

Old Habits Die Hard

by Glenda Barrett

Since Grandma lived alone,
I offered to spend the night with her
after she got out of the hospital
because of heart problems.
To keep a close eye on her,
I slept in one of the beds in her room.
They were in opposite corners
but facing each other.
In order to get comfortable in mine,
I had to lie in the center because
the mattress leaned to one side,
and made me feel like I was falling.
In the middle of the night, I awoke
to a strange kind of noise,
a clanging sound. Alarmed,
I sat up in the middle of the bed.
Groggy headed, I tried to focus my eyes.
With the moonlight shining through
the window near Grandma's bed,
I could see she was holding a can.
Are you all right Grandma, I asked.
I didn't mean to wake you up, Glenda.
There's nothing wrong. I'm feeling better,
Just needed to get me a dip of snuff.