

Leavings

One hit me with the news
so hard I had to try
to suck the air back in then
she hugged me like a hurricane
and blew away shouting don't
you dare forget about me
and was gone, gone,
leaving me in tatters.

Then the last time I saw Grandma
I held her wooden hand on top
of mine and pushed her veins
and bones around. Her eyes looked
through me, saw someone, and she
called me my mother's name, whispered
I love you honey. I could barely hear.

So. Friends fly away. People die.
How different each departure,
how much the same.

MICHELINE MAYLOR