

A Short Tribute to My Genealogical Butcher Chart

If you were to parse me
Like meat on a banner
You'd find all my ancestors
In parts or in manner.

Dissect the whole of me
You'll find them there.
One in my eye color.
One in my hair.

Which great-great loved words—
Like sausage all mingled
In Swedish or German—
Some rhyming or jingled?

Which father loved fibers?
Which mother loved clay?
Which one had my hip bone
With sensuous sway?

Which ones—like the giblets
With uncertain uses—
Could wiggle their ears
or create great excuses?

From their loins I sprang.
I'm glad for each part,
For DNA shared with my
Own unique heart!

—Linda Hoffman Kimball