

Today, January 29th is my Grandmother's birthday. I still miss her everyday.

## Gramma

She is the softest  
But hardest for her: asking for help  
For she lives to give  
Always reminds me of me  
Love looks  
Like she does

Bending bones  
Aches, her constant  
Companion  
She thinks she can't  
Dance anymore  
I hope she knows her eyes do  
Perfect pirouettes  
And made me  
Move

She sleeps alone  
Outlived Grampa  
Still he visits her  
Daily in prayer  
Rosary whispers  
Slipping beads through her hands  
That brushed my hair when I was small  
And asked her to...



*Monella*



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