

Winston Farrell



Dear Brer Rabbit

It has been many moons, I fear too long
With deep regrets I pen apologies
From my journey to this cold undergroun'

This city where I live, you might not have read
Is plenty times the size of pasture lan'
What's more, hope is hoppin' high in heaven's bed

Today I start a new job, executive
To a computer's brain, believe me the part's
Complex, this six-leg spider remains fugitive.

My last job was on wall street spinnin' web
It got so thick inside and I resigned
Instead to hard-times this relocated pleb

Walk the streets in search of blackness, rabbit,
Refused to comb hair, struck middle finger up
At white men and their wives, such a bad habbit.

Sister dolfin's house still lean 'pon a side?
Twisted from the grip of we eye balls; that tub-
Vision blinded us, stretched our taste buds wide.

Forgive the absent foreign-label barrels
No fancy-fire-flashin' toys for the chimps
Nothing noisy, mother monkey quarrels

I man, spiderman walkin' on traffic jams
Suckin' the pipe, paper-bag-booze in pan
Ironman trapped in a tomb of uncle sam's.

Calabash

Lost food stamps, welfare flat, cross lines to trouble
Rabbit, friend, lend me an ear for a sad tale
Anancy in a goal, send bail-money double

Why should a man want leave islan' gems
To hop hollywood streets like a hermit
Broken dreams are cold distortions bleedin' stems.

Tradin' diamond finger nails for cowboy boots?
Your warm cut of sunlight a dyin' memory
How can man grow when snow cement black roots.

From one jungle to another ... p.s.
Yours sincerely, please send u.s.
.....anancy

