

## The Apple Jar by Lucille Uy

I am 17,  
and one day I will be 18.  
and 19,  
and 20,  
and 21,  
and perhaps one day, I will reach an age  
my grandmother never did.

And 22,  
and 23.

We put her ashes in an Apple Jar  
the same jar she loves.  
Well, I guess,  
loved.  
The ceramic apple with hints of reds and greens  
with a leaf hanging onto the stem.  
It sits stagnant  
in my mother's small baby blue curio cabinet.

And 24,  
and 25,  
and 26.

I watch my mother grieve,  
grieve the loss of her mother.  
She ached as a loved one slipped away,  
As time claimed its toll.  
Day by day.

And 27,  
and 28.

The aches of aging,  
ripping away the mother she loves.  
Well, I guess,  
loved.  
The Apple jar sits by a wooden sculpture of a woman holding her child.  
My mother put it there,  
she told me it reminded her of her mother.

And 29,  
and 30,  
and 31.

I stare at that Apple Jar sometimes.

I think about how she once stood where I stand.  
She was once 17,  
talking to her friends,  
brushing her hair,  
driving her car.

And 32,  
and 33.

But I remember,  
she can no longer  
call her friends,  
or brush her hair,  
or drive her car.  
All of her memories  
stuffed in an Apple Jar.

And 34,  
and 35,  
and 36.

But for right now,  
I am 17,  
and I will continue to age  
until one day,  
I will have to see my mother in an Apple Jar.