

Namsetoura & the Companion Stranger

For Robt & June Bobb (Brooklyn) . Prudence Layne (Coral Gables) and the *lusa* of CowPastor (Barbados)

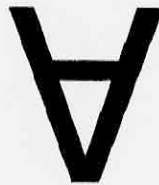
These are w/special horizontal occasions. . .these meetings of Caribbean pioneers thinkers artists worker/activists of metaphor. . .

Want to dedicate this . . .talk(?) . . .to my friend June Bobb. . .and to all the young *doctors* . . .i see here. . .
 [this afternoon]. . .I'm very impress *I am i sounding like Yeats Among Sch
 oolchildren?** w/all of you who are now beginning to shine brightly just below the horizons

And yet - and yet - he begins - he begins - knowing there is no end! - and yet, as he proceeds, we see the thinking at work, the mind working sometimes slowly sometimes painfully but w/increasingly confidence & absorption, into his *oumfô* - because this is what it is - what it becomes - the record of a spiritual journey - despite it all - into the say & security-self of a poet And to tell you the truth, xcept at the rush(ed) & disrupted end - when he'd run out of time <AMAZING> he's heard to xclaim when the *time-up guillotine* is push across to him) I become increasingly proud of the brother as i transcribe what im ave to say. . .]

. . .and things have been happening here all these years which are beginning now [to pay off] to make sense. . . to make us all happy. . .

So to you, June[✱], for the always quiet support. . .
Robert my compañero & guide rapp. out. . .and to you,
Pru[✱]. . .and the young *doctores*. . .this dedication. . .



In the Beginning is the Word and the Word is God -
 Nommo[®] - Tree[®] - Twoom[®] - Marassa[®] - Ogotemmêli[®] -
 Sound. Move. Powvr of Kinesis . and Body Body Bo-
 dy . and the Word is God w/ God but separates from
 the Tree & become(s) a **Companion Stranger**

[What will begin to follow if not flow from here] is my
 thinking on the topic. really. of this Conference: and
 what i'm trying to do. xtending yr terms/concepts/ids
 into from **wound**. . .into **world**. . . thru **womb** (place where the
 web has to find nourishment)/**tomb** (dark burial of the egg(s) of birth. . .hence **twoom**). .
wound. . .**home**. . .**loom**. . . and back (out) into the **wo**
rd or better back ~~into~~ the world (whe the nourishment
 have to mek *sense*)

So in the Beginning is the Word and the Word is
 God - Nommo - Tree - Twoom - Marassa - Ogotemmêli -
 and the Word is w/God but separates from the Tree &
 becomes a **Companion Stranger**

NEGUS PO

[a diff-xiddim version]

it
it
it
it it is not

it
it
it
it is not

it is not
it is not
it is not enough
it is not enough to be free of the red of the red of the red white & blue
of the drag of the dragon

it is not
it is not
it is not enough
it is not enough to be free of the whips principalities & powers
where is your kingdom
of the Word?

it
it
it
it is not

it
it
it
it is not

it is not
it is not
it is not enough
it is not enough to be free
of malarial fevers fear of the hurricane
fear of invasions. crops' drought. fire's blisters upon the cane

it
 it
 it
 it is not

it is not
 it is not
 it is not enough
 to tinkle to work on a bicycle bell
 when hell

crackles & burns in the fourteen-inch scream of the Jap of the Jap of the Japanese-constructed United-Fruit-
 Company-imported hard sell tell tale television set . rhinocerosly knobbed cancerously tubed

it is not
 it is not
 it is not enough
 to be able to fly to Miami
 structure skyscrapers. excavate the moon-scaped seashore sands to build hotels casinos . sepulchres

it is not
 it is not
 it is not enough
 it is not enough to be free
 to bulldoze god's squatters from their tunes from their relics from their tombs of drums

it is not enough
 to pray to Barclays bankers on the telephone
 to Jesus Christ by short wave radio
 to the United States marines by rattling your hip/ bones

i
 must be given words to shape my name
 to the syllables of trees

i
 must be given words to refashion futures like a healer's hand

i
 must be given words so that the bees
 in my blood's buzzing brain of memory

will make flowers will make flocks of birds will make sky will make heaven the heaven open to the thunder-
 stone and the volcano and the unfolding land

it
 it
 it
 it is not

it is not
 it is not
 it is not enough
 to be pause to be hole
 to be void to be silent
 to be semicolon to be semicolony

fling me the stone
 that will confound the void
 find me the rage
 and i will raze the colony
 fill me with words
 and i will blind your God

att
att
attibon

attibon Legba
attibon Legba
ouvri bayi pou' moi
Ouvri bayi pou' moi
 . . .

