

Facing Granny

Yes? Hi! A sec, do I recall? Can I?

No name. So, kid, I say. How, Gran, is it?

Alone. No Face. No Faith. I'm lost in my

Old Memory. But that I won't admit.

A year, no more, is gone. Or two? I say:

How's school? Oh Gran, it's university!

Still class, I grunt, my mind not to betray.

You will always stay a child – too young to pity

Your onetime Worldexplainer's loss of wits.

See you Sunday? Covid, Gran, recall?

Is it? To me: a phone, no hugs, no visits,

Safety, care... I value your withdrawal

Yet I feel you lose me anyway

Since alone I cannot stay.

A day as any other for a year

Has been. Spin, stare, grin, glare.

Cam off, proftalk, pen, chat, one ear.

Screen, black, glares back – fair.

I get up. Call Gran, I tell myself.

Yes? Hi! The tone reminds of many tales,

Woods and drawings, ... How I'd love to delve

– Headfirst – right into a world which never fails.

Sometimes, one wonders if it's not a bliss

To sag back into memory and out

Of what's amiss. People die of this.

Loneliness, you can't complain about.

Still, I hate to say: Covid, Gran.

As if I could protect her then.