

PETER WALDOR

*On No*

Marxist that he is  
Ngugi wa Thiong'o  
must laugh at us  
for all our brands  
of toilet paper.  
Our baby Gabriel  
has both hands  
on the end of one  
roll and he looks  
up with curiosity.  
I say "no" three  
times, he says "no"  
and smiles, I yell "no"  
and he yells "no, no"  
as he pulls out  
the whole roll  
which falls into  
an airy mountain  
all the way to his waist;  
the stuff still good,  
soft as snow  
which must be its name,  
not like the toilet paper  
Ngugi wrote his novel on,  
in prison, fifty years ago.