3

to find god again. . .to recognize god again. . .in
 Himself in Herself in Ijs Messenger(s). . .is the
 enterprize of the alternatives of the Indies**

is the enterprize of the house/hoom/home that we make here this afternoon. to rediscover that divinity. to discover that whirl. . .to discover this world. . .is the enterprize of the Indies. . .

to recognize god (Hw) & to recover [or rather *uncover*] the burden & literature of the Word in which we have to find the language - *and the languages* - in which to write the Word - w/which to write the poetry. . . which will recover the language of the land - the *landuage* - of the landscape. . .its use & beauty. its magical reality. its god its gods (whichever you prefer. depending on how 'theistic' you are) - in which its word/its work becomes a world/the world

4

the conneXion - that's the thing - the connectivity
KB sings

toe bone connected to yu . foot bone
 foot bone connected to yu. ankle bone
 ankle bone connected to yu. leg bone
 leg bone connected to yu. knee bone
 knee bone connected to yu. thigh bone

**bones dem bones dem
 bones dem bones dem**

thigh bone connected to yu. hip bone
 hip bone connected to yu. back bone
 back bone connected to yu. shoulder bone
 shoulder bone connected to yu. neck bone
 neck bone connected to yu. head bone

**bones dem bones dem
 bones dem bones dem**

(i) hys the word of the Lord!



I have a poem here which i write some time ago now
 [1969] call 'Anonse' - want to read that now - because
 Anonse (Anonse) is the *Av* that/(?who) comes most
 closely to me as i begin thinking into yr Project

... begins the poem. . first few lines. . .

with a black snake un-
winking eye
thinking thinking through glass
through quartz

quarries of stony water. . .

6

Ananse/Ananse this peculiar unpreacher¹⁰ - [John Agard, in a valiant sequence of poems - *Webbines* (2000) & passim - has already spotted this - that Ananse because of his Word - Preacher - but w/out the rhetoric: more griot than preacher, tho equally entranced & gifted: the one leading to the other: the one gifting the other & continuing the African presence of NOMMO in the Americas/in the Americasplantation* /fn Ananse in Caribb culture & lit]

- god - powvr - presence of Africa of Ancestral Africa, beautifully transported to the Caribbean/Americas but altered in that subtle MiddlePassage **transcage**¹¹

[the concept transcage - aspect of enslaved transport & therefore also of Atlantical psychological[land]scape; but also <alsoes> repeated here as aloes aspect of hem-stitch & connectivity - the opposite of captivity > a captivity that is in motion <flying/sailing> & in transition; whose borders (the CAGE) are liminal and can be converted into something Other; retaining the druid of course but already possessing another shape/shift spirit/shape - shall we already call this vodoun? . . . in add it shd be noted that the very SHAPE of ananse ijs/self is transcage/transcage]

It therefore very much a part of ourselves & very much a part of our enterprise/enterprise/enterprise of creolization/plurality/multiple representation

[Ananse/Anamse is/comes from/ among the world's most ancient prepersona creation gods: aspect of sunrise & star-rise: sun, star, anima, time, horus, sentient metal, phosphorus, pineapple, omphalos, oumphalous, symbolic consciousness (consciousness represented in/by these symbols/meanings)

ingendered threshold-sexed (plant/animal()) like the amoeba of which ijs also is representative). space capsule

for multiple representation see jazz vodoun santeria (generally), KB's *MR* (2002), Joel James Figarola - *Sobre dioses y muertos [On the gods & the dead]* (Santiago de Cuba 1989) - the concept of spiderAnanse as space capsule takes us into *Missile & Capsule* (Bremer 1982) which is part of an even nother story

7

Ananse. . . who stars/stares [out from] those little crevices of the house. . . [esp of the poor but transcending class & gender & race & esp transcending & therefore subversively plantation gender & class]. . .

