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# Grand Parents

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## Grand Parents

by Miki Smith

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My Papa has brown skin,  
My Obaasan has yellow.  
My Papa's legs are bowed  
and he is shorter than he was.  
My Obaasan's wrists are worn  
and well-stricken, bone shown  
through wrinkled paper  
She still cooks and cleans for him.  
My Papa's feet are gnarled  
and his toenails jut out like bayonets  
like he used to use.  
My Obaasan's legs are bamboo  
thin and knobby,  
She still bends down.  
My Papa's hair is textured snow  
He still combs it 'cause he earned it.  
My Obaasan's eyes have no lids  
and her face has Time on it,  
but she colors her hair jet-black authentic  
because she wants to look nice for Him.  
My Papa shoots up insulin everyday  
has a metal ticker  
and he takes pills like candy,  
My Obaasan makes sure.

He can still laugh, hardy  
and sing, lovely.  
My Obaasan hums along sometimes.  
My Obaasan's breasts droop low  
and her short figure is disproportioned  
My Papa still thinks she's sexy.  
My Papa is retired with military pension,  
and he watches game-shows  
in orthodox fashion.  
My Obaasan finds the remote for Him.  
My Obaasan is my Papa's  
Passenger driver, always.  
And she calls me  
By my mother's name. I let her  
Because I have my mother's face, and  
My Obaasan used that name to get to  
America.  
My Papa had to go back to the war when  
He fell in love with the enemy.

They are my Grand Parents.  
I find them  
On rarest occasion  
Holding hands