

# Amputee

*by* S.H. Gall

My grandson is a ghost to me. In this respect he is similar to my right leg, which was amputated last year. I feel my grandson and my leg as phantom entities from somewhere beyond, not so far beyond maybe, but definitely otherworldly.

I know he is a success in some respect or another; he was a very bright boy, always going places. He was a scholar, a musician, an athlete, and a keen, wise soul. I can see him as anything: doctor, lawyer, professor, philanthropist.

My granddaughter (married to a doctor herself) has nothing but good things to say about him. But she is never anything but vague. Almost makes me think my grandson might be a CIA operative, or a top-tier criminal. He could be anything at all. I love this about him. I don't want to know more.

I only need my grandmotherly certainty. This boy, now a man, is a vanguard. He is a champion. He is my daughter's son and his father's worst enemy. He is going places.

If, on his way, he pauses to stop in to see me in the home here, I will be polite but discreet. Not asking. Just feeling. The stump of a leg, the fantasy of estrangement.

209 words

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