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Jean

Dennis Ross

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Jean

by Dennis Ross

Paranoid schizophrenia the doctor said.
Fine, but Jean always strives to help me some way when I get her groceries and meds, bakes me cookies with the ingredients on hand: flour, sugar, eggs, and prunes.
She likes delicate subdued flowers like spring beauty, hepatica, and buttercups nothing too exciting, red roses or amaryllis.
Jean glues magazine pictures into journals with poetry she has found, Frost and Oliver, writes her own haiku, reads Hemingway especially the short stories about fishing.
She worries about a young boy not there, but also sees love and compassion in every face she meets, understands people better than I.

She wants release from her prison from the gruff voices other people do not hear from her emphysema and collapsed lung wants to fly away and now lies dying.

Jean will leave a hole in my life, a vacant lot in a row of houses where one burned down leaving only grass and wild flowers.