

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

