

Grace

by [Carol Gilbertson](#) in the [April 22, 2008](#) issue

We say grace before we start
to eat good things together, as if
our thin voices could somehow
divine it. We call it table grace,
as if it were the elegance of furniture.
We say a woman has it in the way
she moves. We equate it with luck
sometimes, modify it with *sheer*
as if we could shave it to size.

Our gesture is not the real thing,
we know that, that's wholly
Your deal. This is mere posture—
or should we say sheer posture—
a way to halt moving limbs, to cease
together here, to allow a tilt
toward gratitude