

Full-time performance poet **Glenis Redmond** travels the world bringing poetry to the masses and has been published in literary journals across the country. Her awards include a Cave Canem Fellowship, The Hermitage Fellowship and the NC Literary Fellowship through the North Carolina Arts Council. She serves as a trustee on the NC Humanities Council and served on the task force to create the first Writer-in-Residence at the Carl Sandburg Home National Historic Site in Flat Rock, NC. Glenis graduated from Erskine College in Due West, South Carolina and is presently completing her MFA in Poetry at Warren Wilson College. She believes poetry is rhythm.

Nostalgia

Makes me think diner, 1950's style
decker in ruby red vinyl. Makes me hear

Elvis on the juke box shoved in a corner
belting out Gracie Mae's song. There's

penance to pay for snatching a people's
Mojo. Money won't do. Whitewash

is a temporary coat. Nostalgia takes me back
to pictures in a frame. Norman Rockwell hues

pastel colors that can't hold the heft
of my father or my grandfather. They took

their weight to pine board boxes. But
left their lot for me to carry. Created

this deep "C" in my spine. They call
me Sankofa: that mythical bird looking back.

I want sepia memories touched
by opal mist, but even saffron rays

can't erase the shadows. Why can't they all
be cotton-like my grandmother's hair?

But, there's the crux, a plot she picked
but didn't own, just like my heart,