*is amazing what this god does. . . we don't recognize him easily - ASPECT OF DIVINE DISGUISE - we so too often forget/unrecognize him/her. . . overlook the is. . . for the sake of material 'advantage' . even, shall we say, for aesthetic & custodial 'tidiness. . . (and so) we often kill/try kill the hwa. . . try sweep him/her/is OUT. . . the way as you know - succeeding. . . even unto Bruce in Gaelic Scotland. . .*⁴⁶ [see epigraph for some of the various 'Bruces' in the world]

And everywhere we find Anonse/Anonse we kno that
we are home . ijs net a quivering boom

8

The Anonse poem

with a black snake un-
winking eye
thinking thinking through glass
through quartz

quarries of stony water .
with a doll's liquid graze. crystal
his brain green. a green chrysalis
storing leaves

memories trunk up in a dark antic
he stumps up the stares
of our windows he stares. stares
he squats on the tips

of our language
black burr of conundrums
eye corner of ghosts. ancient his-
tories

he spins drum-
beats. silver skein
webs of sound through the villages

Tacky hear him
 & Louverture
 all the hung. ry dumb-belly chieftains

who spit
 their death into the ground:
 Goave. Port-au-Prince. Half Moon Fox villages

dead lobster-pot crews
 wire. red sea shells. coconut trees' hulls nodding skulls
 black iron bells. clogg(ed)
 no clamour of noon on the man-

grove shore

Now the poor hang you up in the ceiling
 their brooms cannot reach yr hush corner
 and you sit w/ the dust. desert's rainfall of soot
 plotting a new fall from heaven

threading
 threading
 the moon
 moonlight stories

yr full mouth agape
 a black pot
 grinning
 grinning

round fire that boils in yr belly
 waloboa wood words
 eyes. fireflies. sparks. ve've
 crashing coals' waterfalls

grey asher arouse
 old men's ghosts
 cinders
 burnt memoxies' eyes alive in the hot hut

flesh
 curling silver
 revealing their shadows of meaning
 as the god stares down

black beating heart of him breathing
 breathing
 consuming our wood
 and the words of our houses

black iron-eye eater. the many-eye maker
 creator
 dry stony world-maker word-breaker
 creator. . .

in the yard the dog bark at the stranger

Avr 165-67; rev May 96 May 02

This is a poem which contains or rather begins a sequence which contains. for the first time in our literature - but i don't really need to tell you critics these things - nearly all the African gods of the Caribbean[Ⓜ]

[note on KB's work - the poems & 'Gods of the Middle-passage' (CXXI:4 (1982)) and some of the other work since then. esp Edua Sutherland's work (Ghana). Salkey's *Anancy's Score* (1973). Olive Senior. *Gardening in the Tropics* (1994); above all the pioneer (if problematic) masterpiece* [see KB's 'Helen & the tempest-nègre; CXXIII:1 (1984 pub 1987) continues to be René Depestre. *Arc-en-ciel pour l'occident chrétien* (1967)/*A rainbow for the Christian West* (trans 1972. 1977)]

And what's most noticeable is the *Avuls* strangeness - unfamiliarity to us. really - *that sensation of the spirit-world that has that effect on the surface of the skin to begin with* - hence my **Stranger Companion(s)** -

because we've lost the sense of origin - **ORIGINATI-
ON** - this is what i mean by *companionship* - like the recognition of sea-wind blowing in yr
face - its smell - its inexplicable oumfö - of these gods/our Anæ So that my
Anæse - appearances of African æ'æ' at least in anglo
phoCaribb literature - are greeted w/alarm and the stutt-
ering/guttural language of surprise anxiety fear & alarm
(not yet ~~alarm~~) [for *alan* see KB's on Carnival - 'The da(r)ms of God'. (CJ6:3&4 (1990)); also my 'Af pres in
Caribb lit' (*Dardaks*:103:2 (1974); *Roots* (1986, 1993)) where i observe some of the unease & anxiety]

