We going country they said.
Down Deep South Trinidad
in search of Grandmummy roots.
Come to find crabgrass and troops
of chickens prancing and preening
on Guerrerro land like victors of war.
Foul-smelling turkeys mumbled and trembled,
wrinkled and miserable like haggish landlords,
where the wooden house used to stand.
On this road, La Lune Road, Grandmummy
chatter patois with Moruga women
and then listen out for her daddy broken
Spanish flicking at the sea breeze. She bathe
her brown-sugar-and-sand skin
and watch for Venezuela
mountains when the tide low
at the beach just a stone-throw
away. On the shore I saw nightmare-black
corbeaux flapping their wings
congregating like village people
making ready for death.