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14th

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14th

Steven Ramos

I am somewhere I don't belong.

We buried our Grandmother
In California
On Valentine's Day.
It felt more like a Wednesday.

What's it been between you and I?

As jets roared over
The young Father who presided.
He blessed the coffin
As we sat in silence.

Was it so true what we said to one another?

The day dragged on
Until we found ourselves
Speaking in the same room,
Sitting at distant ends.

I've wondered how you've been.

Like when your mother died
And I still had mine.
Now you look through me;
I vanish into thin air.

Another decade in an instant.

It all still remains.
But I'll pray for you,
Or whatever it is people do
When they hold onto hope.

Dandelion in the Wind

Vera Spence

