My Lao Lao, my grandma, asks me these things, again and again. *When did you get so tall? Do you have a boyfriend? What grade are you in?* I close my eyes as her Chinese washes over me, foreign waves against cool skin. I bask not in the language but the feel of the words, sharp consonants and round vowels, subtle inflections that reach like her rough hands. I bask in the repetition of the tides, the cyclic nature of it, letting her native tongue, her only beat upon my back under the fluorescent lights of her home that is no longer our home, her senior center. Her phrases, her memories, again. Until both her words recede into the horizon, swallowed by a burning red sun. Someday she will not remember the stories she has told me, about her eight siblings, about the sister that choked on a needle and the brother whose body she fed to the wolves and the education she used to excel at. Someday she will even forget who I am, this face that is one-quarter hers, that is one of few loved ones she has in this world. And someday I will forget her stories, this face whose wrinkles will be my own, once I forget how to translate her language from sounds I vaguely recall. Someday I will repeat the stories she has told me imperfectly, unsure still if they are the product of fiction or of a childhood traumatic. In the distance, I see a burning red sun, flickering underneath the ocean, divided by the horizon line. I pick up her phrases, her memories, and run with them across the sea, letting some fall behind and sink into the depths. My feet beat to the repetition of my steps, repeating each one-two with a slap against the liquid surface of her center’s tiled floors, underneath her loving, vacant eyes. When she is gone, I will feel her words flood my tongue, mouthwash before bed each night. I will rinse myself with the things she did and the things she forgot. I speak Chinese in spurts, in the rough, rudimentary way I know how. *I haven’t grown in years. No, or maybe yes. Graduated, now.* I Again and again, my grandma, my Lao Lao, asks me these things.