morris

Charlie awakens 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.