

*Christian A. Campbell*



## Anthuriums

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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.

