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## Grandpa

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## **Grandpa**

By McLane Sellars

I was at the foot of his bed  
when he realized he would die  
later that night. It's a strange thing,  
watching someone accept their own mortality,  
the resolute passing of the reigns  
to the fading body, the disease.  
He couldn't speak to us-  
his lungs were filled with liquid-  
but his winks were like thunder  
breaking into the quiet  
prayer of the room.  
He passed as if trust-falling  
from a stage, his family waiting below  
to catch his body, to safely lower it  
to the ground, his soul  
still standing up there on the edge.