Grandpa
By McLane Sellars

I was at the foot of his bed
when he realized he would die
later that night. It’s a strange thing,
watching someone accept their own mortality,
the resolute passing of the reigns
to the fading body, the disease.
He couldn’t speak to us-
his lungs were filled with liquid-
but his winks were like thunder
breaking into the quiet
prayer of the room.
He passed as if trust-falling
from a stage, his family waiting below
to catch his body, to safely lower it
to the ground, his soul
still standing up there on the edge.