Bereavement Dinner

Nobody wants to talk about the fish Grandma liked; driving to the Grill, we all forgot, instead nursed the elephant wish for time and words with her, the spiral of guilt, by talking jewelry. We appall ourselves. We left her casketed, kissless, alone. So I’m surprised to find, here, a wall that shuts us up. A sailfish, boisterous, is mounted, arcs above the diners, us, five feet from beak to tailfin glinting blue. It grins. Aunt Linda boldly tells the waitress the part I hadn’t known—the fish on view was hooked by Grandma, hauled and fought at length, a monstrous embodiment of her strength.