

Inheritances

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Six grandsons bear her toward the door,
robed in solemnity and gloves—
rare garments on such lightsome, bright young men.

Her coffin, draped in a Cubbie's flag,
brought humor to this drafty church,
the home of her other life obsession.

Her white-handed son's sons slide her
into the hearse's darkened mouth—
anticipation of her waiting grave.

When the hearse departs down the road,
the men quickly remove the gloves,
eager to feel the pulse beneath the skin.

I, granddaughter, a mere witness
in this tender march of sorrow,
can see that her blood flows alive in them.

They'll carry her beyond this day,
like the one of them who decides
to ink his lineage upon his back:

a Belgian bull trampling his shoulder blade.