

Stephen Narain

TEACHER GIRL

Teacher girl, pretty man all the I'il pickney say
When she walk through the yard
With she white blouse and she press black skirt
She gat one voice like sugar, ya know
And hand like brick
Cause when she clap you, yeah you,
'Cause ya mouth too hot and ya brain too dull
Watch out, boy
Stick leg boy
Tuck in ya shirt
And if you ain't gat shoe
Grease up the leg with coc'nut oil quick quick
quick
Yeah, boy, she fine hand does sting
Like bee, wasp
Hummingbird tongue
Daddy who quiet today
And like he cliché
When he belly good and full
Say ya never judge one
Book by the cover
That's what daddy say
He say open the damn book, ya hear
And teacher gyurl
With the brown skin that God must be kiss
And the black hair
And the Indian eye
She say open the book too
'Cause she know what book dem have
All a Milton and all a dem

Yeatskeats

Beats

Far away

She say write book fuh yaself

And speak ya tongue

'C ause she say the w a t e r bucket dem is hard burden on she back still

When she carry it down the village

To cook rice and watch the water boil

For four

When they have seven

Sellin' fru it at S tabroek hard

When the whole village kiss the soil done

And she say it hard to sew

S w e a t does m e s s u p the seam at tw o in the m o r n i n '

So she close the shutter window

W h e n pickney sleepin'

And she listen to the quiet like choir

And all she want is to open up Milton

A n d t e l l h i m the Paradise really , t r u l y a i n ' t L o s t