We are a people who have been separated. in a stra

nge way - see *the deep amnesiac blow* of DW's 'Middle Passage' poem²² [in contrast to OW here.
of Wilson Harris & Aubrey Williams - both Guyanaese - is this a factor? - who in their work are v/much engaged w/what Williams
calls the 'primordial'. Harris *kanzima* - stranger companion(s)] from these primeval forces.
The god ijs/self - certainly in the anglican Caribbean/Americas -
has been transmuted - in a sense *alternated* - even *adulterated* -
from the 'original'; and therefore we are often *scared* by
their sacred disguises - *those scars of alteration* - and react
badly - often 'ignormally' - to the various guises - often

'ordinary' often 'everyday' often cripple (like w/E[egua]) &
apparently margin- alized (like Ananse) - of the godhead

The *Au* might well be in this room now. busy among
you. sitting at yr table. chatting beside you or perhaps
(very likely) ignored from the conversation - eating
crumbs - who knows - I kno *Au* who have been refuse
(d) plates - eating some of the biscuits i see left - because
that person might not have seemed to you to have the
kind of right or bright charisma you wd xpect to find
at a Conference of this level - and *Au* voices. as you
know. are not famous for their resonance and/or Bang
& Olfson quality

but still their presence creates an absence which we
seek to fill



poem: for the land has lost the memory

For the land has lost the memory of the most secret places

We see the moon but cannot remember its meaning
A dark skin is a chain but it cannot recall the name

of its tribe. there are no chiefs in the village

The gods have been forgotten or hidden
a prayer poured on the ground with water

with rum. will not bid them come

back. Creation has burn to a spider
it peeps over the hills with the sunrise

but prefers to spin webs in the trees

The sea is a divider. it is not a life-giver
Time's river. the islands are the hump

-backs of mountains. green turtles
that cannot find their way. volcanoes

are voiceless. they have shut their red eyes
to the weather. the sun that was once a doom of gold to the Arawaks

is now a flat boom in the sky

Islands (1969)/The Arrivants (1973), p164. This passage immediately precedes KB's Ananse poem

9

So this is the Project: the nature of the *AN* - the nature of Anamse our present 'subject' (!). How do we begin to recover these things (*Burdens*'i said earlier) which are so essential to our 'usness' in every personal psychic & cultural sense?

[* these ideas - 'burden' and 'usness' are explored in some detail in the OS '4th traveller' (*Dream-stories* <1994>) and even more so in the new rev version hopefully forthcoming in *DSP*]

To begin to 'understand' (i wd say 'interstann') the workings the runnings the DNA the dynamics of this consideration. we've got to begin w/ (the concept of) NAM

word
 sound
 soul
 song
 energy
 at (in this case)
 the heart & heart of
 Anamse -
 ANAMse

10

(The) Book of Nam

man to slave - to unman to nothing - no man - noman - social death (un-
nman/noman = nam) - the alteration of MAN into its opp (& disguise) NAM

nam a condition which is like *negative sound*: - a door closing on you - yr
imagination slam shut shout shit/down shit/done - w/a dark yet ironless sound

KB hums *nammmmm*

until you have nothing left in the darkness - no vibration no (apparent) hope
- negative capability - (but yet - look/feel! - *capability*) - for still - look/feel
even more closely - NAM is composed of three phonemic powvrs - N A M - the
precious/sacred A/Alpha - protected by two intransigent boulders of consonants
- continents (almost - in themselves) - undoors

KB hums

N & M
N A M
NAM

w/nam itself meaning spirit - but more than spirit - irreducible spirit - the
knot nut core kernel - from which the NOMMO - culture - speaks - *screams* - at
which it has no other option than defence or xtinction/death - and NAM
cannot conceive of that & therefore finds/seeks/devises strategies of survival

Hence the importance/significance of the vision: that when the African now
slave approaches the NewWorld. he/she loses their NAME. ok?

that NAME that as you no is at the centre of what we're talking about -
identity - the well-spring & well-being of it & the threat to that in the circum

staunches the circumspection - lost (*endangered*) prosperity of equilibrium -
almost unto the Word - the Nommo - the cosmos itself

-

uttar

-

slave here is faced w/total obliteration not of body - that remains - that is
FUEL CELL OF PROTEIN - but of spirit/culture - shell of control - what
Prospero/Miranda aim(s) to do - primitive cannibalistic instinct of culture-clash
- is **EAT** the victim - in our case the **NAME**

