

# The Sitting (picture)

In <sup>the summer</sup> 1985, we buried Grandpa in the Staten Cemetery on ~~the~~ hill surrounded by green pastures <sup>of many red cattle</sup>. Between the ~~trees~~ sweet gums & scrub oaks of the branch ~~line~~ <sup>between our land and a cousin's</sup>, I could almost see ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> blue trailer <sup>glowing</sup> in the sun.   
 ~~the back wall~~

On the way home, I stopped by her trailer <sup>I cried when I saw her blue trailer</sup> and picked up her old <sup>cast iron</sup> <sup>stuffed</sup> <sup>upside down</sup> <sup>on the modern</sup> <sup>stone</sup> <sup>it would not</sup> <sup>cry</sup> <sup>she went</sup> <sup>a cry</sup> <sup>and her death</sup> <sup>wasn't</sup> <sup>that hard</sup> <sup>death</sup> <sup>black</sup> <sup>mourning</sup> <sup>band of funeral</sup> <sup>it almost</sup> family Bible, <sup>which had</sup> <sup>so brittle</sup> <sup>it almost</sup> crumbled in my hands. Inside <sup>on the inside</sup> cover, in her jerky hand, was written the names <sup>of death dates</sup> of her husband & two sons <sup>who had died</sup>.

Later, at home, I leaped thru the onion-skin paper & found a small coffee-stain brown picture of a girl in a frilly dress with a <sup>dark</sup> bow in her hair. <sup>seriously</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>(extra)</sup> <sup>focus</sup> On the back <sup>high-top shoes</sup> <sup>ruffled dress</sup> read "Sallie Walker Smith, age 13."

Then I remembered having seen the picture, and that her having told me <sup>that her daddy had told her he would have her picture made if she would stop snoring on biscuits or the time,</sup>

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"I don't know who this fellow thinks he is but  
I'm not about to stand here all day with  
his head under that blanket & him trying to  
figure how to work that thing.

My feet hurt.

I want a biscuit.

I promised

I want my picture took.

~~I~~ He can say smile another ten times but I'm  
not about to keep smiling -- he should have took  
that picture before my jaws locked.

I want a biscuit.

I want to sit.

Maybe the camera's broke ~~is~~ how come he keeps  
working under there. If it is broke, and he can't  
take my picture, then it's not my fault  
and I can go back to gnawing on biscuits.

Smile. Whirr. Click.