Miriam Sa'uda Perez

}

On A Journey to Discover Her Caribbean Ingredient

Sipping sorrel in Uncle Ashton's shanty munching Auntie Irene's sweet cassava-pone watching a brown boy chop a pillar of cane finally, she studies the land that cradled her people like a mother nursing an infant, and blessed them with immense pride

a finger taps her from the daydream and points to the black and white photograph of a mahogany girl

- a frightened stare from dark eyes

- thick plaits adorned with light colored ribbons

- a large tattered suitcase clutched by a small fist

"Your grandmother was a good woman." Auntie Irene sings in thick Bajan melody about the sister she had not known the one who had left for the mainland and never returned the one who had sent wrinkled U.S. dollars to kin who remained

on the tiny Caribbean island.

20