

Francis Coke

MY GRAMMA CLEO



At dawn she smelled of Idlewild,
of sea-salt air, steaming morning mint,
La India hair oil and Limacol spilled
on a four-poster home of young dreams.

I knew her in warm, secret places --
a nook in the curve of her arm,
old houses that doubled as church -
where pain was eased with blue teacups
and home was her brushed away hurt.

I watched her chase flickering fireflies
As night breeze played in her hair,
and love was the depth in her eyes.
Some nights she smelled of dry pages,
of faraway places yellowed with age,
of Sunday school songs his spent fingers urged
from a piano listlessly dying.

Lately she lives in a place beyond loss
where barren walls echo her footfalls;
she crosses old paths with a stranger's feet
and longs for the balm of dusk lilies.

Calabash

A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Volume 5, Number 1 / Summer-Fall 2008

Information about this work:

MY GRAMMA CLEO

By: Francis Coke

Start Page: 35

URL: <http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/vol5no1/0501035.pdf>

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

Calabash is published by New York University. Please contact the publisher for further permissions regarding the use of this work. Publisher information may be obtained at: <http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/about.html>

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters
© 2008 New York University