

The Typewriter

DIANA RAAB

My grandmother taught me
to type on an upright Remington
perched on the mahogany vanity
in her bedroom beside mine.

Each night after our Viennese dinner:
wiener schnitzel and fried potatoes,
served on a warmed plate with
cold cucumber salad on its side,

she walked me up those creaky wooden stairs
to her bedroom, sat me down
on the stiff-backed chair and held my fingers
over the keys, second row from the bottom

left pinky on the a, ring finger on the s,
middle finger on the d, pointer finger
on the f, followed by right pinky on
colon, ring on the l, middle finger on the k
and pointer on the j.

She had me tap the keys and lift them
in their proper order like marching soldiers
outside, inwards and back again,
saying each letter out loud as I drove along.

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