

The Dream- 1996

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A cool October day,
a breeze drifts across my face, the sun beats down,
snow flurries spit out of the sky.
My family is eating dinner on her coffin.
“Please pass me the salt and pepper” mama prompts.
A beautiful young lady comes to life,
a smile leaps to her innocent lips and her powdered sugar
blue
eyes jump open.
Her dark brown grassy hair ripples,
Her rose petal cheeks accent the radiance
of her milky skin as she rises.
Gliding toward me, Closer, Closer--
She becomes a seasoned woman with salt in her hair,
empty eyes, pale cheeks, mossy lips.
She is glued to the bed.
Reeking of rawness, soreness, oldness--
Visiting hours dim the flickering fluorescent lights,
Blink twice for yes,
Blink once for no,
Alphabet calculator communication, morphine junky.
Tears, Tears run down the hallway.

Screams talk to me and maybe others,
No real words, just letters in the air.
Transitions break life.
A scent of ammonia waffles up my nose,
Shadows curl in corners,
The support railing is coiling like a snake,
My toes wrinkle like a ninety-year-old woman's skin.
Up to my waist now,
Up, Up- Over my Head,
My ears are plugged, salt stings my eyes.
A wheel chair, filled by an old man paralyzed.
He gurgles, Glugg-Glugg,
Bubbles lift from his slanted mouth.
Memories stain the blanket of roses,
Miss Ethel Mick
Mrs. Jack Jacobs
Mrs. Sherman Smalley
Mrs. Jim Rich
Labeled the tomb stone,
A commercial break,
The main entree is being served.
My brother asks "Is Grandma happy now?"