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A Tribute to Grandma Gilla

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A TRIBUTE TO GRANDMA GILLA

Unlatching the crooked gate, I slip
on the slanted peeling wooden gangway.

Feeling warm air smells
escaping her old World kitchen,
I knock and call loudly to tease her,
“Are you home, are you home?”

I hear her struggling to reach her cane
or wheelchair calling “Wait, wait! I coming!”
A smell of urine mixes with cooking food
and sickly aging flesh as she opens the door.
“Come on, come on! I be fixing dinner. You sit!”

As if wielding some invisible sword,
her crystal blue eyes pierce my heart,
sinking deep into my soul.
Pausing there to peer beyond,
she refocuses on my face.

“What’s kinda you not come see me,
my house? You be mad?”
“No Grandmoo! I work hard, all day!”
“Is good! Is nice you work hard.”
She smiles and stirs her soup.