

## Lincoln, Arkansas, 1956

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*Judy Turner*

An Ozark Spring  
Warming the memories of red clay earth  
and the white white morning light  
We are not talking of the gold light  
of Autumn nor golder light of Autumn afternoon  
but of the white cold light of morning  
May morning  
white light  
Grandmother's sunroom

Captain Kangaroo, kind clown  
in black white and static gray  
kept company with Grandma  
and Mr. Greenjeans  
(with ducklings, today, perhaps  
or a foal)  
but T.V. was  
more of a miracle to Grandmother  
than to the 4-year-old child who preferred  
color  
a picture puzzle of Roy and Trigger  
majestically rearing on two legs  
on the cold linoleum floor

Grandma's violets lined the window  
furry leaves catching the dust motes  
softly descending

White muslin sheets  
line hung to dry

caught the scent of morning  
scent of sweetgrass and earth and cold moss  
drying in the sun  
brought indoors  
to make her bed

Cold white light  
sliced onions and peeled cucumbers pickling  
in an ivory bowl  
the air pungent with white vinegar and  
bruised mint  
on the kitchen oilcloth  
pattern of strawberry and hyssop  
on chipped crockery  
hyssop and lavender  
waiting

She had earned the right to her bed  
and her thoughts

To a linen gown  
and a privacy she might never have known otherwise  
Earned the right to Captain Kangaroo  
to bed trays  
and lilies and crocus  
to portable T.V.  
and short cheerful calls by family and neighbors

You might say that it must have been really terrible  
for her  
waiting to die  
like that  
but I was there  
and I know  
miracles lurked everywhere  
(behind the bedpost  
and in every corner of the room  
mutating faster than virus or grief)  
and Grace  
came descending with the dust