

Let it Be: Too hot for sleep and a full moon trailed by the distant Venus, shining in the window. Rat pretends to be a 20 pound raccoon practicing for the New York City ballet! Now emboldened he performs not only at night and has invited guests to feast on the poison pellets to which I believe he has developed immunity.

There are distant sounds of drumming, wailing, and grief and the rubbing sounds of the large goat attempting to sleep without falling off our top step. Unusual night sounds abound to accompany dogs killing things and geckos on the window screens searching for moths.

Madam Chorts' old friend, Madam Jean, died yesterday evening and the family who last week grieved the other grandma hasn't really had time to sober up or cool off the dominos. Folks on rocks and broken chairs in bits and pieces of dress up cloths await the walk to the cemetery.

I tried to bring down the fever but wise family said. "let it be." She lay on the matt, unaware of the quiet flies investigating her lips and eyelids and I agreed.

She and Madam Chort were hungry old ladies who looked out for each other, seemingly having no one else. As Madam Chort would trade any food for smokes, I tried giving food to Madam Jean to cook and share with her friend. Neighbors reported it wasn't working as Madam Jean demanded a fee for cooking the food. Madam Chort moved to a market city better for beggars and Madam Jean cared for the infant child of a brain injured mother who spurned the baby's daddy. Now we grieve one who seemed alone and abandoned.

Temperature soared over 100 yesterday as I tried to do my housework for the week. Church ends at 8 and Sundays are good for cleaning or watching the water in the blue pond that collects human waste and floats the boats kids make from old flip flops and fuel cans.

At 1 pm a Grandma had the 12 hour old baby of our neighbor I hadn't seen all day. Baby was wrapped in doubled terry towel, knitted cap and booties and winter onsey. He also had a fever of 105 degrees and all the side effects that accompany severe overheating.

Grandma bounced around as I unwrapped, uncapped and uncovered then placed warm wet towels on head and torso to cool the kid to serving temp. When less than 102 I walked them home to see momma who had a tummy ache. The little guy may survive grandma who delivered him; he may survive the dirt and bugs and cramped quarters and a 15 year old mother. He may survive; if momma does. She has little to eat and I hope they last until the next World Vision visit. If not, do I "let it be?"

July 14, 2008.....Shirley in La Gonave

