POETRY



Comma

Ryan J. Petteway¹

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when my great grandmother was in a comma, i wrote a poem at her bedside

something about roses and Tang, the clinking spoon, collard greens and candy stores i stole 5-cent gum from apologies and grace; a basement where my father slept off the lows of high life, of trucking; something about the way time passes, a pollen of sorts working its way through rain towards infinity or the oil slick rainbow beneath his white Coupe Deville with curb feelers and blue suede, a door too heavy to open alone ||

when i saw her, i thought of those curb feelers; eyes closed, tubes in nose

i imagined them: sentimental, sentinels scanning, feeling around, loosening, pulling away her memories –

OHSU-PSU School of Public Health, Portland State University, 1810 SW 5th Ave, Portland, OR 97201, USA



Ryan J. Petteway petteway@pdx.edu

the work of a soft palm on a chest growing tired of rising ||

memories she forgot she remembered, the ones that begin like fairytales and end with a comma, an empty page, a heavy door waiting for someone to open it ||

i wanted to open it || all 90lbs of me crouched beneath a squat rack trying to rise above the weight of a silence i was too child, too unknowing to probe; my tiny quads strong enough for reverse layups, strong enough to hold my body upright to touch her hand and nothing more ||

i wrote a poem, a grammatically incorrect poem in green ink that wondered something about the time it takes to find the right questions – an entrance to her memories before the tubes got there, before i learned how history lodges itself in the body, how time passes itself between lips ||

before i learned how to correctly use an ellipsis, i learned my index finger can curve into a comma around thumbs that once opened band aids for me; that a comma and a coma are not that different after all //

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