

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Go, son of Aberdeen....
Blood pours from the belly
the sap is a rancid bake
frail feet escape my patience
to go fingering the voice of Miss Deeka
whom I met once
who loved me with prophecy in her eyes
when rivers were young and playful
and pilgrims embraced miracles in their waters...

...take this calabash:
she scratched the grey roots under the head-cloth:
'I baptise you with the blood of my eyes,
the juices of these hills.
Go, Son of Aberdeen,
blazing comet, your eagle eyes!'
In the mango hills of Gonzales, Genesis.
Their cathedral of kites,
every neighbours' nine children
numerous as the seeds of a torcha.

Don't worry with mad woman Anna and Crazy Mary,
both guarding the golden pommesettae from a world they missed.
Science de great philosopher knew well
that man was wicked,
their vanity brought shame to de body.
'Watch dem,
de lowly dog never covers itself
'wid nuttin'.

Kanaka de caretaker of de cricket pitch
had a huge donkey, and everyday
it would bray at 12 noon sharp:

Hee-haw

de dock workers dashed to de gates

Hee-haw....pee-ling .. pee-ling

de sun hot like brass and thirsty

Hee-haw.....lunchtime

blue shirts and khaki pants

Blue, green, brown

crimson overalls and two-dollar 'wash-kongs'

also de shame of bare foot

and de 'brek-fast shed'

I was saved.

Study hard, pass exhibition or dig red dirt,
under de white man sun.

Hee-haw - hee haw hee haw hawwwww!

is twelve a'ready

Everybody trampling through de door in ah 'minit' for dey lunch!

'Go son of Aberdeen

let my eyes rest on your shoulder

I sink over the hills of five islands this evening
with de sun,

I watch over you....in secret knot

scorpion in fibre

under dry rot wood,

May God bless you

and make Ellen proud! '