

# Legacy

*Danielle Beazer Dubrasky*

Her afghans and roses give her day a pattern  
that will untighten her mouth pursed by a memory—  
how her mother would fatten the favored son with milk,  
claiming only boys needed calcium, not girls.

My grandmother's bones brittle, in pain,  
her voice still bitter as she purls,  
"She gave me weak bones."  
She remains after eighty years

that girl thirsting for milk  
in her quiet house scented with roses, talc,  
as September light darkens over the Dresden shepherdess—  
a gift from her brother while stationed in Germany—

the folds of her china skirt milk-white,  
the rose canes turning brittle outside.