

## Patience

“Patience’ she said to me.  
‘Listen dear, before I sleep’  
And with the sea,  
She makes my head fall deep,  
‘Patience’ I hear,  
Her only words as she disappeared.”

My grandmother used to hush this poem to me every night before I fell asleep. She believed it soothed the soul before it shut. She still sings it to this day.

I usually recall moments like those in a very peculiar place. When I step into the public metro and sit next to the window. The tube moves down the rails, and flows slightly up and down. It is like a sailboat on peaceful water, and I, a passenger look at the folding waves. Metal nets construct arches that rise and fall on either side of the metro. I watch and trace each metal cusp with my hand, drawing curves across slim air. Every arch surging out and rolling onto each other, pushing against the invisible tide.

I also usually listen to music when I go somewhere. I listened but did not pay attention this time, because for some reason I was drawn to the thought of my grandmother. Her shape that had slowly forgotten her mind and had stayed behind on the linen sheets. She always sang softly, as to not be heard, or remembered. She always looked at me with eyes that seemed to have lost presence. She wanted to fade along with the invisible tide, as her life had rolled and risen and fallen.

The woman who sang ‘Patience’, the only one who lives now as patient as sickly bodies do.

It’s a rather lonely life.