€ Moruga

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.

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