

## 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.

