

Thanksgiving

Mary Gauthier

We stood in a long line waitin' for the door be unlocked
Out in the cold wind, ?round the razor wire fenced in cell bloc
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Young mamas with babies, sisters and other kinds of kin
At Tallulah State Prison on Thanksgiving Day
We're waiting to get in

You gotta get here early
It don't matter how many miles you drove
They make you wait for hours, jailers always move slow
They run names, check numbers
Gravel faced guards they don't smile
Grammy and me in line, silently waitin' single file

Thanksgiving at the prison, surrounded by families
Road weary pilgrims who show up faithfully
Sometimes love ain't easy, sometimes love ain't free

My Grammy looks so old now
Her hair is soft and white like the snow
And her hands tremble
When they frisk her from her head to her toes

They make her take her winter coat off
Then they frisk her again
When they're done she wipes their touch off her dress
Stands tall and heads in

It's thanksgiving at the prison, surrounded by families
Road weary pilgrims who show up faithfully
Even though it ain't easy, even though it ain't free
Sometimes love ain't easy, I guess love ain't free