



By Margaret Kaufman

Designed by Claire Van Vliet

Aunt Sallie's Lament

"He was a tonic in himself,
As quick consumed as what
He sold in bottles,
And I was thirsty,

Yes."



ISBN 0-8118-0440-2



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Chronicle Books San Francisco

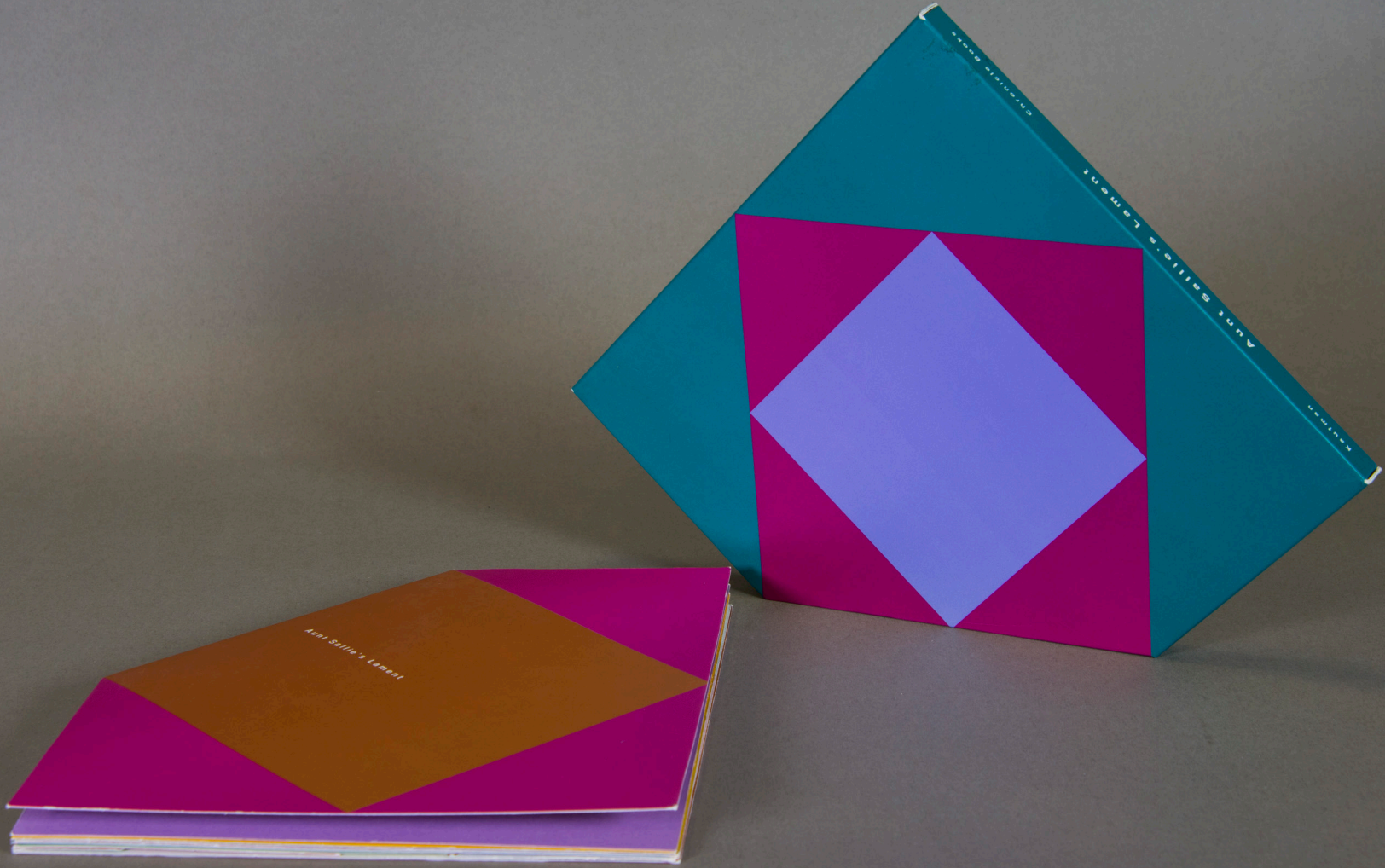
Aunt Sallie's Lament is the first popular adaptation of an extraordinary collaboration between Claire Van Vliet, one of the country's most renowned book artists, and Margaret Kaufman, a deeply insightful poet. Originally published in an edition of 150, this inspirational story of a Southern quilter is printed on richly colored, uniquely shaped pages that create a layered effect, mimicking the patterns of a quilt, gathering words as stitches, gazing back to a moment lost but not forgotten, to a love burned deep. This is a book of great beauty and simple grace, offering a rich weave of poetry and texture, infused with love and sweet regret.

