

## DEATH OF A STEEL BASSMAN

We know that your heart  
was cake with dirt, and that  
when you beat the big drums  
the black steel bloom of your bass  
was like a big bottom shaking under  
the outskirts of Conway, Marchand,  
Laventille, and you could hear the music  
limping from one note to the other with  
your hands like two gunshots stuck in it leg.  
Hold your *sigawèt of tabak* in your mouth and play  
it like low kind thunder that we can touch,  
like something from down under, bassline  
so free, so low, bass like a big black shadow of sound,  
bass like the deep voice of shade cooling  
down our backs. And we hearing it going on  
and on, without sleeping, without rest, a bassline so restless  
& so long that it sound far when you beat it,  
a bassline so perfect & correct that you feel  
like you have to stand up and greet it,  
so deep sounding like your hands could never reach it,  
so far, so long. We had to let you go, had to  
send you to meet it.