**Grandma**

Grandma,

If that’s what I would have called you,

If you can hear me, tell me something.

Let me know it’s you.

I’m not even sure what I want to know exactly,

Other than what my life would have been like

If you were still here?

What life would have been like

If I had the chance to know you?

The truth is, if you were still here,

I might not be.

Mom might not have needed me.

She would have had you instead.

You may have convinced her

To leave my father, sooner than later,

Ultimately leaving no space for me to exist.

Who would she have been?

And who would I be?

I’ve always wondered where I *really* came from.

Now, all these years later I wonder

Where you are?

Whose words flow through me when I’m not thinking?

Whose poetry fills the deepest parts of me?

Whose love passed down has given me— security?

Grandma,

If that’s what I would have called you,

Can you see me? Are you-

Listening?

Maybe it’s not meant for me to know.

But if so,

Tell me

Something.