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A Tink Say San Do Dem

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GAMBE RIVER GAL (FOR ALL BLACK SISTERS)

Gambe River gal
She want sheen like silk
Gambe River gal
She want white like milk

Tourist rush de on
She shine shine as silk
Tourist time done gone
She charred white as milk

28/8/93—*Farafinni, Gambia*

A TINK SAY SAN DO DEM

At the inception of Sun
Infinitude rounds of
Witchgun-barrelled speeches
Exploded isms of promise
On the citizenry

3 days after
Third estate casualties
Coughed up regrets
And fainted
Late in overpriced mass graves

Relentless
Sun struck the carnage
On the 7th day
With bayonets
(Tipped with their very
Soles, palms, ripped private parts)
And transmuted them into zombies
With Komfo Anokye's sword
Run through their tongues.

40th day
No use now
O palm wine
O palm oil
O kola nut
Eternally now they
Roam the rot of their underworld
With weed-seeds of shegita
Fecund on their resolve.

BO BY BUS

The high charge
Dropped from the
Motorboy's
Lips like wetash
No blood
No fire
No spirit

Just "three tawa"
And we knew
Better than to
Bend down to
Touch his feet
With our fingers

"Get inside"
He spoke as
To fowls

With our bags
And stuff
We got in
To be packed
Flesh upon flesh