

Stephen Narain

CHURCH SONG

Pentecost and fifty day dun dun
When the woman forty pounds too big
jum pin' and wavin' she hand
Like she mad
And pastor say throw white cloth on she quick
So blood vessel nuh break
The organ music sing shrill
And the saxophone blare
In reverence
Sweet ignorance
Shuttin' up and scream in'
And rock in' and sway in'
Bliss
Thick lip press, pink lipstick smudge
And cym bals a clashin' like David Psalm command
'S tead a lyre we gat voice
And booty and tambourine
And l'il Lucy in the snow white dress
Poor baby don't know what to do
In the fourth pew from the back
So the pastor preach about seed and mustard
And spreadin' it to the world
Somethin' bout how the tree get big
And he shakin he top lip
And woman still on the floor
At Jesus altar, Trinity door
Still convulsin' with she red pum p already
Flyin' off into the crowd
On M r. Sim mons' left cheek
But he ain't give one dam n

Because
Spirit or Ghost or whatever done catch he too
And Lucy, say, This Enough
So she ask for excuse
'N ough
And nobody hear
Cause all the big people dem in the church song
Grip
So Lucy, say, she fling off she polish shoe fa sheself
And she run
Out the door and pass steeple
And bush
Tak in' sea grape on the way
Don't care 'bout no poison ivy or no thorn
Lucy gwan go
by the water where everything blue and still
And the sand hot on she bamsie
And the grains tak in' over she mahogany leg
And she ain't care 'cause everything still
And when she done, Lucy say
Amen