

PUT AWAY BLUES

Carnival Tuesday,
by Lapeyrouse Cemetery,
three o'clock sun
blazing hot,

I see a blue moko-jumbie,
sit down on a wall –
 face full-a-worry.

With de music
pumpin,
an de people
jammin,
de band is a mighty river
 flowin-flowin.

Dat one god alone
sit down on a ledge,
back to tombstone,
proppin sorrow
like big-doubt
put a hold on tomorrow,

though de riddim, de riddim
is life, de street alive
wit' ten thousand feet
crushin strife,
an in every mouth is a song
to put away lie
and beat down.

But blue as de weight
of a world,
dat power sit down

heavy-heavy
on de side ah de road,
just watchin,
as de band keep on movin,
an people dancin,
singin
to foreday mornin.

I see dat one jumbie
jus' lookin

till de people's soca
was one mighty healin,
and jus-so Moko put away mournin,
an light as air, I swear –
I tellin yuh flat
I

see GOD

I see
Moko-jumbie
touch ground &
reach sky

and move on...