

Sewing and Coffee Fall Victim to Winter

Mary Isola

I was small in her lap while we watched Mr. Rogers
underneath her homemade blanket that we both shared in the deep red recliner,
her white mug steaming with the freshly brewed black coffee,
calloused hands gently holding me in a loving embrace.

The smell of black coffee followed her,
a sewing needle constantly rested on the edge of her lips
a tool to help her create her works of art,
that never failed to bring a smile to her friends' faces.

Like leaves, her grey hair began to fall as trips to UK began to rise,
dropping her needles and thread for eyeliner that she needed to look normal.
And as the bundles of cloth and thread disappeared,
pills invaded their everyday spots on the counter.

The black coffee smell grew as the pills expanded,
her tired eyes were kept open only by the strong coffee.
The refrigerator was emptied of steak and green tea
as baby food and applesauce replaced them.

When suddenly the medicine disappeared,
the thread, needles, and cloth put away in the back closet,
a sewing machine left to a granddaughter whose eyes were too blurry,
and hands too shaky to search for pictures the funeral home wanted.