

Hershey's Kiss
by Anne Schill

Grandma lays them out
for the grandkids
on Christmas Eve
in a china plate
bordered with blue flowers
that frankly,
look more like soap bubbles
than forget-me-nots
but still hold the most glorious
gift of the holidays.
The glass nativity watches over
as I take a silver drop
from the aluminum pond.
The angel smiles
and the star glows
and I swear I see something in
baby Jesus's eyes,
like he wants one too,
and maybe that's what Mom means when she says
God always knows how I'm feeling.
I take one and unwrap it,
the paper slip crinkling
like a page from the Bible.
I try to pull the foil
away without tearing it
but my excitement finds its way into my stubby fingers
and with a twitch,
the wrapper breaks.
I sigh, and cradle it in my hands for a moment to mourn.
Then I rip away the rest of the foil
and partake in the blessed sweet flavor
of Grandma's humble gift.
I crumple the wrapper into a ball
and stick it in my pocket
as a record of my zealous commitment
to perfection.
I take another drop from the bowl,
its tiny body settling between the grooves of my palm,
and I try once more.