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## Rosary

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## Amanda Girard

### Rosary

The white bead rests between my two fingers,  
identical to all the others, save  
for the red roses after each decade.

I'm supposed to be thinking of Jesus  
the crown of thorns around his head, piercing  
his skin until the blood clouded his eyes.

But it's my great-grandmother who keeps coming back,  
Marie-Anne, who spoke only French, and  
would lead a rosary circle for the farmhands after dinner.

Her husband went six years before her.  
She would sit around after that, wondering,  
"When will Napoleon come and get me?"

I have only one memory of her:  
we were sitting alone on the front porch, the  
dirt circle driveway in front of us.

I was playing with my Memere's toys  
some colorful magnet game; she  
was knitting in a rocking chair, not saying a word.

Sometimes I like to imagine I am my great-grandmother,  
as my tongue finishes the "Hail Mary" and my fingers move on.  
It makes me feel a little more confident about what I hold  
in my hands.