**Witness**
by Julia McDaniel

When my dad told me about the disease, he described it as stitch-ripper in her mind—not a crumbling tragedy, but a breaking open, an avalanche of memory. I take the jigsaw puzzle of the wild horses on the beach, but she speaks only of sand, how she misses it in Minnesota, where she doesn’t live anymore. And then I am a ghost, not a granddaughter.

She goes on about the fence they must build in the yard to keep the strays out, and I study the mark on her forearm she got from putting it up. In her frenzied speech, there is an un-scarring; empty of landmarks, her life is beginning.