



## GRAN

By Wayne Visser

My memories of childhood drift  
Like lazy clouds across a blue African sky  
Their phantom shapes not quite discernable  
Their misty emotions forever changing

Storm clouds are rare among them -  
Fleeting electric flashes of self-indulgent anger  
Dull, distant thunder-rolls of disturbing fear

Most are wispy, white, feather clouds -  
Good-weather scripts of promise and confidence  
Magnetic spray patterns of compelling destiny

Some are fluffy cotton wool clouds -  
Comforting blankets of cosy support  
Wrapped around in a warm joyful embrace ...  
Like my memories of you, Gran

I remember silver pots of steaming weak tea  
And feeding fat earthworms in the mulch patch  
And tracking giant Matabele ants in the scorching dust

I remember yummy picnics in the park  
And fishing fever at the dam  
And trips to the mystical Matopos to gaze from God's window

I remember playful yapping dogs  
And sweet spoils from Meikles  
And exciting excursions to Eskimo Hut

I remember thrilling pulsing electrical storms  
And intoxicating raindrops on parched bush  
And scented carpets of lilac Jacaranda





I remember magical sooty overnight train rides  
And roadside treasure hunts for carvings  
And awesome encounters with elephant elders

I remember your caring inquisitive way  
With random strangers on beaches and benches  
And you, resplendent in green, at our wedding celebration

I remember always your welcome lap  
And your tinkling chuckle and ready mischievous smile  
And your safe secure hand folded around mine

Gran, you billow graciously over the horizon of my life -  
A shining fluffy cloud of my childhood  
Tinted now with shimmering shades of glowing love  
An archetype of everything that Grans are meant to be

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