**Hobby**

Andrew Beckner

My mamaw feels older than reason.

She remembers a time before

the internet and smart phones,

before television and indoor plumbing.

A time before the horseless carriage,

she says, maybe even the wheel.

Bad days, when she pulls a muscle

putting on socks, when she can’t hold

a paintbrush with such swollen fingers,

she swears her mind descends

past forgetting, those cavern days

before fire, which is, of course, impossible.

She collects fieldstones and geodes

from irrigation ditches to decorate

her porch. This is her new hobby.

She dresses them up in hats, glasses, scarves,

she gives them the names of dead

relatives. She sits on her swing with them

gathered around, watching them watch her,

waiting for the memories to come.

Great Uncle Chet, she says,

pointing to a lopsided oval of granite,

a shallow bowl of a mouth.