

Matrushka Dolls

By Jan Marin Tramontano

My pregnant daughter sits
at her desk, absent-mindedly
stroking her belly
curly dark hair frames the
canvas for all her expressions.

I watch her
remembering
when I was a curly-haired
girl with dreams, allowing
the wind to toss me
until she and I were one.

She inside of me,
now he inside of her
memory imprints from
mother to mother.
Mine on hers as hers with him.

Matrushka dolls
one inside the other
inside the other, the long line of us:
mothers nesting within each other.

The strength of one
passing to the next
constant
unbroken
for eternity.