

Poems and Misc



The Singer

In my bedroom stands the Singer,
That my grandmother drove for years
Through the fabric of our lives,
Stitching joys and mending tears.

As she worked on her creations,
Dresses, suits and alterations,
Her feet pedaled, while she guided,
Seams of lives that she provided.

She sewed her way
Through all my schooling,
To reach her goals
Though sometimes grueling.

My wedding gown would be the last,
Into which her hopes were passed
And sewn into my future life,
To help me to become a wife.

Still at night I can remember,
As I close my eyes to sleep,
The soothing, whirring, of the Singer,
My grandmother's lullaby to me.

--Mildred Starnes Tolbert – October 2007

In memory of
Minnie Starnes Spencer
1876-1972

