

THE GRANDMOTHER OCCUPIES

by Lucien Quincy Senna

Sucking cider through a purple straw,
beside her sporting on the green,
her grandchild thirsty for love.
"When are you going to take me to the city Nani?"
"When are you going to name the happy day?"
sang the child eagerly.

"Oh you great big mountainous girl!
Full of fiery strength, whatever the weather
We shall make it together
Where the people have occupied the city."

In her blanched beauty, seated in a silver deck chair
with complacent socialist ways,
Grandmother usually pleased the public like a play.
But this entreaty she could not deny
for it came from the gods through the child.

Why did I afflict this child
with fanciful paisley dreams of liberation,
occupation and all kinds of social change
which I in my lifetime will never see?

But God is looking right at me.
Right now.
So she chimed, "Let us be on our way my child."
And Nani and child, hand in hand
made their crooked way to Londontown to witness
the beginning of the end.

