

# Vera Newsom

## MY GRANDMOTHER SINGING

Rain falls on the fine grass,  
its minute blades  
like knives at the throat.  
Birds with their chatter  
interstitch the rain —

Like my grandmother's treble,  
high-pitched, double-stopping,  
a fiddle's split note.

And the cruel blades of the grass  
gleam in the wet light,  
saw at the frayed string.

The voice quavers, hesitates,  
the knife edges her throat  
and the stretched cords splinter ...

But still that high-pitched treble  
intersperses the birds' din  
and the small rain pierces  
the thin blades of grass.

