

Wednesday Mornings

Pia Taavila-Borsheim

He bends to the task, clipping
his father's toe nails, the old
man prone on his recliner,
a quilt tucked to his chin.

I watch, from across the room,
the slow, steady working,
shards of yellowed nails
jetting through the heated air.

Then, the cleaning of his hearing
aids, the tiny brush employed,
rinsed; the minute sea shell,
electronic wizardry, restored.

When all is done, my husband
stands to take the offered hand,
lined and wizened, to pat the quilt,
to kiss his father's shining head.