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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!