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Heirloom

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Heirloom

Nobody wanted the blue pottery cat
Which had stood silent those many years
In Grandma's south bay window,
A cactus in place of its tail.

The peppermint jar, on the other hand,
Became an emotional issue—
Survivor of Sunday afternoon raids
By twenty-eight grandchildren.

The competition too keen for my claim
On the peppermint jar,
I rescued the ugly blue cat—
Only because it was Gram's,
 Not because it held charm.

Sedate on my windowsill,
the cat with the cactus tail
Gazes at me over the sink,
Content in meek pottery blue
 To stand in for a peppermint jar.

Lorna Van Gilst