

Gramma's Button Box

by Carole Gauntlett

Gramma's old tin button box
With a tiny golden clasp
Would spill buttons in a clatter
When I'd upend the hasp.
I made piles of separate colors
And then lined them up by size.
Then I'd string them all together,
While I'd wait for Gramma's prize.

Three azure blue cloth buttons,
With loops to sew in place.
She pulled them from her pocket
As I watched her smiling face.
Gramma's eyes got all misty,
As her memory did a whirl,
And spun in that blue dress
Like she had as a young girl.

I inherited that button box
And still treasure it today.
What were missing and were never found,
Much to my dismay,
Were the precious azure blue buttons
That only I had shared.
I think that God let her bring them
Because of how much she cared.