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What Happens to a Grandmother

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What Happens to a Grandmother

A solitary naked
window drew in the sun. The late
morning heat stretched to the center
of the room, to the armchair where
she slouched in sunken suede
corners. Late Morning nudged
her kindly. She did need
a few things, and moreover, could not
afford to ignore
something so familiar—
the fresh, clean
smell of spring, or leaving
as she pleased. Panting past
her iron walker, she left
with only her
swollen feet to push on.

Whenever she moved, or lived, her mind
and body argued between some perception
of abilities and the obvious
feeling of pain—children
shouting, and she's a mother
of four with that instinct,
once-admired, to endure.

She was
halfway through
the road, too far,
visibly close,
when her legs
collapsed, closing
any argument—proof
against what
she thought she could...
Her nose broke
the fall. The concrete
knocked on her
stubborn head. Her
brain and body
cried blood
and she waited.

Ariel Gostovich