

Grandpa

by Sarah Cronin

“Gwen!” he would call out
Rocking back and forth
In the old blue chair
That creaked
Every time it hit the
Worn-out floorboard

And Gran would hobble out
To stand in front of him
With her hands on her hips
“Will you get me a banana?”
He would ask.
She would sigh,
And hobble back inside

Then,
He would stop rocking
Slowly,
He would peel the banana
With quivering fingers
The corners of his eyes would crinkle
As he took a bite
And smiled.

That snapshot
Of a warm summer afternoon
Is all I remember about him.
I wish
I had known him better.