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## *For My Grandmothers*

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# For My Grandmothers

by Lea Killian

How I ache  
for the dirty feet and tangled hair  
of childhood.  
In the Summer,  
do you not remember  
how the sun set  
upon our faces?  
We opened our eyes  
to shooting stars, hoping  
to catch them on our tongues, like  
snowflakes in Winter. Instead,  
we settled  
for wrangling fireflies  
into crystal mason jars.  
Springtime sprouted  
clouds of dandelions  
from the ground,  
and we blew our wishes  
into the fields  
behind our house.  
I do not remember what I wished for then,  
but I know what I would wish for now.  
Running through the Autumn leaves  
of youth, grasping memories,  
I realize we're all just children  
who miss climbing trees.