

My Grandmother's Apartment

When I think of my grandma,
I don't only see her face.
I don't picture her obituary,
or her final resting place.

I imagine those hugs she gave,
when she'd squeeze me so tight.
I can hear her voice through the phone,
when she'd call at night.

For years when we would visit,
I would protest, I would groan-
but now I can't step foot inside
the place that she called home.

Her queen bed in the living room,
her sheets all neatly made-
the image of her, so bright,
that I never hope will fade.

The hum of the oxygen machine,
a quiet sound throughout the room-
the cars outside, neighbors above,
her radio playing a country tune.

Now her apartment is someone else's-
nobody ever stays too long.
It's seen families, it's seen loners,
it's seen grandmothers now gone.