

Rhubarb Pie

I.

I watched my mother cut rhubarb pie
pulling a black handled knife through
flaking crust, sliced even motion,
falling crumbs blending the abrasive cleansed counter to
Then we all sat down
as orderly as polished flatware on the napkins
after having checked my back in the mirror
I sat straight.
slipping feet, hidden under the table, from tight shoes
Mother said cousin Sherry was looking
better these days having lost some weight, Father nodded
as I pushed the pie-filled fork over my tongue
thinking how good the feel
the feel of my soles brushing, rubbing
over the smooth tops of my shoes

II.

Barefoot, I scoop rhubarb pie, slap it onto the plates.
My daughter says, "really mom, can't you do anything
without
making a mess?"
"Nope," I reply, a fat smile widening my face.