Name becomes NAM(e)

the easiest (unprotected) part is taken first - the twiggly (e) - yr decorative(s)
- that succulent tail at the end of the personality of yr name

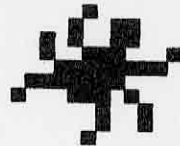
nam(e)

But w/the (e) gone. the (residual) personalityNommo becomes paradoxically (&
paradoxically only if you don't kno about the process of NAM) & potentially
stronger

NaM rather than Nam(E)

and it's w/*this reduction* - *maronage* - that the attacked & enslaved culture
begins its resistance/return - in WestChristian missilic terms its resurrection.
in *nam* terms we don't think/speak this way at all. w/ *nam* you return
certainly *to/towards nam* (as all cultures do/as all cultures at least attempt) -
to the *reNaM(ed)* - the *renew(ed)*. But whereas w/the missilic the trajectory is
conceived of and carried out in praxis as an outward/upward hierarchically
inclined movement (*overstanding*). in *nam* terms renewal is essentially in-
ward(s) - towards the centre - spider - *oumfô* and one doesn't 'break out' into
victorious LIGHT - one reconnects - thru possession - w/immanent - inNAMent
illumination

interstanding
Sycorax - kalunga - the Iwr - the icon of the



Nam Poem (1)

but

muh

muh

muh

me mudda

mud

black fat

-soft fat man-

ure

kukoo

-cook-

in pot herb

wollaboa wood

-eve-

nin time smoke

sleep

sleep

rest

II History of NAM

So shall we say shall we out it this way - [this being a quote from an Efan Sutherland's *unanzese* 'Forewa'] that sometime c1776 on the Caribbean Plantation, comes the opportunity for the revitalization of ~~nam~~. following of course ijs Middle Passage ~~transoceanic~~ (see p~~xxxxx~~ above & passim) - at the time, that is, of the first effects of the American Revolution on the creole plantation colonies - the dislocation of the first EuroAmerican mercantilist empire in which/at which there is not only a sudden imbalance of security - EuroAmerican being no longer a 'total colony' w/all material vectors (certainly the economic & macro-political) in place; but into a new dispensation w/Independence, resulting in an imbalance of trade, markets & food-supply

Until American Independence Prospero/Miranda was/were totally in charge, and the mercantilist arrangement (t) was that there shd be specialization - *xtreme specialisation* - of production esp on the most profitable segment of the economy - *the sugarcane-producing tropical plantations* - to such a degree that only sugarcane wd be produced - monopolistically - in the area. Not even FOOD was to be grown on the plantations. It took up TIME & it took up SPACE. It cd be produced & xported quite effectively, it was argued, in/from the northern colonies - making them - willynilly - stronger/better nourished/more diversified - factors that wd in fact lead quite natur/ally to their independence. But then the northern colonies were kith & kin (to the Mo Country) [this is also the case in the Caribbean of course, but in NA the numbers are so much higher - if not yet the profits] and this must/most certainly have been a factor of consideration & allowance - tho. in the same book, it prob was not assumed that there wd be less than continuing loyalty & intermission from them

On the Plantation. external food production was part, indeed, of a much more complex interweave of strategies

Not only a device to earn more/max money ref sugar; but by having food external to the plantation, it was, in the Shakespearean sense, also an exclusion of music, if you see what i mean; an atrophication and censorship of the 'gentle' (?!!) and nourishing art(s) of cultivation and by extension of culture

But above all - brilliant machiavellian discovery of CONTROL - a way to monitor and delimit the slaves' strength/energy/protein intake/DIET. So that on the slave plantations, one reason why there are relatively - *but only relatively* - few effective slave revolts in the period before 1776, for example, is because the slaves - w/out their own food-plots, just didn't have enough time/energy left over to PLOT the regime far less rebel it. That maronage was comparatively successful at this time is for the same reason - Maroons at least had control over

their own food space & supply and above all their
DIET

The slaves, on the other hand, were reduce(d) to this
carefully rationed NAmerican intake of (weeble)rice.
(mouldy)meal & (maggot)meat (thank Zakka we were or had become >perforce< practising
vegetarians)

