

Que Será

My grandmother's garden was a
magical *fairyland*
with lilies and hydrangea
blossoming in a
rainbow of color.

I skipped amongst the flowers,
a little
pixie-child,
enchanted by the
luscious paradise
my grandmother cultivated.

One corner was reserved
-just for me-
There sat a watering can,
bearing my name;
a tiny symbol
of something from her that
was *mine*.
It was there whenever I visited.

spring summer fall winter
came in an endless
cycle
of passing years
that beat on the garden.
The flowers grew
and so did I.
But as the can
sat out,
it rusted
with age.

My grandmother's hands
became a bit more
wrinkled.
Her strength,
built up from years

of struggle
began to weaken.
She spent more time in
her room,
watching her *novelas*.

The change wasn't
-sudden-
but the garden eventually
over-
grew,
tangling weeds and blooms
like the
memories
jumbling together
in grandma's mind.
My corner developed into a
barren wasteland.

The metal watering can toppled,
years of rainwater pouring out
like my name,
s l o w l y
slipping from her memory.
Soon enough,
a white bed on a metal frame
replaced
grandma's garden
as her home.

Her fingers forgot the
gentle touch of a petal, the
delicate twirling of a leaf, the
soft caress of a quiet breeze, the
crunching sound of graveled pathways.
Her mind went
back to the past,
Revisiting stories without
me in the plot
(or even as a side character).

Spanish was the language she
most remembered,
one that didn't allow
me to speak to her
fully.

When she looked off
in the distance,
did she see the swaying
palms of Puerto Rico?
the beautiful serenades in her native tongue?
the flight to a new place and taunting children half her age?
the years of toil in her beauty salon?
the red house with a garden
for her granddaughter???

I watched her
and wondered.
She couldn't answer me
out loud,
but I know her soul cried of
recollection
and her lips sang
notes of remembrance.

*El futuro no es nuestro para ver³.
Que será, será...*

¹ Que Será- whatever will be

² Novelas- Spanish television soap operas

³ El futuro no es nuestro para ver- the future's not ours to see