

December 2019

My Grandpa's Smile

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Recommended Citation

(2019) "My Grandpa's Smile," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 74: Iss. 1, Article 33.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol74/iss1/33>

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My Grandpa's Smile

Pat Dunn

It made a rubbery skrr,
A swooshing glide across creaky hardwood floors,
A red ripstik,
It was my favorite toy
Agitating everyone in the living room,
Closest thing to a skateboard I was allowed.
I raced a full course against myself
Throughout my house.

My mom's parents came over,
As usual,
I raced my wooden course.

HAHAHA.
He had a booming laugh.
Mom told me to stop,
But Grandpa laughed.

The faster I went
The louder the swooshing,
The louder he laughed,
The bigger his smile got,
That sat in his scruffy beard, below his bald head.

In a few years he broke his hip.
Then he couldn't walk
Eventually he couldn't even talk.

Soon after he stopped smiling too.