

## Grandma left us poetry

I read the world  
Between two cars  
While stuck in traffic.  
There  
I invent my own word games.  
I anagram street signs,  
Search for a palindrome nugget  
In missing pet notices.  
I create eponyms for the  
Names of cars based on  
Their generalized performance.  
But I respectfully leave be  
These window-decals  
I have spotted on the backs of some cars.  
“In loving memory of,”  
Then someone’s name  
I do not recognize,  
And dates of life below.  
Bumper sticker tombstones.

My grandma read the world  
Before traffic like this existed,  
When street signs weren’t as fruitful,  
When orchards still thrived in Fruita,  
A place where everyone knew  
Where free roaming dogs belonged  
And to whom.  
Irma never witnessed  
A vehicle whose back window was  
Serving as temporary sepulcher.  
If she had,  
I suspect she might have squinted,  
Then found optimistic words  
To place in a notebook  
And share with us later  
As a poem or song.

While driving to her memorial service,  
I speed past  
Decaying monuments  
Left roadside to  
Remind us that someone  
No longer lives among us.  
Silk flowers that have faded,  
A stuffed bear that has endured much rain,  
Mylar strips from a former balloon.

My grandma read the world  
And left us poetry  
On self-published pages  
Now yellowed with time  
And displayed with love.  
She was neither Keats nor Frost,  
But they, in turn, were no Irma Harrison.  
Grandma forced rhymes into lines,  
Hinted at unspoken secrets in stanzas.  
Her words danced like ice cream cones,  
And spoke with Methuselah She’s wisdom.  
Irma’s word games, unlike mine,  
Found their way to blank pages,  
They touched lives,  
They journeyed past temporary.

Grandma left us poetry.

The poems of the road,  
Though metal and glass,  
Are short-lived at best.

Irma, though gone, is  
Everlasting.

Corbett Harrison, grandson.