

# Grandpa

*By Mark Munger*

I sat beside you all day, watching you escape.  
Houdini could not  
have made such a clean getaway, for I heard nothing. No  
locks breaking apart,  
nor chains relaxing, and I was right there,  
like a prison guard, trying  
to keep you in your cell.  
I would have tried more,  
taken greater pains,  
had I known what you were taking. Had I known you  
were going to take all but the light  
from my breakfast sun.

Now I sit.  
Just me and my donut  
and the old empty chair  
with the stressed wicker,  
in the heatless light that draws stripes on my table.  
I wear a sweater, sometimes two,  
and of course,  
I wear those long pajama pants, the ones you always complimented.  
But they've started their escape  
too, leaving thread by thread whenever I'm not looking.  
Each day becoming more translucent, more  
like a memory that's lost  
its texture.  
I think they miss you and have gone to look for your kind words.  
I'm just happy  
you never knew  
my sweaters.  
Otherwise I'd be eating these donuts  
completely naked,  
and this breakfast sun isn't warm enough for that.