

HEIRLOOM

The quilt Beth made for me
is casually folded
over the arm of the couch
as if it weren't a work of art
but simply a blanket
meant to warm me
while I read a book
or sip my coffee.

Over a year in the making,
its creation spanned
two Christmases and a birthday,
in the sewing room
where her machine
overlooks the garden
that inspired the floral squares
she stitched together
into a cascade of burgundy rosettes
and pink geraniums.

It will outlive me
like the quilts of pioneer women
stitched over a century ago
hanging on museum walls
as if made only to be seen.

This heirloom
is meant for greater things
like warming Daniel
while he naps on a snowy day,
unaware that someday
it will belong to him,
and better still his grandchildren
whom I will never know.

—Gloria Heffernan



Originally published in the chapbook *Some of Our Parts* (Finishing Line Press)