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POETRY | FALL 2018

## **Granny Must Grieve**

By Suzanne Crowe

Mom never met Beatrice.

My tiny one was born in France, on holidays.

Then died aged 19 days.

Five long years later, my mother started knitting hats for the babies in the Paediatric Intensive Care Unit.

As time flows past, she has knitted hundreds of booties, hats and cardigans.

Blue, white, yellow.

Pink.

We don't talk about why.

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