

Lucky to Be Here
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My daughter tells me I am lucky to be here
instead of in her five-bedroom home,
with space for another child

but not a grandmother in a wheelchair.
I am lucky to be here.
My room yellow as the sun,

which warms my face.
On the porch I endure
people

age and abandonment.
I am lucky to be here,
the best nursing home,

instead of where I would be
if people knew
what killed my unfaithful husband.