

## M.C. Fresta

### MY GRANDMOTHER

I suppose like many people and all children,  
I believed life must inevitably be good;  
Until those last years, in our single bed,  
sweet and heavy with old woman's scent  
You wept secretly for your betrayals;  
telling me your children were beyond you  
and your heart broken.

I saw it, deep inside you, dark,  
in pieces like broken china.  
Then you died;  
Your heart in reality truly broken,  
and nothing good had ever  
happened again for you.