

**Haunted By Images**

Everyday I wake up haunted  
by the image of finding  
my grandmother dead fifty years hence

she sixty, me ten.  
I roll over in this unmade bed  
and flinch at the image of her  
placing my fingers on those keys

of her Remington typewriter  
perched on her vanity, the room  
beside mine where I found her—

dead from an overdose  
of sleeping pills, her ashen skin  
beneath her blonde disheveled hair

with a Graham Greene novel splayed  
across her exposed abdomen and sheer  
curtains swaying in the full-mooned window beside.

Today, while reading her journal  
I swallowed her pain,  
orphaned at the fragile age of twelve  
in war-torn Poland.

I take my well of courage from writing  
which also offered grandma solace  
and now nurtures my own precious peace.