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## What Will Be, Will Be

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## WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE

*Michalena Mezzopera*

Sitting at the head of the table  
Singing *Che, Sará, Sará!*  
The family surrounding you  
As spaghetti sauce speckles  
Your white V-neck t-shirt  
From your spoonful of homemade pasta  
Chatter filling the air,

You just sit and listen.  
Occasionally you speak,  
To tell us a story  
Of the days on the farm in Italy,  
And how you still miss your dad  
Every New Year's Day,

How the fireworks remind you  
Of the bombs collapsing your house.

But you remain happy;  
You are proud  
Of the life you made with gram,  
And the children you raised,  
And the grandkids climbing on your lap –  
That's how I like to think of you,  
And I know you do too.  
You wish for those days back;  
The days we all took advantage of  
Never thinking to appreciate them,  
Because we all thought  
This is how it would always be –

Today you lie in the plastic bed,  
Propped up by the metal frame,  
The family surrounding you  
As we sing *Che, Sará, Sará!*

In an attempt to keep your spirits up.  
Your white gown

Stained with spillage  
Of the mustardy food substance  
Being pumped into your belly,  
A tube of oxygen filling your air.  
Occasionally you mumble some words  
To ask for a piece of pizza,  
And we tell you  
“Soon Gramp,”  
Though we know  
It will never come.  
We distract you asking  
About the days as a shepherd

But you remain still  
Blocking our attempts  
To be happy,  
Whispering *Che, Sará, Sará!*