

Christian A. Campbell



Anthuriums

Grandmummy's mind left her
and went back to De Country.
No one talks to her plants
comfort her anthuriums
pick her orchids
scream for snakes.
I passed through Cochrane Village
last summer: De Ol House
home to addicts or abused
now was overgrown with her life
turned to weeds and crabgrass
paint flaking fading lonely
like an old hag once beautiful.

Grandmummy followed her mind
back to De Country the other day
where heart-shaped anthuriums grow
in abundance and only Mummy could
go down to see her off. Mummy came back
empty-handed and eyes-dry
(no mention of a will)
but she paid her last rites
and gardened more than ever
potting anthuriums like tombstones
waiting for the libation from the sky.

