

Karen Alkalay-Gut

Grandmother Reconsiders Her Knitting

Protecting a child's name
with a voluminous cape
was the first mistake
an anonymous little girl
her face hooded
from human gaze
in a forest

And why red?
Shouldn't I have given her
a briar patch
to maneuver
the enticing wood
knowing the wolf
was drawn
to the brightness
of little girls?

And why is she known only
by this garish robe
instead of her kindness
to her ancestor?
It was a mistake
to place the weight
of our existence
on her shoulders