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She Told Me Her Secret

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The day after I found my grandmother dead, my mother bought me my first journal. On its pages, I spoke with her, every day sitting in my walk-in closet, clothes draped over my face and a pull string bulb on the ceiling. Twenty years later, I visited a psychic, nestled in the spiritual camp of Cassadaga. She invited me to sit in her faded needlepoint chair, just like Grandma's. She had no crystal balls or tarot cards just deep dee; eyes putting mine under a microscope, stripping me of all that I thought was only mine.

She seemed to know all about me. I shook beneath my olive skin, tottering between wanting to know everything and nothing like a therapist telling you like it is, as you want to remain buried in your pain instead of facing its reality.

A yellow light surrounds you, she told me confidently, lots of psychic energy.
For an hour I sensed my calling to be a medium, but reality hit when on my way home, a young girl leaped from the overpass on the highway, causing me to slam hard on my brakes.
Birdie said that like a healing vapor, Grandma's spirit surrounded me. She instructed me to channel with Grandma because of a secret she held.

That night I lay in bed staring at the blank ceiling obstructing my view to her heaven. I told Grandma I wanted to speak with her the next day at eleven. At the strike of eleven as I sit at my writing studio desk, she whisper my name; her voice velvet to my ears.
She asked if I recalled the hours before her death, our walk around the block and her secret.

My memory and limbs went numb. I felt as if I was lifted up and thumped down again.
Was I on her heaven or was she on my earth? I lost all sense of place.
After a paralyzing silence, my grandmother's whispered of a gift in her closet in her room next to mine, Just for me, she said.

The next day I ran up the creaky stairwell and frigid iron banister, flung open my grandmother's closet in my childhood home, pulled open the closet door, mirror on the back where her fragrance, *Soir de Paris* still lingered. Her image flashed like a spoon of honey to my heart. From the shelf, I pulled down her journal—typed musings on loose yellowing papers laden with strikeovers, crafted on the same typewriter where she placed my six-year-old fingers.

Her life spilled over those pages like merlot upon a white tablecloth—the wars she fought, the dances she danced, the bridge games she won, the lovers she had, and the demons which haunted her sixty-one years. I sat on the closet stool, head buried in knees, crying until my ducts became dry wells, thinking that now I know all her secrets, but she'll never know mine