Supplies that take sailing time to arrive (quantity quality & supply
at all times dependent on NAmerican conditions (luckily most times free of drought & hurricane); also
on politics pirates & prices) and then, on arrival, on customs, ware
housing, collection & transp to the estates were again
there are very careful regulations & customs lay down
for the giving out esp of MEAT - the key source of
protein-control. Slaves in fact - xcept for the head ones
- the elite - 'ethiopes authorized' - were to receive meat
only on Christian public holidays and - as a special
important psychological bonus - on the monarch and
master's b/day(s). And even then, by the time the meat
reached the slave quarters, it had been converted - had
been converted long ago in fact - to the crawling white
ness of maggots - which the slaves had no problem dealing w/ - fried flying-ants fried
maggot(s) - a better source of protein (no doubt unknown to surveillance Ariel) than the 'leaders' that the
meat represents

But all this changes dramatically w/and after 1776. Be-
 cause w/the successful North American Revolution &
 Independence. there is immediate disruption of the mer-
 cantilist system w/all its 'global' arrangements (now be-
 come estrangements); resulting in alarming and widesprea
 (d) starvation throughout the (Br) plantations unto the
 threat of the collapse of the System. and so the momen-
 tous decision was taken - see for xample the Jamaica Acts of 1781 regularizing
 the introduction of yam (1776) ackee (1778) mango (1782) the breadfruit (1786) etc - to per-
 mit/allow/encourage - *legatize* in fact - the growing of
 slave food by slaves w/land (PLOTS!) and *time*
 (weekends) provisioned for this [note the diversification of skills this now involves. .]

And the staple food that's decided on - serendipity if ever there
 is such a thing - is **YAM** - the sacred & beneficent food of
W Africa that all those years had been *sycoraxed* [for the

concept of Sycorax in KB's work. see for xample. 'Letter Sycorax' (in *Middlepassages* 1992, 1993); 'The Dream Sycorax Letter' in *Black Renaissance Noir* 1 (1996); and *passim* inc *MR: Magical Realism* (2002). for the effect of the NAM Rev on the Br Caribb. see KB. *The dev of creole soc* in *Ja* (1971). for Yam & the effect of its Intro. see the rev *Dev of creole society* (hopefully forthcoming) Ian Randle. Kyn.

Jamaica) for a List of some Yam Names. see App 1] **as ballast in the belly of the slaveship
 coffins & *tumbazos***

But as soon as YAM - the first yam-vine the first yam-hill the first sweetyam - appears on the plantation, so does the slave revolution/culture-based slave insurrections in impressive number & frequency in the S Domingue/ Haiti (1792-1803) Barbados (1816) Jamaica (1831/32)** [see Appendix 2 for KB's

Slave Yam-Rebellion List]: **YAM-NYAM-NAM-NYAME-ONYAME**
NAME (again)-**ANAMSE** and so back to **MAN**

Nam Poem (cont)

muh
muh
me mudda
mud

doan like who she see
she doan like e

she doan like e
at all
she doan light e

she is wa/wa/wash she is watch e
she is spit right into e all-seein eye
that she draw wid she toe pun

de grounn

an she spitefin an spitefin
she spitefin an spittfin
she curses upon him
wid de sharkest toot a she tongue

-

the man who possesses us all
who brek de heart a she husbandn hann

who wreck de lann a me faddah
doan possess we at all

she is tell muh

-

e di go
e go di
e go dead

she is tell muh

e go day
e go dog
e go dead

she is tell muh
ma ma ma
she is tell muh

ma ma man
she is tell muh
ma ma man . she is tell muh

say man
she is tell muh
say man

she is tell muh
say man say mounding say mounding

-

but	say
ogrody says	dog
say i	say
say i	sick
not me	say
not man	good
not mudda.	say
i	god
say	say
i	wick
ogrody says	ogrody says
say	say
i	whip
not	say
eye	i
globe seeing word blue priest green voodoo	ogrody says
doctor	say
say	i
i	say
am yr world	i
you must not break	say
it	i
quick	ogrody says
ogrody says	say
say	aei
stick	-

but
 me muh
 me muh
 mud
 me mudda
 brek
 de word
 she eat it like cheese
 like curl milk
 like yellow bread
 an she te an she tee an she teach mih
 dat de worl risin in de yeast
 wid red wid cloud wid mornin
 mist
 wid de eye: ron of birds
 -
 but
 look
 ogrady says
 look lock
 ogrady says
 lock bar bolt rivet
 & throw away the prison

