What Happens to a Grandmother

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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