Grandma, how long have you had that cough?

She smiles. I like this cough. This cough reminds me that it's time.

And why stay? Here, in America, you forget about your elders.

We're held shapelessly and moved laboriously from place to place like sand.

We're muted with an imposed obsolescence.

But not where I'm from.

Take me home where the muddy shores of the lake are as red as mornings.

Where the meat of mangos are as thick as children's songs,

where the jackfruit are as sticky as the local news

and where the potholes that choke the roads are as big as deep breaths.

Take me home.

For a moment, my grandmother speaks to me in Luganda. It's beautiful, but I don't know what it means.

With a breath, I watch her lean from one wise foot supported by a cane to the other,

small and planted firmly in the soft earth of childhood.

In that moment, we share a pause

A diastole her heart's great sigh.

And I watch her with love, so much love,

leave.

Tendo Kironde

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