

# My Mother and Her Mother and Me

*By Sharon Weissburg, Classical High School*

My mother and her mother and me

Sit around a table,

Familiar knick-knacks all around us

And chat.

I look down.

My mother and her mother's hands are so much alike:

Both knobby and suntanned

They hold secrets of gardens and healing.

I hope mine look like that some day.

My mother and her mother both talk so fast

They talk over and under each other

The conversation turns serious, then light as air

From the cruelty of man to the

(dubious)

Uses of mayonnaise

And looping around to politics.

My mother and her mother and me

Eat a cheese Danish and chatter.

It's strange how something so familiar makes me

feel

so

new.

