

# Grandma's Apple Pie

*Sue Garofalo*

Old Man's last hopes, promiscuous,  
with witch wild hair, red flecked apple  
trees stew the grass with windfalls which  
she pared with the serrated edge  
of a broken handled steak knife,  
parsing each one indulgently  
to cut away rot and worm trails-  
a few unflawed places from each.  
Cooked and cobbled with surplus flour,  
sugar beet sweet, they both liked it  
best eaten warm, spiced by a slice  
of government velveeta cheese.  
Could use a little cinnamon,  
some nutmeg, too, the old man said.  
Next time make it yourself, she said.