

# 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.