

All of Her Great Ones

Daniel's a hard hit in the driveway,
an all-pro tackle at four.
Children's children. My Mother called them
All of my great ones

before dementia blurred their faces—
her wall was a billboard of babies.
Now when I tell her *Shayne is born*
threads of the same blood

hardly stir in the whites of her eyes.
My image fades there too
when she nods off, I'm gone from Charlesgate
Home to my daughter's

where Kailin's out on the lawn, hard
as a volleyball spike at ten.
The great ones coming unblurred,
forming inside her.

EDWARD MCCRORIE