**Grandmother Walking**

Sudasi Clement

Bodies shut down along edges first,

blood-tide receding into hot core.

They’re cool now, these feet

that tamped snow by a cellar door,

pint-sized prints telling Mama

which of seven sisters stole the pears.

Cool, the knees skinned on purpose

so Papa might let her wear

blue jeans like his. Her fingers cold,

and ringless too, since the day she read

the love notes from Violet, hidden

in a box in Granddad’s shed.

Cool, faint scars on her shins

where a glass pane shattered into shards.

Cold legs, moving ever so slightly

as they walk between worlds.