

Millie

by Sandy Brue

I snipped summer's last Tea Rose this morning and
Thought of her, wrapped in a shabby sweater,
Balancing on tiptoe, watching traffic.

Gray black hair strings down her back and in her
Eyes. She loves chocolate, yellow roses and
Stuffed animals with the eyes pulled out.

She waits for her visitors, but forgets us as soon
As we leave, and returns to her vacant stare,
Crushing the flowers we brought.

This afternoon gazing across my lawn, I knew she
Walked dark halls, hiding in corners. I ate
My dinner on Irish china knowing she used a metal plate.

Millie once knew the feel of wild grass brushing under short
Silk dresses against her long naked legs. Today a scratchy
Army blanket chafes her skin.