\$ 17.95

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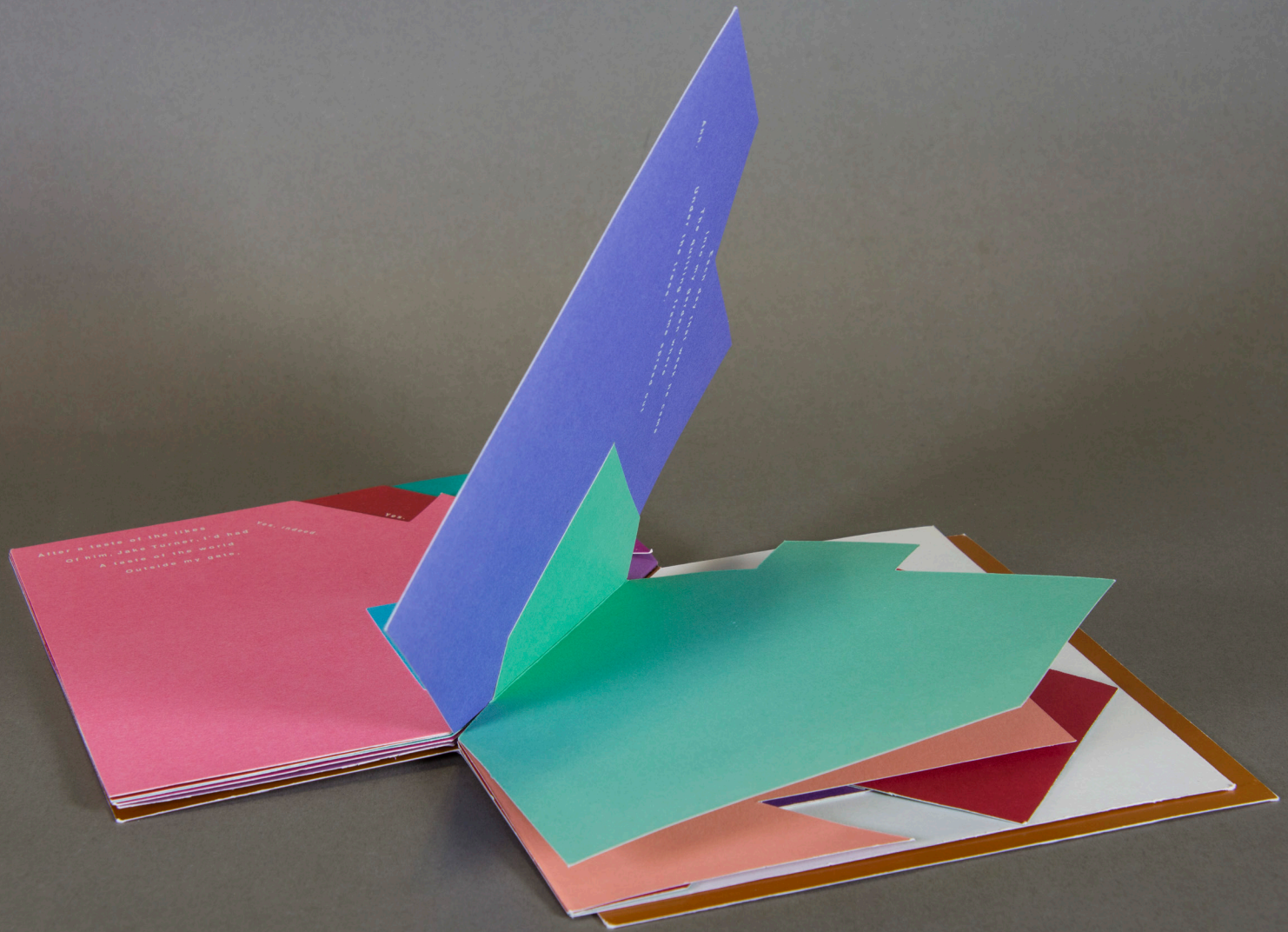
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Printed in Hong Kong





Aunt Sallie's Lament





It lay bitter on my tongue
When he left town,
plain spoiled my taste
For what I might have had,
Yes.

Lord,
Fool of a woman.



Oh, Lord.

Yes.

Fool of a woman.

Ahh.

Bees hung in the blossoms.

I lost my needle- we bent to look

In the deep grass beneath the frame,

A potent medicine man in spring,

Yes, indeed.

of a woman.

It lay bitter on my tongue

When he left town,

Plain spoiled my taste

For what I might have had,

Ahh.

Bees hung

I lost my

In the d

A pote

Yes

Yes.

Forg

Yes, indeed.

Yes.

Oh, Lord.

Fool of a woman.

my foot.



From then my heart was wound
Into my quilts,
More tears than stitches in them,
And 'pretty' she dared to call them,
'Sweet!'

Ahh.

The
Forget n

Yes, indeed.

Yes.

Fool of a woman.

Oh, Lord.

my foot.

of a woman.