

**TOURIST NOTES: WHEN I WATCH MY
GRANDDAUGHTER, AT HOME, CONNECTICUT ●**

Cathy Allman

I'm also looking back at her father's
childhood and ahead to when
I'm no longer here.
She roams each room.

I revisit our house through her eyes.
She holds my fingers, toddles
toward her reflection in our mirror,
bends forward and kisses her glass lips.

We play piano,
I sing scales to her
until she pushes my hand away,
bangs her own loud notes.

I follow her like a phantom,
while she pulls every drawer,
cupboard handle,
opens each door.