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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"My grandmother's house smelled like love. The kitchen was always baking, boiling, simmering - the pepperoni pizza, the peso, pastina in chicken soup. The living room was bright and comfortable - the squeaky, soft couch (the davenport, they called it) draped with the maple syrup crocheted blanket, the ivory-colored chairs covered in plastic, the baby basil and thyme sprouting in milk cartons cut in half on the windowsill, the old TV (a piece of furniture, she calls it) on which a couple of Virgin Marys, the pope, and some relatives I don't remember watching me watch TV."

Cover Page Footnote

You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you
that the Nazarene came down from the cross
and hasn’t gotten back up there yet
but still the ones
who circle around the Black Stone
want to cut off my head.

Should I ask you for absolution
or make up a penance of my own
I’m through with crosses and crescents
altogether.

You didn’t ask me
so I didn’t tell you.


Grampa died.
Gramma moved.
Her apartment smells like nothing.

STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND JESUS
ROBERT GOODWIN