

THE MIRACLE OF LIVING

*My grandfather was leaving,
my mother said,
but I did not understand,
that my grandfather died,
my grandmother Maria,
cried every day
believing that he would never return.*

*But one morning a miracle happened,
we got to the infirmary,
where a woman repeated
that my grandfather lived.
I had a feeling
that he would not die,
for the connection I had with him.
And the family learned
the value of a day.*

*And so every day
when I went out to the garden
and while I was running behind,
I told my grandfather how much I loved him,
and my family knew
that I would never leave
not a single day goes by without showing
with caresses what I felt.*

*But the years passed and I grew up,
and also understood
that my grandfather someday
I would cease
but in my heart I felt
a touch of grace,
knowing that I had
the most beautiful thing he possessed
magic and joy.*

*Autumn was coming and his absence hurt
Although I learned in my childhood
and from my innocence
the value of a hug, a kiss, a caress
and my daughter with insistence and forceful-
ness
I was telling him about the story
of my grandfather and his magnificence.*

