

# I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THIS, 2011

- Vilma Ginzberg

From Section 4, Family Matters:

## YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SO PRECIOUS

*Would you like help to your car?*  
the check-out lady asks  
as I pay for my groceries,  
and there he is,  
youth with shining face,  
eager to use his muscle to help an old lady  
with her purchase.

Like my grocery bags  
I am so stuffed,  
filled to overflowing with stories of my times;  
I am so heavy,  
bursting at the seams with memories  
yearning to be shared;  
I am so up-to-my-eyeballs with love, lessons, laughter  
waiting to be handed over, passed along.

My legs grow tired, my muscles ache,  
even as the bounty increases,  
pushed like the vine's last blossom  
to bloom before the long winter comes.

I need you, my precious grandchildren,  
to help me carry this bountiful harvest  
destined for your own nourishment;  
I need you to carry the weighty fruits  
of my weightless soul's garden  
to some vehicle of transport  
to be taken home.