

**Memories sealed up
By Sharon Ivanauskas**

I feel the damp steam as I walk into the room.

I see the colored, tattered tea towels laid out, covering the delicate pierogis.

My sweet, soulful. Memory laden, busy Nanna stops.

A smile spreads across her face, and my steps glide forward,

into the warmth of her arms.

The mushrooms we once picked together in the woods,

the dough she mixed and kneaded and rolled out,

are sealed together with love every year.

The water bubbles, ready to envelope the gently formed gifts.

I envision us eating the pierogi, soft, warm, pungent.

The damp steam encases me, as I think of us all sitting together.

I smile at my Nanna, so proud of her work, her as a woman, my Nanna.

So many memories sealed into each of the pierogis.