

Root beer popsicle, 95 degrees
By Gail Grenier Sweet © 2006

If motherhood means
revisiting childhood,
then grandmother-hood means
 revisiting motherhood *and*
 revisiting
 childhood.

Today it was 95 degrees out
when my grandson and I walked together
barefoot on
 the very warm sidewalk,
 just like
 the very warm sidewalks of my childhood

And suddenly I
craved a root beer popsicle --
Haven't thought of a
 root beer popsicle in
 maybe
 45 years.

Thanks, Oliver.

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