Brother Woman

for Helen Tiffin & Edward Baugh

reggae in new kingston town and half pint
and the end justifies the means and near
the airport families squat in mud holes
under rusted scraps of roof but they paint
the squints of squalor and bob marley lives
but not that silk buffoon that elvis-born-
again impersonator here’s no place
for heroes in the rain: the debt’s dripping blood
and against this age of scourge — star brackets
in a peat sky with a moon pot of gold —
the souls of the slaves possessed cry upsky
their arms of stave stone take aim with assault
poems by mikey smith arse slaps then they
snuff you stranger into god-shock day

SYD HARREX