

## 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