

Grandma's Matryoshka Doll

There she stands,
smiling from across the room.
She is dressed for a festive occasion.
Red and blue flowers adorn her dress.
A bright floral scarf covers her head.
How very beautiful she looks today!
Inside she holds a special secret.
Shall I show you what it is?
Yes? Wonderful! Are you surprised
by all those other lovely girls inside her, each one
smaller than the last? Sit beside me, my granddaughter,
so your Babushka can tell you the story of our past, and how
you and your cousins are a special part of our Russian heritage.
I will tell you what these eight lovely Matryoshka Dolls mean to me.
The largest one, who holds the others, is my great, great, grandmother.
She was from a tiny village near Moscow; it's so lovely there my dear.
The second is my great, grandmother; I will show you her picture.
Nesting inside her is my dear Babushka, who I remember so well.
Next comes my mother, who once carried me within her body.
I am number five in our family's precious nesting dolls.
Look, there are three more Matryoshka Dolls left!
Can you guess who is number six of the eight?
Yes, your mother is number six, so you
are number seven of our matriarchal line.
I will buy you your own Matryoshka Doll
then teach you all of our family's names;
because one day you might have a daughter
who would love to hear the story of our family.

Poetry

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magic
the

