In Passing

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In Passing

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I smelled a woman who reminded me of my grandmother.

In a church, I breathed in her perfume,
A medicine-y, flowery scent.
Instantly, my mind filled with pictures
Of sunny days,
Helping her hang laundry outside
Hearing stories
By a dim night light at dusk
Picking out coloring books
To color together.
She was a wrinkly old woman,
Aching with arthritis, always taking aspirin,
Her silver hair dulled by time.

I sat in church quietly contemplating
The scent coming from behind me
Wafting into my mind

Like memories
Wafting into my mind

The graceful way she used to chop vegetables
How her lips moved in silent prayer at dawn
She loved to laugh and had great big smiles.
I heard the songs she sang
Lulling me to sleep.

Her eyes resting, hands folded
The same songs lulled her to sleep now.

Eager to see who reminded me so of my grandmother...
(Certainly she was just as good a grandmother to her own)
Maybe she wore her hair in a bun
Like mine did once.

...I turned around
In Passing

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Eager to see who reminded me so of my grandmother...
(Certainly she was just as good a grandmother to her own)
Maybe she wore her hair in a bun
Like mine did once.

...I turned around

Face-to-face with a young woman
No more than twenty.
Glossy black hair coursing down her shoulders,
Eyes shining brightly.
Lips bow'd into a gleaming smile.

I saw a woman who reminded me of my grandmother today.

--Anh Tran

~*~