

# Kindness Remembered

Jodi Andrews

Handwritten: Avocados

2/\$1.00 on neon green signs;  
the phone rings and I scooch  
closer to a shelf of breads:

*This is Jodi*, I answer.

*Surgery's tomorrow* the insurance  
woman says. A pit in my center:  
cancer. Answers—

my mom pushes the cart with  
chicken salad and crusty bread  
toward me; the insurance woman says  
to check in at 7:00 am; the cashier

asks mom how she's doing;

*Not so good, we've been at Mayo*  
*with Jodi*, she mouths and bobs her head  
toward me, still on the phone;

the woman asks what chocolate I like.

*Dark*. She places a bar in the brown bag  
and beeps past the other items.  
In the car, my mom spreads salad

on bread, holds her hand out to mine.

*We'll get through this* she says. My stomach  
is already full of questions. We both know  
words only spill into the void.