

Hiding Place

By

Marie Mayes Pitts

My grandmother had a flour bin. It was great big and fat.
On it was the biscuit board—square and smooth and flat—
Covered over with a cloth she used when making bread.
It was embroidered all around in deep red thread.
Her rolling pin and wooden tray were buried deep inside.
In the corner by the flour bin was where I loved to hide
I'd come out just in time to lick the batter bowl and spoon,
Then tell Granddaddy I helped when he come home at noon.
One day while rolling dough and I was hiding there,
She let some flour spill down on my long dark hair.
She hugged me up and kissed me in the warmest kind of way,
Then used her tiny fine-tooth comb to comb away my gray.
She said that we were even, with a twinkle in her eye,
For I had made her hair turn gray, I couldn't figure why.
But now I am a Grandmother and there's a hiding place
In the corner by the freeze many times I see a face
Stained with chocolate ice cream hiding from me there.
Then I recall a little girl with flour in her hair.