

*To Dettner (My Grandmother)*  
*Diana M. Raab*

You took your life in the house where  
we lived together forty years ago.

I was ten and you sixty.  
Your ashen face and blonde bob  
disheveled upon white sheets  
on the stretcher held by paramedics  
lightly grasping each end, and tiptoeing  
down the creaking wooden stairs  
you walked up the night before.  
But now your body descended to the ambulance  
and sirens swarmed like vultures  
around the place I once called home.  
I wonder why you left in such a way,  
as the depression gnawed  
at your gentle heart, which cared for me  
since my very first push into the world.

I've learned from you  
never to give up, but to find  
a passion and thank you  
I did  
I live to write  
so I shall never die.