

Immortality

By McKenna Buffa

Every day, in hospitals, souls move rank from woman, to mother-
From mother, to grandmother.
A single press of a button and the elevator drops to a new realm-
Where souls are left wounded,
Sitting hollowed-
In cold chairs under artificial light.

Then they'll return back to their grandmother's cottage.
They'll stand in front of the colorful doors they'd helped paint as children-
Once vibrant, full of life- now chipped and fading.
They'll wish to go back-
Back to childhood visits,
To tea and games by the fire when it was too cold to play by the creek,
Even back to the hospital room, to live in the warmth of her presence just once more.

They'll lower their hands to the gold knob on the door,
Walk inside,
And light the fireplace to avoid facing the darkness.
Maybe by staring inside long enough, the flames would become a time machine,
Allowing memories to be re-lived where they formed.

When the last spark of the fire dies-
The yellow light will drain into permanent darkness.
And the place they stand will no longer be the familiar, magical place it had been.
Soon they will walk past the picket fence.
Strangers.

It is a task of great strength
To carry the existence of a person or place that no longer is,
All within the boundaries of the human mind, when the ties to reality are loosened and lost.
The endeavor is made easier through the souls departed.
Her spirit is still within the rushing of the creek-
Fueling the fires that protect from the cold and dark-
And in the warmth of the sun-
Rising perpetually in blinding beauty.