

The Mammy Quartet
In Remembrance of Wendy

I pushed the child into the sky
He flew into breezes
A tiny master skilled on the high ride
If I were his size
The swings would have been forbidden
Like front entrances and crinolines

They knew the light pitch
Of my voice could glide
A high, sweet, string, of sing
So they would follow me
As I washed floors, commanding:
Sing auntie sing
And I fled praying peace
But the young masters
Would always
Find me

Oh auntie oh well
Let us near your colored gladness
We can feel the beauty
Of the cakewalk bell
In the proximity we claim. Let us gobble
Your sweet peach cobbler and await
Your hoecake's rise, as you
Are the source
Of our milk and consolation

Wiling through silver braces
He smiled and I smiled back
A friendship pin I felt
And laughed with him until
I caught the reflection
In the shining of the stairs
And could see he saw me
As a deniable dark ring,
I, who escorted
The little light master
To his games of play.
A sister of mercy.

Rose Marie Hunold