Momma

Jeanne Abrahamson*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1967 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Momma

Jeanne Abrahamson

Abstract

Gone the flour-sprinkled apron, the wrinkled hand that soothed my moistened cheek when lightning flashed, and Debbie broke her leg and couldn’t stand; gone lumpy fingers reaching as I bash ed the glass that Grandma treasured long, I know, to splintered fragments glittering on the floor;
"Ya, sure enough. Bye," I answered. "Say, where's your house at?"

"Right there, across the street, the big white board place."

I turned and stared at the white clapboard building that needed paint and fixing. A fence went around it, and a dozen or more kids of different sizes, all of them dirty, were playing within it.

I hit the back of my seat as the bus began to move. Joey, shoes thrown over his shoulder, was being mobbed at the gate by the kids. He looked like he'd done a pretty good job of getting himself dirty. Running to the back window of the bus, I watched until I couldn't tell Joey and the kids from the house. They all ran together, as things do if you watch them from a bus. I turned back to my seat, sat down and began countin' yeller trees.

---

Momma

*by Jeanne Abrahamson*

*Applied Art, Fr.*

Gone the flour-sprinkled apron, the wrinkled hand
That soothed my moistened cheek when lightning flashed,
And Debbie broke her leg and couldn't stand;
Gone lumpy fingers reaching as I bashed
The glass that Grandma treasured long, I know,
To splintered fragments glittering on the floor;
The thimbled hand that taught mine how to sew
One snowy day when mumps made life a bore;
The thumb that often had a purple look
From pounding stakes to fence some ducklings in;
The chapped red hand that held my story book
And tucked warm covers close about my chin.
How odd that ten short years can so erase
A child's perceptive memory of a face.