

Rachel de Baere
18 Maple Avenue
Kentfield, CA 94904
(415) 456-4574
ItsmeRach@comcast.net

KITCHEN SHOW

I hadn't seen her in years,
this woman I called
my father's mother, never grandmother.
She stood in my mother's kitchen,
talked about how much I'd grown,
how I'd developed breasts.
An old woman now, she said hers
had shrunk, atrophied from lack of use.
Look, she said, and whisked one out.
I stared at the transparent, shriveled flesh
my grown man father had once suckled.
See what happens when you get old.

Madeleine, my father told his mother,
You can put that away now.