

**Cross-cultural grandchild.
With her mother's blessing.**

(To Celia, in Koudougou)

A little black girl just seven years old thrusts her hand across the table to put a succulent morsel of fish on my side of the dish. She has noted the adult beside me helping me to find pieces to enjoy, that I am not good at it. Knowing neither the physiology of carp nor having fingers sensitive to nutritious discovery. She is special to me and I am special to her. It is the *bonne bouche* of my meal, my evening. Afterwards she curls up trusting beside me to fall asleep in front of hotel forecourt television tedium.

Michael Kelly