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# Love You Much

Kathryn M. Gittings  
*Gettysburg College*

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# Love You Much

**Abstract**

This poem, written for my senior seminar class, is a personal poem about my grandmother, whom I both love and admire.

**Keywords**

creative writing, poetry, love, family

**Disciplines**

Creative Writing | Poetry

## Love You Much

From behind the brushed metal counter,  
Boasting of burgers,  
Flipped and fried  
By my grandmother's hands,  
She waves to me,  
A tuft of salt and pepper hair  
Showering over the brim of a  
Burger King visor.

I was nine,  
And watching her toil in the heat  
Of an industrial-sized fryer  
Was the fourth grade equivalent  
Of a celebrity sighting.

There were other grandmothers  
In the world, I was sure,  
But none like mine,  
Who could make an event  
Out of a gallon-jug of water,

Fifty cent Iced Tea mix  
And cheese sandwiches,  
Packed snugly against one another  
Like tinfoil snowflakes  
And taken to the playground,  
Where we etched our names  
Into the grainy sediment  
Of a dilapidated baseball diamond,  
Waiting for a glimpse  
Of the rusted, metal freight train;  
Its arrival precluded by a melancholy wail.  
It was here that my grandma  
Sketched crude clocks into the sand,  
One after the other,  
Until I realized,  
Much later than the rest of the class,  
That time was laid out  
In increments of five;  
Here that she proved  
That a shoe could be tied  
In three, deft movements

Made especially easy by tiny fingers;  
Here that she uttered the phrase  
*Love you much,*  
As though the amount were immeasurable,  
And that if the product of love itself  
Became a tangible substance,  
It would rush into the world  
With the prophetic fire  
Of a meteor,  
Splintering the stratosphere,  
And sending shards of adoration  
Crashing into my world, creating  
An iridescent arc ending  
In the palm of my hand,  
Each fragment so pure as to be  
Invisible, and  
So sharp as to be  
Painless;  
A wedge beneath my skin.

