

## **Last Love Song**

Tiny little peanut, six weeks old  
sits in her car seat  
that was carried like a basket.  
and placed on the floor;  
her eyes following  
her grandpa's round face  
as he bends low to sing a song  
made up on the spot, in delight  
at their first meeting.  
"You're a beautiful girl.  
You're a beautiful girl.  
And I love you so."  
She was quiet in her tininess,  
shifting her eyes to his movement  
as he swayed and sang.

Later, as she lay in her bassinet  
their dialogue continues:  
grandpa talking, singing;  
infant staring, slightly smiling;  
both absorbed in  
this inexplicable conversation  
between baby and dying man.

Does the silken thread of perception  
that first bound them together  
now years ago,  
somehow, someway  
still rest in her brain  
transcending the death, five months later,  
of her grandfather who had created,  
just for her,  
one last love song?