

Kindred Spirits

On the small porch
beneath her bedroom window,
where she took her life,
my grandmother and I
used to sit for hours watching passerbys.

She taught me
the art of people-watching,
inspiring the writer in me.

Now, decades later, I sit
on my own porch and see
how narratives form life's tapestries.

I never got a chance to thank grandma
for her gifts: teaching me to type,
and her nurturing while my parents
worked long hours in their retail store.

No chance to express gratitude
for her teachings:
like how to look pretty wherever I went,
even when putting the garbage,

and to not burn any bridges,
to write my thoughts in a journal,
and to smile when sad,
to be with those who inspire,
and to listen to my heart.

But, in the end, I did get to thank her,
as last week during my pandemic
similar to hers
back early in the twentieth century,

she returned outside my writing studio
as a fluttering hummingbird
to offer more wisdoms and guide me
during my lost moments.

Oh how I wish she can hear me sing

this song of love
like she sang to me
on my childhood porch.