

nana

guts the turkey, the liver
staining her thin fingers poking
at its behind with severity
her small hand finally driven
past the tailbone into the open cavity.

i remember the dentist
trembling as he pulls back my lips
exposing my pinkish gums.
i know the age spots on his head like the planets.
i know that red round globe from a moveable chair.
and his probing was painless
his fingers longer,
sour and softer
than my breath.

nana boils water in a tin pan
for tea, sets places for the three of us:

papa, her and me and i watch her
at the cutting board, her hair white
as the porcelain sink, carving
a cooked chicken.

it is this-
the time she takes now
that makes me cry,

those lovely fingers.