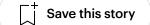
POEMS

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DICTIONARY

By Matthew Zapruder

August 14, 2023





Read by the author.

It must have arrived in the hands of a salesman whose name shall remain unrecorded. Let's call him the handsome stranger. She saw him through the little window next to the door and knew although she did not believe she believed in such things she had loved him in a former life. She gave him a glass of her legendary tea

and let him go. My grandfather was upstairs in the immaculate attic where after they died I found this typewriter sleeping among old blueprints. During the war he diagrammed routes so trucks of soldiers could arrive precisely in time to wait for their orders. Or he worked in parts. I don't remember. I can only picture that afternoon he told me exactly who he had been, I hear the resigned tone but not what he said, I was as is my nature staring out the kitchen window thinking some great hypothesis that could easily be disproved, that day now lost in the book no one can ever turn around and read. This was in a little town that was a harbor, its restaurant a windmill replica turning in no wind. We never asked her why she always stood in the darkest part of any room. Once she looked up from her eternal soup long enough to say to me you really must remove

that terrible beard. What is the name of that sort of love? I want to look it up, I think it comes from the latin for not knowing the greek for the particular quiet of that afternoon I finally gave in and picked up the forbidden ceramic lion from the shelf, it slipped from my hands which already as they do today trembled and hit the very thick carpet with a silent thud, exploding into so many tiny pieces. Out of the kitchen she came with a broom and we both pretended it was never there. What is that sort of love? The dictionary knows. I opened it and found dust. I remember it had a solitary gold stripe across blue gray fabric like a dress you wear only once, by the sea.

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