

The Sky is Dark, the Rain is Falling

She had a trying childhood
Never had more than a morsel
All along she was depended on
And so her youth passes, through hungry days

I dream about the sea of hills in Taiwan
And that creaking house with aching joints
With my grandmother and her newspaper
In the cool shade of trees on a blazing Summer morning

I'd run up the steps to the small garden
Exotic plants scattered about
The sunshine spilling down like melted butter, caressing the beaming flowers
The fruit of her turmoil through winter
Delicate wind chimes would purr their greeting
As I sprint on the cracked brick ground

"A mà!" I'd holler, rushing to her like fireworks shooting to the sky
Her weary arms would swallow me up
And we would laugh along with grandpa
In the little haven of her garden

Always, my grandmother would know what I was ravenous for
Sticky rice, fried shrimps, braised beef
And she forever has a surprise
Frozen mango, Chinese mesona jelly, sweet potatoes, pineapple cake
"Xi huan ma?" She'd always ask
Do you like it?
"I love it," I'd always return with a grin

And afterwards she would sing
In her warm, croaking voice
The familiar Taiwanese lullaby that we all know and love
About grandpa out in the fields when
The sky is dark, and the rain is falling