

HANGING LOOSE 104



\$11.00 US/CAN

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Belief

Mom gave birth to three girls. I was her last mistake.
Grandma pointed at mom's nose: *You don't believe in God,
He doesn't bless you!* Mom wrapped her daughters
like three rotten eggs, fleeing out of Father's village.

Mom didn't say a word. She borrowed money
from friends and enemies, paid off the debts
Grandma had passed on to my parents,
and launched her own business.

Now Grandma's flesh is drying, bones hardening,
the Bible—only book in the house and she can't read it—
cracking. Mom takes her to the hospital, paying for the surgery.
Grandma looks up: *Thank you so much, God.*
Mom hands her a stack of cash every month,
Grandma cries out: *Lord, aren't you generous!*
My sister gave birth to another boy, Grandma clapped her hands,
shouting to her neighbors: *Jesus, my precious granddaughter
just laid another boy! A double-yolk egg, what a holy gift!*

Mom doesn't say a word. She wakes early every morning,
prepares breakfast for us, drives to the factory,
checks the facilities, and waits for the workers,
getting ready to run another busy day.