



Grandma's Coat Pocket

(True story, inspired by memories of Eileen Nelson, intrepid icefisherwoman, who could be found on the ice of Lake Champlain's big bays all winter long, even after falling through the ice, which qualified her as a reluctant member of the icefishing community's "Polar Bear Club.")

What's in a Grandma's coat pocket? Perhaps...

*Lipstick for a quick refresh
Gum for keeping tabs on breath
Couple o' candies, not a lot
Flowered linen hanky, not for your snot*

*My Grandma's pocket reveals the mind
Of an icefisherwoman of the toughest kind.
Stick with loop to pluck eyes from fish
Stored in warm mouth, fresh bait was the
dish
Cannister of hooks and lures, and she's got
A utilitarian hanky for real north wind snot*

*Sitting on her bucket at a hand drilled hole
Sunward facing, embracing the day, heart
and soul
Catching fish and catching up with friends who came and went
She was with her people, and in her element*

*Some Grandmas smell of perfume and cookies
Mine smelled of January sunshine and brookies
My ice fishing Grandma is family lore
Brave Polar Bear Club member, who went back for more!!*



LAURA NELSON



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