



3-15-1991

Grandma's Eyes

Carl Stanislaus

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Recommended Citation

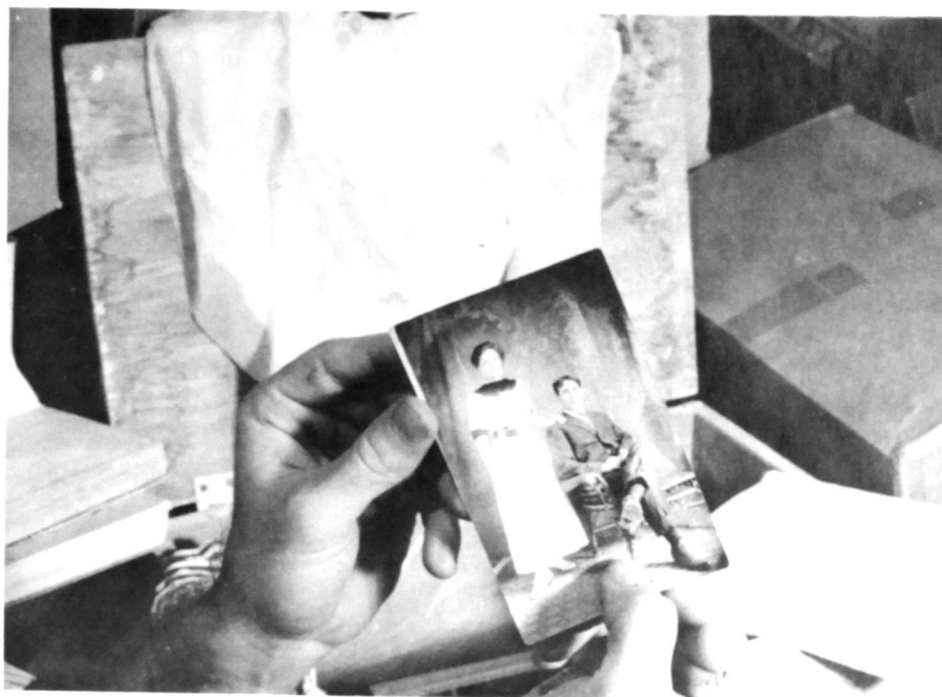
Stanislaus, Carl (1991) "Grandma's Eyes," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 3 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss3/25>

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Grandma's Eyes

Serious



-By Carl Stanislaus

In the attic is a wedding picture,
a handsome couple of years gone by.
He stands in stern determination
Beside a girl with Grandma's eyes.

Here old school annuals of the twenties,
with photos of couples in fond embrace,
an awkward boy, who wasn't Grandpa,
kissing a girl with Grandma's face.

They used the red and rusting old Victrola,
baseball glove with broken laces,
clarinet that lost its mouthpiece,
and running shoes for high-school races.

They loved the "rockey" horse's little rider
and bed where he had slumbered.

They lived the crumbling thirties' calendar,
whose days again are numbered.

There's a crib—and well-worn high chair
used by handsome, wayward Uncle
John.

Grandma never gave up the praying;
only the Lord knows where John has gone.

Let's close the attic and lock it,
with its love and joy and family ties—
and go to the old gal and tell her:
we'll always love the girl with Grandma's
eyes. *

Design by Matt Heckman