

Stephen Narain

PEANUT MAN

Peanut Man, lift ya bag high in the air
and preach ya revolution
like choir
or like when shore roll up
and kiss up
and sex up silver sand
Preach it loud
“D o llar, D o llar” fuh the roast cashew
that taste like it just come from oven red sting
w hen it ain’t
How he make it?
Make what?
The peanut, man, the peanut
It come from the tree
Peanut m an say that’s the w ay it shou ld be
oven, them, they make in Miami
all the money, say, going there already
Revolution, he preach
Where?
Down Nassau street, Bay Street
With pink English building and Victoria stare
She look in’ at us
Rope round she belly like Judas lynch
You silly, gal?
Silly what?
Peanut man in the middle of the road
And what he doin’?
Selling the bags for dollar?
And what that have to do with revolution?
Look how he skin dutty, he head all dred-up

He na bathe fuh must be one year
And so?
And so what, gal?
So he stink
Stink, you could say
And what you say?
They say he does dip down Montagu Bay
Where the fort used to be?
So he ain't stink
Gal, you talk in' fool
But look how he black skin come blue
Look close, look.
Just eat ya nut
Gal, you shut up
Why, gal?
I know he come from the sea