



From Oneline Volume 3



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“Help me if you can,” gasped my grandmother on her way to the sky. I could not hear her over the Amazing Grace pierced by my sobs, we sons and wives and grandchildren huddled round to sing, to lament, to be, just be, as she left. It was only later in my dreams, much later, years, she came to me and whispered once more—help me if you can, if you can, you can—that I remembered her apple peel and nilla wafer breath in my ears. I woke and went to her headstone, lay on the grass that had come to be, cradled the cold earth atop her. I did not know what she needed from me, for what could a woman who survived so much, survived into death, need from a shell with so many inlaid cracks? I did what I could. I wrote a poem and threw it into the wind, watched as wrinkled hands appeared and clutched the words I could not find when she’d been alive.



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