Wednesday Mornings

Pia Taavila-Borsheim

He bends to the task, clipping his father’s toe nails, the old man prone on his recliner, a quilt tucked to his chin.

I watch, from across the room, the slow, steady working, shards of yellowed nails jetting through the heated air.

Then, the cleaning of his hearing aids, the tiny brush employed, rinsed; the minute sea shell, electronic wizardry, restored.

When all is done, my husband stands to take the offered hand, lined and wizened, to pat the quilt, to kiss his father’s shining head.