

AUNT WINNIE IS DYING

93 years
old and curled
in the corner ashamed
of her offensive gray hair
and blackened bruises
crawling up her calves.

Aunt Winnie is dying but
her eyes still breathe some
life, some here, some blue like
the pictures I hold up
for her, a young girl with a heart
shaped face and tiny waist and heels
that curved legs, jutted hip.

Aunt Winnie is dying and
no one speaks to her
in the dried-out room no one
looks at her but to ask
if she's hungry or has to pee.

They think I'm foolish
as the light pink liquid glides
over her paper nails
like a rainbow taking flight.

