

Abuela

Victoria Rodriguez

She has never liked to be called “grannie”
“*Too small, too old*”,
as if the word turned her into something fragile.

She used to sit by the window,
sunlight on her plants,
a book resting by her lap,
turning pages as if the words
were old friends calling her name.
Now, the print blurs in front of her,
letters drifting
like autumn leaves.

She sighs, closing the cover.
My grandmother had to say goodbye
to something
she never thought to lose.

I watch her by the stairs,
once, she moved like time itself,
steady and unnoticed.

Now,
she
pauses

One foot searching for uncertainty,
the other one

waiting...

Hands gripping on the
wooden railing,
as if it was holding
onto the years that
slipped past both of us.

Sometimes she drops a
“Probably, I’ll have five more years.”

The words seems rehearsed,
as if saying them enough
will make them digestible.
But I cannot swallow them.
The thought of the future
settles in my throat,
like a morningstar.

I wish I could reach
into the string of time,
gather handfuls of youth,
and press them into her palms.
Watch her get fuller and taller,
hearing her old snarky comments again.

But I know time is selfish.
It will still continue
taking bits of grandma away.