

## Grandma Ling

### Amy Ling

If you dig that hole deep enough,  
you'll reach China, they used to tell me,  
a child in a back yard in Pennsylvania.  
Not strong enough to dig that hole,  
I waited twenty years,  
then sailed back, half way around the world.

In Taiwan I first met Grandma.  
Before she came to view, I heard  
her slippered feet softly measure  
the tatami floor with even step;  
the aqua paper-covered door slid open  
and there I faced  
my five foot height, sturdy legs and feet,  
square forehead, high cheeks and wide-set eyes;  
my image stood before me,  
acted on by fifty years.

She smiled, stretched her arms  
to take to heart the eldest daughter  
of her youngest son a quarter century away.  
She spoke a tongue I knew no word of,  
and I was sad I could not understand,  
but I could hug her.

<http://www.nexuslearning.net/books/holt-eol2/collection%202/grandmaling.htm>