

ANCESTORS HANGING



Ancestors hanging on the wall,
Mustached, starched, corseted, and frozen.
Not a smile among them.

Antique, hand-painted Porcelain china in elegant display,
But never used.

Tiffany sterling silver flatware, tarnishing in the chest.
Used once, at Great Aunt Tizzie's funeral.

Twelve, six-piece place settings, engraved lead crystal,
Fit for royalty, locked in the breakfront china cabinet.

Hand-knotted Persian rugs, displayed on the walls,
Never touched the floor.

All inherited from the hanging ancestors, known and unknown.

Old clothes, that may come back into style, stored in mothballs.
Grandma's wedding dress, showcased in the living room.
House brimming with bric-a-brac mementos of past happy times.

And there she sits, rocking her life away,
Yearning for youth, living in Times Gone By,
Dead before she died.

If that's what you want, go for it!

But you got'ta know, Sweet Baby,
There are alternative paths
To choose.

06/30/2018