

Opening Mail For My Grandmother

The Hotelier

Your grip on my forearm, insert the wrong name,
Holds me at your nightstand just inches away
With letters from faces we'll ask if you knew
Who send out another yearly review.
I'm coming for you.
We're making attendance. We're following through.
So "start the next post card, share with me the news."
Your highness has spoken.
I'm coming for you.

From Gingie in San Fran, "the grandkids are dear."
The nurse from at St. Beth's was widowed this year
But they're making arrangements. You jest and allude
And nod at Sai Baba. You laughingly rude,
"I'm coming for you".
Entirely brazen while coming into
Your sunrise apartment and incredible view
Of birds that keep chirping
"I'm coming for you."

I'm coming for you.
Your beautiful brightness, perpetually new.
So old in your body, the youth's in your mood.
They're keeping your space there; they're dying for you.
We'll sing your good graces when they come for you
But until that day's here, I'm coming for you.