

# 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  
k  
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