

Alaska Day 2010  
Memoir IV, Fall 2010  
by Gale Brownell

**HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?**

Cozy patchwork quilt

Kitchen sounds; breakfast underway

The linoleum floor is cold

Stay on the rug...

Steep stairs with corners down to the kitchen.

Grandma Sherwood, turning

from stove to sink,

to stove, to sink.

Humming.

Hot cocoa!

Boots under the stairs, with woolen socks.

Time to bring in the cows for milking.

Grandma sings songs of social justice.

Play in your own backyard.

(My adult tears now).

How could people be so mean, so unknowing of the ease of childhood

friends?

The warmth of Grandma's arms, the solace of her soft, fleshy bosom.

Now I think of the reality of myschoolyard, where the native girls played in

other games.

Why?

How did that happen?

