

SUNFLOWERS AND SWEET CORN

We are sad to announce that

it smells like celery and old wood and laughter.
blurred smiles, a small kitchen, a ramp up to the front door.
a living room, a basket of old toys that I loved.
 was it open, or did it have a lid?
I think it was wicker.

on March 3, 2025,

a hallway leading nowhere.
two chairs in the living room. no, three. or was it two and a couch?
 what did we even talk about then?
my priorities were the snacks in the fridge– vegetables from the backyard
garden. they tasted like the sun and home.
 did you ask me how I'd been doing?
 did I tell you?

at the age of 98,

there are two generations and over ten years of silence separating us.
my mother's father's mother. my grandmama.
 I used to think that if I had a great-great-grandmother, I'd have to call her
 grandmamama.
 and I was glad I didn't have to do that. too many syllables.

you wouldn't have recognized the person I've become.
I don't think I'd have recognized you, either.

 *passed away.*

there are sunflowers and sweet corn on the table.
yellow has become my favorite color, just for now.