

MY GRANDMOTHER, SWIMMING

She grows younger as she walks down the stairs,
the skirt of her bathing suit like the skirts

she wore after the war, when
her hair was black. For a moment she slips

into the photo I keep on my desk
where she stands under a tree at the edge

of dusk, her head on my grandfather's shoulder,
all her brothers still alive. My grandmother

lives alone in her house of memories:
antique clock, framed brides smiling

behind veils. In this blue lane she moves
slowly, not wanting to reach the end.