Seeing

Grandpa Lewis is losing his sight. None of us knows what he can or can’t see. He’s not like the blind who develop exceptionally good hearing. He’s losing that too.

Sometimes he knows you’re there, and sometimes he doesn’t.

Every morning he walks past our house. I watch him from the window.

Now and then he looks over, as if seeing for the first or maybe last time where his daughter lives.

Mostly he just stares straight ahead and keeps trudging.

He knows sooner or later he’ll get there.

—Dave Nielsen