

*Christian A. Campbell*



## Moruga

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*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.

