

Sundays

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For as long as I can remember,
Sundays were the days I would talk to my *abuela* over the phone,
The day I got to speak my family's native tongue, Spanish.

Overtime it became a video call,
I was then face to face with a woman I only grew to recognize through
Videos, pictures, and told memories.

She is my *abuela*,
Old, fragile,
Pero, always smiling.

As time went by,
The calls got shorter and became more frequent,
she grew weaker.

Because I forgot,
That if I age,
So does she.

Sadness overbears me as I am reminded of her limited time,
Sadness overbears me because I am not fluent,
I become engulfed in sadness as I watch her slowly become engulfed in her own
weakness.

And then I remember all of that doesn't matter because,
Ella está aquí y yo también,
Su sonrisa hace que mi dolor desaparezca.
Mi esperanza.