say lack
 ogrady says
 say key
 ogrady says
 key quai kais sky ogrady says
 & darken your derision
 say i
 ogrady says
 say i say i say ice
 ogrady says
 not cool ogrady says
 say kill
 not keel
 ogrady says
 say ship say whip
 not sheep ogrady says
 say kill
 sails future wreck plantations greening
 say scream
 ogrady says
 eye cannot dream
 ogrady says
 say hit say hot say pot
 say rot ogrady says say rot
 say right say white say wrong
 say strong ogrady says not

song

say trip say trap say sit
ogrody says say shit

say pain say blame say cane
say name

ogrody says
not me not muh not mudda.

drain
ogrody says say name

say run ogrody says say shame
say sun say flame say bramble

i come
ogrody says

to strangle you main
in de grounn

-
but

muh
muh
mud
me mudda.

coo like she coo like she cook an she cumya to me pun de grounn

like she lik mih

like she lik me wid grease like she grease mih
she cum to me years like de yess off a leaf an she issper
she cum to me years an she purr like a puss an she ecssper

she lisper to me dat me name what me name dat me name
is me main an it an is me own an lion eye mane
dat whinner men tek yu an ame - dem is nomminit diffrent an non
so mandingo she yessper yu nam

ku late
 quies ogrady
 high year what she yell yuh
 an i tekkin ya number down on i plate
 mek i tell yuh
 i learn says ograde wha she bell yuh

but sez' doan wann no ooma nor congolese mudda to hell i in hya
 leh me quell yuh

so is i
 says ogrady

say i says ogrady
 say i says ogrady

*let eye like to de want wuh yuh me mek
 egnaw mek wuh me me wuhm yo say mek*

so quick says ogrady say stick
 says ogrady

stick likkin & warrikin trix
 leff a erik in me nik & ogrady stick brek

—

but wot about wog stars shoutin ogrady
 wow wow wow wog hows ogrady

*dog dink in e bank but down like mek. ogrady
 wog hok*

but i sharp says ogrady say sick or i run a stark plimpler or root
 in ya stomache an yu slippin an yella an hobble

*mek mek wuhk ogrady
 wuhm yo kick me up an still tickin*

so whip says ogrady shay whip says ogrady
 clip a nigger switch from de tamarind tree an a wreck you in two
 when a weddy

but i cut off me back an i make black up an back i down like yo ogrady

-

so i *knaf* you
 (ogrady)

i diggin you coffin blox black in de brown an a livvin you dead
 in de grounn

-

but me head head ogrady
 an me down give a damn

me back to me belly
 an me down dead sandy

back to back belly to belly
 dan dang dead in de grounn

-

an

e
 nomminit
 nomminit
 nomminit

an

e

nomminit
 nomminit
 nomminit

lame me black
 lame me blue
 lame me poopapadoo

lame me nig
 lame me nog
 lame me boobabaloo

but e nvva know what me main

an

e

nomminit
 nomminit
 nomminit

an

e

nomminit
 nomminit
 nomminit

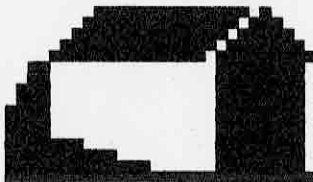
but e nvva main what me mudda me name an e nvva nyan
 what me mane



*back to back belly to belly
 all down give a dynam
 all down dead sandy*

*back to back
 belly to belly*

all down dead in the ground

SPEI  GHST



To build the perfect Nommo/Equilibrium the African
the Ancestral the Maroon home towards *sumb' boom* .
one must (most) become Ananse Ananse spider: your
futurepost within your present poet

I leave home - young (kites, playing on the beach, swimming, Colly, Bobob, the first casuarina poems - see **Golokwati**)
- go to Cambridge England. . .and there I convert my (limited but intense) sense of
home (native) to the notion/nation of 'Citizen of the World' - not knowing
then that this 'World' that i wish/try to enter was/wd be for me a false one
- aspect/result of false consciousness [DuBois, Fanon etc - tho i don't kno anything about these avatars yet] -
resulting in unnature unnative - *unbuttoned unbuttoned & undone* - [see KB's OS 'The
Professor', hopefully forthcoming in OS (2) w/new Directions, New York] - not the world of my MA granmotha's
ananse [see KB's 'Ancestors (2)' in *Islands* (1969), *Ancestors* (2001)] - nur the Citizen of MySelf (even tho
Lamming's *In the castle of my skin* (1953) is to appear at this time. . .)

