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## Foresight

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# Foresight

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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do Mommy's hair when she was your age."

I felt honored when I eventually got to return the favor to my grandmother for all the times she had pampered me. It was when she laid comatose in her hospital bed at Parkridge Hospital. Her body, swollen twice her usual size, was being kept alive by the fluids that were also killing her. I sit on the edge of her bed with the weight of my body resting on my left shoulder. I stroked her coarse hair with the tips of my frightened fingers, just as I remember her doing when I was a child. Except now she is the child, lying helplessly amid a sea of tubes and machines, and I am the adult that she used to be.

With not enough time to say goodbye, she slipped away right from under my fingers. The only thing I have left as a constant reminder of her is that brush. The brush that was once hers which is now mine. The only thing that is a constant reminder of what I had. The only thing that I wish I still had and never took advantage of because I always believed it would be there. The only thing that knows what I like and knows exactly how I like it. The only thing that produces a vivid memory of love and tranquility. The only thing that I have left, for bright summer days are no longer the same.

## MEGAN LINDLEY

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### FORESIGHT

I hide behind my smile  
behind the charcoal lined eyes  
behind my midnight black locks

tears of purple mercury stream down my face  
it oozes out from the corners of my mouth  
and from my open nostrils

I hide behind the covers of yesterday  
make the bed—  
no telling of where I've been the day before—  
I start the new day fresh . . .

the scent of orange juice and roses  
keep me going

my eyes are going to be the death of me