

Grandmother in Silhouette

Do you recall your grandmother in an image
more seared and aflame than any desk-kept photograph,
in an image that flashes, blinds, trembles—
which recalls you, making you
that age again, tickled
by those stories, stuffed
with her cooking again?
It's a human candle that will burn
the spicy backstory of her laughter
as you excavate your own
elbow deep in what's coming.