

Pamela Mordecai



Caliban Calypso

OR ORIGINAL PAN MAN

CHORUS

*And, too, we come from island
So we know you Prospero
Fancy yourself as high priest
Sporting cape and wand and so*

*Serve up you own-a pikni
As a sacrifice
Is want you want you kingdom back
No mind the price*

*You never give the girl a chance
To organize she own romance
You fraid Miranda get to understand
That the island man-of-words is Caliban.
You fraid Miranda get to understand
That the shaman man-of-words is Caliban.*

I

On high hillsides or as he floats
over the blue in small bright boats
see *homo Caribbeanis* grin
at how he's fecund, revelling in
how the ting-ting can spring
the fire in him wire still crackling.

“So, how much pikni you make, man?”
Him can't answer you back
but him quick to tell you
woman is a leggo-beast — “so slack!”

Calabash

CHORUS

II

And Sycorax? Perhaps
each island woman
mated and devastated
by some regional ramgoat
persuaded that the family plan
is a conspiracy to kill black man?

See her in travail with her lot
She's had them out —
they're all she's got
her witchery the alchemy
to conjure food inside a pot.

CHORUS

III

Of course, till now we don't determine
who imprignant Sycorax
a matter upon which the bard
not giving any facts. Hole in
him head as far as any memory of that.

But if you check the niggergram
the chat have it to say
is backra massa rape her
put her in the family way!

CHORUS

V

As for the creole boy child
him tongue twining with curses?
Muttering glossolalic nonsenses
him find him can decline
him pain in verses; start spirits with words;
that the birds, if him call them, will come.

When him listen, him heart flutter
for him hear the calling stones;
the rattle of creation waking
bones reaching for bones.

Calabash

The sound prickle him body,
it make him head start rise;
him bruck a stick and clean it off
and start lick galvanize.

CHORUS

VI

So man when the music reach you
and the rhythm start take hold
and you feel the need to bring
the little chap in from the cold,

consider meditation
and the fruits that it can bring;
remember breed and grind
is two very different someting.

CHORUS

VIII

*And too we come from island
So we know you Prospero
Fancy yourself as high priest
Sporting cape and wand and so

Serve up you ownna pikni
As a hapless sacrifice
Is want you want you kingdom back
No matter what the price

So poor Miranda never understand...
But you better know say that we understand
That the island man-of-words is Caliban —
So we jumping when we hear him playing pan
For we love that man-of-words, that Caliban.*

