Grand Parents

Miki Smith

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol29/iss2/22

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Inscape by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.
Grand Parents

by Miki Smith

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