



## HOT POT MAGAZINE

### **Kindred Spirits**

by Diana Raab

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

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

But, in the end, I did get to thank her,  
because the trauma of losing her  
lived in my body and was born as poetry  
and I told her so yesterday  
when she returned outside my writing studio  
as a fluttering hummingbird.

Oh how I wish she can hear me sing,  
this song of love  
like she sang to me  
on my childhood porch.

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