

THE GRANDSON

Jeff Holt

She doesn't know. She asks for him to pray
That her lymphoma doesn't turn to cancer.
He listens, nods, but he is states away,
Gripping the phone he didn't want to answer.
She hates the hospital, and wishes he
Would visit her some time, though he is busy.
He says he will if he can just get free.
She understands, but adds that she feels dizzy.

Who is she? Grandma doesn't seem to fit.
She'd sent him birthday cards containing cash
And had old pictures of him on her wall.
He should feel more. But there's another call.
It's Kimberly, his date. He has to dash.
Grandma will die. He hopes he misses it.

"The Grandson" © 2007 by Jeff Holt

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 2 2007