

# Granny's Mind

by Pius Uusiku

Granny's Mind

torn

like a worker's coat which is worn  
'cos he works in field of corn  
to perform this she was born  
in a village called Mboono.

Granny's Mind

pierced by thorn

galloped by thoughts

of her \*grandies'seen ribs

of her close-handed boss  
her pavement kids

blood at heels

the arrival of flag is when

the flag which is milk

she's longing for it

longing for sun rays

ones which are new

to shine over the land

thus to burn the thorns

till ash is formed.

(\*grandsons and granddaughters)

