Great Grandmother over me making sure I pounded the cocoa beans right.
It took me all summer to learn,
Great Grandmother shook her head, said:
"Listen girl,
cocoa pods grow green,
ripen yellow,
mature purple,
burst them open with a stone,
look, like this,
egot the soft white insides;

Or grind them in a mortar
until the cocoa is your color,
roll into balls,
put to sun,
then drink cocoa-tea hot in the mornings."

Huddled between Great Grandmother's legs
as she combed my hair, she reached for the pomade that made Mother hold her nose.
"But see here;"
Great Grandmother would cut her eyes,
hiss her teeth,
"Same oil you use to use,
but stop,
Kingston make you into fool-fool girl."
Now be careful with Star Apples —
    them will bind you up.
The big tree at the edge of our land
    bear only purple fruit;
Some trees only green fruit.
Break the Star Apple open,
    eat only the white part,
    stay far from the pink part —
bind you bad girl.

At night you walking,
let somebody call to you twice before you answer —
never answer a first call.
Turn 'round twice you pass silk cotton tree.
Rolling Calf start to run you down
make sure you reach junction before it
lie down like a star.

Spirits can take the shape of animals,
if you ever catch a fish that is too big,
    have eyes that look strange,
put it back where you get it from.
Don't carry home stray animals,
one start to follow you home —
spin two times to confuse it.

Sunday you going to church, cover your head,
and I hope your mother don't have you going
those none-soul churches in Kingston.
Learn first to dance a yard
before you dance abroad,
keep your head up high,
you will go far,
you is you great grandma's child."