

Tatara Abuela
by Valerie Paez

Little footsteps running up the sidewalk
Wooden door opened, the wrought iron door on display
The smell of Pinol wafted from within

Wrinkled hands showing her journey of the past 100 years
delicate fingers parading through his mop of curly hair
“Aye, es el niño de Valeria!” said con mucha emoción.

With his arms stretched y manos abiertas
esperando los Starbursts she would give him
Placing them securely in his pocket

Her delicate hands gesturing him to take the wheel
His little body barely able to see over the handles
he cautiously moves her room to room
wheels hitting door frames with laughter ensuing
the final thump of the wheelchair banging
against the kitchen table

she stretches her arms out and holds him tight
a little boy and his tatara abuela