

“Dear Grandma” as Letter and Poem
by Julie Wollman-Bonilla

Dear Grandma,

I was so young, really when you died. But I remember your sharp smell of mothballs, your teeth soaking in a cup, while you listened to talk radio. Your quick sense of humor, your red and white picnic cloth dress. Your chicken soup. You put in your teeth, put on your tablecloth dress, and walked me to Brigham’s for a mocha fudge cone. Your worry, a cage I hated. Your love, a cushion I needed.

Dear Grandma

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When you died.

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Your sharp smell of mothballs
Your teeth soaking in a cup
While you listened to talk radio.
Your quick sense of humor
Your red and white picnic cloth dress.
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A cage
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