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## Banana Bread

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## Banana Bread

### Abstract

This poem describes a young narrator's exploration of her grandmother's battle with dementia. Her grandma's unwavering love still finds ways to shine through.

### Keywords

poetry, creative writing, dementia

### Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

### Comments

Written for ENG 305: Free Verse & Form in Poetry.

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## **Banana Bread**

Maddie Quinn

The special delivery came to our house  
once a month in a brown cardboard box.  
I spotted June's delivery  
shining on the porch.  
Grammy always put a flowery sticker  
on the top right corner.  
That's how I knew.

I ran to the kitchen and pushed the metal stool  
with all my might towards the cabinet.  
First, two feet onto the stool and then  
another two feet onto the counter.  
My bare, size 5 feet marking the marble countertops,  
as I held the cabinet to get my balance in a squat.  
*Don't fall.*  
One big balanced reach to the third shelf and now,  
the scissors were mine.

I placed the scissors on the countertop and  
quickly hopped back down onto the chair,  
then to the floor.  
I picked up the scissors off the counter and  
ran to the front door.  
I could not wait any longer.  
I could not wait for my mom to get out of the shower  
to help me open it.  
I would not wait for my sister to come home from  
piano lessons.

I opened it up as fast as I could.  
Jabbing the scissors into the fold where  
the cardboard met the tape.  
I knew that was my in.  
I saw the loaf of bread wrapped tightly with  
aluminum foil among all the other goodies.  
Grammy always put my initials on it,  
she knew it was my favorite.

I ran up to my mom's room,  
she was wringing the water out of her hair  
after her shower.  
*Can I open it?*  
Mom rolled her eyes but agreed reluctantly.  
*I told you to wait for me to open packages.*

Mom brought it down to the kitchen,  
her hair still dripping wet.  
She cut me a slice and poured me a glass of milk.

I sat at the table,  
grinning, ready to taste my favorite treat.  
I took a bite and

I spit it out.

It was the day mama told me Grammy  
had not been able to remember  
which jar was sugar  
and which was salt.

July was the month the box  
didn't come for the first time.

By September she wasn't sure if mom  
was her daughter  
or her sister.

In November she started to forget Grandpa  
was not alive.  
She would tell mom he was just at the shop.

But in December,  
I spotted a brown box, wet from rain  
sitting on the porch.  
A flowery sticker was barely hanging off  
the top right corner of the box.  
I opened it and saw my initials  
etched on the aluminum foil  
enveloping the salty banana bread,

and I wondered how she remembered.