

CANADIAN SUMMER

Hot, hazy, muggy, lazy days. No wind, not so much as a little air to fan the flame.

A hundred fans across the rooms thus blew, none less the heat that drives insane the human minds with twisted dreams of sleepless nights.

*Begrudged the days of winters passed when deep above their knees they Sunk in snow banks,
where lunches crushed when human fell upon their Knees there will submit..*

MY COUNTRY, MY PEOPLE

I was born there. I know her hills and her valleys. I have traveled her shores. I have been sun-drenched upon her beaches and I love them so.

How can I forget thee, O' sweet Jamaica, my Island in the sun?

How can I forget how much of yourself has been sacrificed to nurture your young 'till they flowered and budded like grass upon the hill sides – fresh and green, laid gracefully against the wind.

What can I give in return for your caring, O' Mother of all Islands? What can I do to show my gratitude for your protection against some mighty storms which blew upon your shores?

Now there is a different storm that is threatening your shores and is slowly moving in-land; cultivating fear in your children, from one end of the land to the next.

How can your children grow and prosper when gunmen roam the streets without fear of the law, shooting and looting, robbing and killing. Where is the heavy arm of the law?

Maybe outside help is needed to calm this madness?

Show strength in the law and bring Civility to this small Island nation!

Bring out your armies and the full force of your uniformed men. Let them sweep from corner to corner and exhaust the corrupted ones. It must be done, less the weakness of the law will give strength to lawlessness.

*Do you have a plan, oh sweet Jamaica?
Do you have a plan to combat these streams of violence?
It's time to act, Jamaica; you've done it before.*

Now is the time to build.

THE FAIREST AMONG WOMEN

Look not upon me because I am the poorest of my brothers or because I work the fields.

My features might be rough and my hands not as smooth but my heart is like that of pure gold.

Tell me thou fairest among women; how can I reach your heart - your soul, and your mind, that I might pluck your love from its branches?

Am I not the son of a King? How long will you shun me and starve me?

I cry upon my bed at nights. My sleep dismisses me. I am hardened in Thoughts, for thee I wait.

Tell me, for whom my soul waits; where are thy resting places that I might hang my cot beside your windows to listen to your thoughts as you sleep so peacefully upon your bed of myrrh and sweet odor?

O my love, thou fairest among women; your ways cannot be compared; there is none like you. Your beauty is more splendid than a thousand butterflies in one place.

Your voice drew me.

I will not rest until my lips are glued to yours.

My love.

WHAT IS GREATER THAN FEAR?

What is greater than fear than fear itself?

Fear of life? fear of death?

Fear of height fear of depth?

Fear of the valleys fear of the hills?

Fear of great waters and the swelling thereof?

Just the thought of swimming makes one's heart stop.

Fear of failure? fear of success? Fear of being a loser,

Fear of being the best?

Fear of being tested or putting the mind to the test?

Fear of hard work or hardly working at all?

Fear of the boss when he looks somewhat mad.

Fear of his wife if she looks somewhat sad?

Fear of the darkness? Fear of the light?

Fear of wrong? fear of right?

Fear of peace? Fear of war? Fear of the Air planes?

Even the motor cars?

What is greater than fear That fear itself?

MEK WI LIV IN PEACE NUH

(Jamaican Dialect)

Wat a gwaan a yaad no mek no sense.

People wit dem big lang gun a go from cohna to cohna an' a shoot dung the innocent.

*Look like dem no kno seh life is shart as it is,
a only three score aan ten years God gi man fi live.*

*Suh put up yu guns and yu knives man; save dem fi di birds
an' di animals of di wild*

*Life is no joke ting inno bredda,
even fi yu who suh luv fi pull di triggers.*

*Life, a God's free gift to man yu kno,
Suh, mek wi enjoy it an liv to the max if wi can..*

NUH MEK MI LIK OFF YU HEAD SIDE

(JAMAICA DIALECT)

Waite de, wa yu tink;? yu just walk inna mi place an' just tek wha mi hav?

Man nuh mek mi lik off yu head side!

Git up from moaning, nyam yu belly full.

Smoke yu ganja till yu pap out a laugh.

Yu nuh haffa mi nun. An' mi nuh com a yu place fi rob yu.

But now dat yu empty an yu want a refill yu com fi rob mi of mi hones earnings upon dis ya sed hill.

Look ya nuh, tun 'round an gu back di way yu com from. Go find wok an stay wid it,

Only then yu wi si how sweet life inna dis ya little

Jamaica is gonna be. Because, yu nuh affi brok the law an the Police dem nuh affi trial yu from sunrise 'till sunset.

Jus gwan man! An' nuh mek mi lick off yu head side.

LIFE IS HELL

We were born to love, to hate, to calculate.

We were born to make war and peace – to meditate.

We were born to win, to lose, to be abused.

*We were born to give to take. Make no mistake; life is hell but that's
swell!*

*We were born to live, to die to feel much pain – of such the great thinkers
cannot explain.*

*From dust we came and dust we shall return, whether by water or by fire
we burn.*

*What is life then, if not just a dream. In it we live like the visit to a
stream that evaporates under the heat of the mid-day sun.*

*Life is love and hate,
It gives and it takes,
It shares. Make no mistake;
It is no bed of roses.
Life is hell but that's swell.*