

Acts of Love

by: Jillian Prendergast

Ear drops at midnight from seawater ache, letting momma be a momma.

Washing plastic to-go containers with a hotel bar of soap in the kitchenette, carefully drying the lids, because this is home..today, tomorrow. Love is turning off the clock for a month, for now. It's watching the The Office reruns in the room at the end of the quiet hall, sunlight dancing through the window onto the wooden floor. "He's so handsome, oh wow". Nurses wondering his story in this old building of decay.

Washing our small suitcases of clothes in the quarter laundry machine at the Best Western. Florida colors swirling. "Should we buy something nice to wear for it? When is it?"

It's browned shoulders from phone calls by the hospital fountain. Sending updates, worded gently to the grandparent's waning minds and fragile dementia.

Laughing over 20 year old inside jokes.

Agonizing in bed over turning off the feeding tube. The breaking decision to let him go.

Reading old texts from the family group chat. Finally watching those music videos he sent.

Listening to pop songs because he loved them.

His big sister applying lip balm to his cracked mouth with a rubber glove

Picking out deodorant at Walgreens for his 23 year old body. What smell would he like?

Wearing earrings for him, in case his rolling eyes land upon them for a few seconds.

Prayers that fill the room like confetti.

Are you there? Do you want to go now?



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