

I can't tell you what I look like. I look in the mirror and see nothing but space. Space reflecting space, that's what the mirror shows. It figures because Grandmamma said I was nothing but dirt. Dirt under her feet she'd say. Dirt she needed to keep kicking out of the way.

Grandmamma said I wasn't sweeping-up kind of dirt; I was the kind of dirt you needed to kick and scrape off the bottom of your shoes.

She always had a way of making me feel worthwhile. Even if I was dirt I had a purpose if for nothing else than to collect on the bottoms of her shoes. Looking back I suppose I kept Grandmamma up and going. It took a lot of energy for her to keep on kicking me.