

## The Typewriter

My grandmother taught me  
to type on an upright Remington  
perched on the mahogany vanity  
in her bedroom beside mine.

Each night after her Viennese dinner,  
wiener schnitzel and fried potatoes,  
served on a warmed plate with  
cold cucumber salad on its side,

she walked me up the creaky wooden stairs  
to her bedroom, sat me down  
on the stiff backed chair and held my fingers  
over the keys, second row from the bottom

left pinky on the a, ring finger on the s,  
middle finger on the d, pointer finger  
on the f, followed by right pinky on  
colon, ring on the l, middle finger on the k  
and pointer on the j.

She had me tap the keys and lift them  
in their proper order like marching soldiers  
outside inwards and back again,  
saying each letter out loud as I drove along.

She told me when I got real good  
I would not have to look at the keyboard  
or the fingers covering them, but  
at the age of nine it was a mere

fantasy propelled by an adoring

grandmother who built my  
confidence in every syllable,  
and now forty-five years later

I am a believer, as I type this poem  
while looking out the window  
to watch the hummingbird  
whisper kisses to the purple flower

which just opened this morning,  
only days after my last book  
went to press after I blessed  
it with grandma's love

and thanked her for that  
spring day thumping on those  
so many years ago.

*Diana M. Raab*