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ginosko  
A word meaning  
to perceive, understand, realize, come to know; knowledge that has an inception,  
a progress, an attainment.  
The recognition of truth from experience.

I mean those moments when human beings experience an epiphany, a transfiguration (that's the word) are the moments that most excite me. I've seen it in supreme artists who sang or danced or acted, in people who've told me they loved me, in those whose souls have suddenly been reborn before my eyes. These are moments and people I most care about writing about, no matter how small the moment, how humble the person. - William Goyen

## **Susan Hodara**

Eden at the End 44

Leaving 45

Tired 45

### **Eden at the End**

She is lying tiny under a sheet, tubes and beeps and gurgling sounds forming a wall around us. He sits by her bedside, holding her hand, his head hanging down. Her eyes are closed; we don't know where she is but we believe she can hear us and we tell her we love her. We worry about him, so terrified of losing her, so determined not to, his wife of 49 years. "She wanted to make it to our 50th anniversary," he told us. Now he stays beside her bed hour after hour, though she doesn't move. "Her skin, God," he says. "Her skin is so soft." Nurses pass by the open doorway, machines continue to beep, but he doesn't notice anything but her.

### **Leaving**

My armpits have become slippery with the intensity of getting ready to leave. I am, of course, set —outfits selected and folded, cosmetics bag packed, phone charged. It's not time to go yet but I might as well be on my way. There's nothing for me here anymore. I am nowhere if not gone.

### **Tired**

There is a burning along the rims of my eyes and a heaviness in my head, but I sit here anyway, when what I really want to do is lie down. Simply being horizontal changes everything, as I let the mattress take hold of my muscles and bones. I sneak my feet under the knitted blanket beside the sleeping cat and feel an oven-y warmth spill over them. I don't even have to close my eyes and already I'm feeling at peace. But for some reason I stay where I am, sitting here anyway.

**Susan Hodara** is a memoirist, journalist and teacher. Her articles have appeared in publications including The New York Times and Communication Arts. Her short memoirs are published in a variety of anthologies and literary journals. She is a co-author of Still Here Thinking of You: A Second Chance With Our Mothers (Big Table Publishing, 2013). [www.susanhodara.com](http://www.susanhodara.com).