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.