

## Poetry

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My grandmother Lily beckons me over  
from the bed where she lies wilted  
and asks that I open the window.

The breeze glides in first,  
its gentle breath meeting hers.  
She tells me she missed this dearly  
when last year's summer winds brought wildfire ash.

The birdsong arrives next,  
bearing a sweet aftertaste.  
She tells me the names of every  
mourning dove and quail,  
and introduces Gilbert, the hummingbird.

I turn to her as I step back from the sill  
and for a moment she is suspended in the light,  
her face serene, eyes fixed elsewhere, outward.  
A trick of the light, or some other magic, perhaps,  
but her eyes drink in the glow of the sunbeam and  
above the bed that houses her roots, she is floating.

She beckons me over  
and tells me there is no gift more precious  
than an open window.

And in that moment, among the breeze and serenade and sunglow,  
all I want is to fling open every window in the world.

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