

The Family Bruja

My grandma, la bruja
The one who told sweet stories
And lead us through our first steps
She's gone now, but her memory hasn't died

Her house loomed, unoccupied for half a decade
Until I moved in
There were many changes to be had
Paint on the walls and moving things
The greatest change, a great physical feat
Was the removal of the yellow rose bush
Yellow, the color at her funeral
Roses, the flowers on her casket

But remember that her spirit lives
Her domain still under her control

Down the roses went
 Half the bush was dead anyway
Only to return two weeks later
And through the cold they live
My grandma, la bruja
Made sure of that

I got my own flowers once
Pretty, pink lilies for my birthday
But they died four days later
And the roses for a surprise
Made it only through two

Why should I have flowers
When she never got any,
And her own were killed?