Classic Poetry Series

Susan Kelly-DeWitt

- poems -

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Summer Of The Grandmothers

They come back in their white shifts, their ruffled shawls of salt white, the way the dead always return when you need them the most—

when it's too hot to do anything but picture the worst— the Bomb finally fallen, the world burned-up, the entire planet radioactive—

when you are too weak to do anything but lie in a stupor and call them back to drift at your side, in eyelet dresses of old starlight, fresh-faced and cold.

Anonymous submission.

Susan Kelly-DeWitt