

Poem— Memories

Grains of sand
Beneath the storyteller's knife
Sculpting a legend of a culture
Fading...

A cabin dimly lit.
Pungent aromas of Buhach
and charred driftwood.
Offspring, mummylike
Lending an ear to
Sagas of generations.

Now—memories latent.
Hazy recollection
Sparks my craving for a
Revival of my heritage
To infuse my beloved child.

—Dorothy M. Larson