

Hearing memories
Seeing pictures
All of it is me
Not knowing what they smelled like
Or how alive their eyes were
But it's still my past and it makes me
complete

Listening to stories of their great
adventures
Stories of love, laughter, and life
Of my abuelito "the nopal bandit" jumping
from house to house
Of my abuelita whose scent stills follows
us today
And of my grandpa, firm and strong
Still holding his ground even though he is
gone

Going to the cemetery
Celebrating their life
Mourning their death
Knowing
One day
It will all be alright

Looking at their pictures
Eyes filled with life, pride, and optimism
Connecting stories with images
Captured within frames
Frames that lock memories
That allow for those private conversations
when no one is around

Never being able to sit with them
Side by side
Face to face
Or walk with them
Hand in hand

Envious of friends
Who have stories to tell
Of times spent with their grandparents
In silence,
I mourn
And finally let out phrase that captures in
essence my loss
"I have one grandma alive"
They get what I am saying

We change topics

I now realize that I have more than just
stories and images behind glass
I have my Abuelita's spirit
My Abuelito's corniness
And my Grandpa's strength
I have attributes that go far beyond the eye

Abuelito
Abuelita
Grandpa
I honor you
Always

-Karina Soto