

# like a child

*by* Rene Foran

he told her if she wuz blind  
he could rub da mud in her eyes  
and make her see  
how can dat be?  
she laughed

my grandmama tell'd me  
it's da plain truth  
she readed it to me  
from her little brown book  
the one she keeps with her  
magic holy Jesus beads  
where is the magic at?  
the spit  
the dirt  
or the words?

i think you needs 'em together  
he said  
you think dat really works?  
she asked  
i ain't sure for certain  
he said  
sometimes  
you just gotta  
tell yourself  
it will  
and den it always do

