

# Nanny

The unexpected earthquake of death struck,  
Years ago when I was only eight.  
Still managed to feel the weight - the devastation of death.  
I look back and feel the cold, clouds and lack of clarity.  
Remember that all I wanted to ask was "why?"  
"Why did God make grandma die?"  
Eight years old watching the whole family cry.

You are a beacon of strength.  
You are light.  
Years after I realise there is no need to fight.  
You are my angel.  
You are my might.  
Inked on my skin for the rest of my life is your eternal love.

Time to time, but not too often.

I pick up my grave pass and walk down the path to where you lie.  
Crouch down beside you and whisper quietly under my breath;  
I just fix the plants at your grave.  
I have my days.  
I remind myself that the soul isn't there - in the ground.  
Underneath that mound - the remains of your outer shell.  
Nevertheless I go there - tune in, tune out.

Indomitable and omniscient, your spirit flies with me.



By Jessye B