

## Going to Grandmother's

My dream blew away the twelve years' dust  
Of your death. Father (dead for eight years) drove  
The car to Cedar Rapids. I held my infant sister,  
Coaxing her to take a bottle while Michele and I,  
Both enchanted, argued over who would hold her.  
Iowa hills swelled gently with the gift of corn.  
We pulled into the driveway I have not walked  
Since your death.

As always, I was first to your door,  
Flung it open, saw you coming down the steps  
From your bright kitchen of antique bottles  
And blue gingham curtains. The scent of flour  
And bread dough clung to the folds of your cotton apron.  
You enfolded me in your arms, and I thought,  
I must tell you of my joy that could crush us both,  
For the glory of it and the devastation  
It could wreak if it leaves me.

I woke up before I told you,  
Before I knew what it was.

—Cara M. Bullinger