

Singing for My Grandpa

The road purrs beneath the tires, steady and low,
sunlight flickers through the trees in thin gold ribbons.
He taps the steering wheel to the rhythm of a song
already halfway through "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da".
I roll the window down, and let the air sting my face.
The car smells like snow, salt, and sweat,
and his voice, deep but clear, fills the space between us.

Once, years back, I didn't know all the words,
but he'd nudge: "Go on, sing, you know this one."
*"Happy ever after in the marketplace
Molly lets the children lend a hand (Foot)
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face
And in the evening, she's a singer with the band"*
He laughed when I missed the notes,
and told me The Beatles were meant to be sung, not perfected.
I remember the way his cap would shield him from the sun,
and his hand, heavy and kind, rested on the gearshift,
like it had been there forever.

Now, when the radio hums a few quiet chords,
I'll sing a little softer, afraid the song might end.
He drives, humming low, as if he's holding the world still.
One day, when the seat beside me is empty,
I'll still hear his voice in the static,
every *Ob-La-Di* echoing like a promise
that love keeps singing, even when the car goes quiet,
and my ears ring after the door slams shut.