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## Apachetas

By Lynn Lawrence

You asked us to remember your Yahrzeit:  
Jahr = year Zeit = time  
Not the two days it took to make Dobos Torte  
The house a heady confection of chocolate decadence.  
One and a third cup of batter into the pan  
Both of our hands needing the others  
Kneading and folding, one layer into another  
Repeat six times.

You asked us to carry this “Hungarian Drum” on the plane back  
To New York in a huge cardboard box weighted by a  
Volume of The Encyclopedia Britannica.  
One Drum over another to ensure the layers held fast.  
Josef Dobos’ aim to make a pastry that would outlast the others  
Have a long shelf life.

The Inca Trail is lined with small and large cairns on the path.  
One small stone carried by travelers to lay on existing cairns  
Symbolically joins the others for good luck on the journey  
A mounting mound of wayfarers  
Called Apachetas, or “Remembering Stones”

At Menorah Gardens the stones skip, gather moss and memories.  
They share other recipes:  
Leave us on the headstone, bone-on-bone touchstone to  
Remember all I have given you.  
Leave us on the headstone.  
Don’t pocket us.  
You cannot take us with you.  
We are here, present on your day of death.  
We have laid stones.  
We will have cake  
I will miss  
Your hands needing to knead  
With mine.

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