PINECONES IN MY BASKET

By: Kayla Justice

The pinecones are for Grandma

They’ve replaced the bread and jam

Mommy can’t give me food no more

So through the forest

I search for food for Grandma

Who lives not far away

In a house whose roof is made of stars now

And in the moon’s garden we play

Stone heads line Grandma’s driveway

They speak to Mommy while she passes

Brief descriptions of their marking

Reminding others of the hourglass

That accounts for every breath

My basket broke

I carry all I can

Mommy hates it when I leave her,

But now I hold Grandma’s see-through hand.