

2019

## Orange Apron

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### Recommended Citation

Gonyer, Angela (2019) "Orange Apron," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 3 , Article 39.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol3/iss1/39>



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# *Orange Apron*

*Angela Gonyer*

Orange apron, plain yet so bright  
there are still remnants of your purpose  
I wonder if they're from her sopita or chile  
maybe she made her chilaquiles one last time,  
and you were lucky enough to get the last taste.  
I held you and I wept,  
I wore you and I wept harder.  
I wonder if she wept too,  
when she held you for the last time,  
wore you for the last time.  
Even in her terminal memory,  
I hope she remembered you;  
I hope you remember.  
Do you remember all the meals you made with her?  
All the dance parties in the kitchen, remember how she taught me to  
dance?  
I wonder if you remember all of the concerts she put on in the house,  
her angelic voice piercing through every crevice.  
You and I were always her audience,  
her biggest fans.  
I wonder if she still sings in heaven,  
for her brother, her parents,  
what we would give to hear her one last time.  
But I have her voice and  
maybe you feel some of her in me when I sing amazing grace,  
although it will never be as mesmerizing as her.  
I promise you that you will be well cared for,  
just as she cared for you for all those decades.  
Who knows, maybe one day I'll give you to my granddaughter,  
with new memories to share with her  
and for her to share with you.  
Maybe she'll write you a poem as well,  
a lovely sequel to your legacy, and to hers.

For Zoila Lara

Aug. 2, 1945 ~ Aug. 27, 2018

*Te quiero siempre Wilita*