Senescent

It is not the reddening pinch of my cheeks,

or the 30 annoying wet kisses I'd wipe off every visit.

It is not the gray hairs left on the bathroom sink

or the ones found in the bowls of *arroz* she'd feed us after school.

It is not the sliding doors of her apartment

we'd step past to get to the playground,

the spiraling stairs static shocking my skin every climb.

Not the rag she'd wipe my hands with after bruising through the monkey bars.

Against the dirt between my fingernails,

past the calluses,

the *cicatrices* of plucked thorns.

Not the winning of an argument between her and *mi mama.*

"Dejala" is all she'd say,

and I'd get another cookie,

another hour to play.

It is not the cold lemon Iced tea she would pour from a large green pitcher

or the pulped orange juice she would buy us every trip to *Gual-mart*.

It is not the whiff of dinner I'd get after waking from a nap,

drifting off on the couch, now wrapped in between her *frisas*.

Or the stain on her blanket,

browned from the exposure of the coffee beans she'd spilled

cussing out her *novelas*.

Not the jar of peppermints,

or hard candies placed on the countertop next to the stove,

handfuls I'd steal and pocket.

Not the song she sang

the words she'd whisper

the money she'd shoved in my hands now fisted.

Not her *apartamento 3D en el primer piso,*

her echo that emanated through the emptied hallways.

Not the sound of the handle clocking,

or the view of the walls laminated with dust.

It is not her absence,

or her scent of marmalade,

cinnamon, and beans on rice.

Not the warmth of her *abrazo* I am burdened with.