

Grandma (My Mother) At Christmas

by C.D. Reimer

Grandma got run over
on Christmas Eve, walking home
with a beer bottle
in a brown paper bag. A
quick swill each block to stay warm.

The bright red car drove
too fast around the corner,
unable to stop
for the little old lady
crossing the street in the dark.

The beer bottle broke,
shattering glass and spilling
beer inside the bag.

The bright red car drove
on, not bothering to stop.
The jolly white-bearded
man in the bright red suit thought
speed bump, an odd place for one.

Grandma was found dead
on Christmas Day, reaching for
her departed booze.
She expired high and dry, with
a reindeer track on her back.

