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Decision

Edith White

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Edith White / Decision

Hands in sudsy water I bathe fragile cups with care: Each gold-rimmed china shell, Rinsed and set to drain. For fifty years or so they have graced My cupboard shelves. Still I feel they really are My mother's English Bone.

She loved to greet the twilight With a friendly cup of tea, Not bags and water but A fragrant brew of leaves Steeped in a silver pot. She passed each guest the tray With a pitcher of foaming cream, Tongs for sugar lumps.

They sat to share their friendship With talk that warms— Filtered through tea leaves, Shaping the world to cozy.

Aunt Bertha, pince-nez on her nose, Fingered her black neck ribbon And stated her views precisely As she nibbled scones with her tea. Grandmother's fluttering hands Patted her fly-away hair; She would shake her head and murmur At the modern world's oddity.

Alone I am left to recall The sound of their chatter and laughter, Faint echoes of times past. My memory begins to dim. It is time I made the decision— I must pack the china in tissue For my granddaughter now. The squat bruss um brims with ashes brown as silt in the river How could you be gone

> of yellow chry autilit thing verses itscribed in yu fant The lines are for you weet-scented but in a longue not yours. Are you perhaps disuppointed?

Blaned with increase smoke increase smoke your face now. Father But your eyes are my to this pungent mist thip a calligraphy but in islack ink to follow soft as temple isells presting from a distanc