



Fall 2013

Love You Much

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Gittings, Kathryn M., "Love You Much" (2013). *Student Publications*. 221.
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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.