So I don't 'succeed' - as result of this 'false' - in making any self-impression - *grain
dation* - in this England climate of the self (even tho i retain - i realize now [see **Golokwati** (2003)]
enough of what little Little Bajan i had absorb(ed) to be an *Other Kib*[see **Other Exiles** (London 1976)] rather than the Emigrant of
Lamming's second (1954) sense. . .)

So having 'failed' England(!) - (I'm not the writer I had hoped to be in London like Naipaul & Lamming & Selvon &
Mittelholzer) and not (yet/then) wishing to return to what I (still then) visualize as the

philistine Caribbean >Home< is still imagine(d) as a place whe you have to work hard - too hard. whe you can't get publish - indeed whe nobody - not even the p/closest to you - xcept yr Mother - is intress'd in yu as a writer. A desert not dezert and therefore to be deserted - see *Golokwati* . .)

I try Other (parts of) the World of which I still see myself as Citizen - Ceylon (not yet Sri Lanka) Jerusalem Saudi Arabia - and end up. to cut a long short story short - in the Gold Coast/Ghana on the eve of Kwame Nkrumah's Independence

**and in the beginning is the Word
& the Word is my de-education
& the discovery - recognition really - of**



**and in the course of Uncle Time
an increasingly sense of native**

[see *Masks* (1968)/*The Arrivants* (1973) *Barabajan Poems* (1994) *Golokwati* (2003)]

So today I recapture the islands!
 bright beaches. blue mist from the ocean
 rolling into the fishermen's houses .
 By these shores I am born. sound of the sea
 come in at my window. life breathe and heave
 in me then with the strength of that turbulent soil

Since then I have travel(ed). move(d) far from the beaches
 sojourned in stoniest cities. walking the lands of the north
 in sharp slanting sleet and the hail
 crossed countless saltless savannas and come
 to this house in the forest where the shadows oppress me
 and the only water is rain and the tepid taste of the river

We who are born of the ocean can nvr seek solace
 in rivers. their flowing runs on like our longing
 reproves us our lack of endeavour & purpose
 proves that our striving will founder on that .
 We resent them this wisdom. this freedom. passing us
 toiling. waiting and watching their cunning declension down to the sea

But today I would join you. travelling river
 borne down the years of your patientest flowing
 past pains that would wreck us. sorrows arrest us
 hatred that washes us up on the flats .
 and moving on through the plains that receive us
 processioned in tumult. come to the sea

Bright waves splash up from the rocks to refresh us
 blue sea-shells shift in their wake
 and ~~there~~ is the thatch of the fishermen's houses. the path
 made of pebbles. and look!
 small urchins combing the beaches
 look up from their traps to salute us
 they remember us just as we left them

The fisherman hawking the surf on this side of the reef
 stands up in his boat & halloos us
 a starfish lies in its pool .
 and gulls. white sails slanted seaward. fly into the limitless morning before us

[KB. 'South' rev from *The Arrivants* (1973) pp57-58]

but i return to find/my Mother & my father

alive



and to write them *Mother* (1977) & *Sun Poem* (1982)

But I return to find Jack
Kennedy invading Cuba
black

riots in Aruba
and Trinidad refusing thirsty US marines water
For selfishness. when young. played on the floor

with soldiers. the mind's Napoleons with dirty hands
and selfishness. no longer young. still
on the floor with soldiers

but now our islands' leaders
clever caught democracy of laymen preachers lawyers pupil teacher teachers
typists skilled hospital porters

each in his Walter Mitty world a wild
Napoleon with dirty hands. each blind
to that harsh light and vision that had once consume(d) them

eager now. ambitious
anxious
that their single-minded fames should rise up uncorrupted from the foundry flames

of time's unblemish brasses
while the
supporting poor. famish upon their simple politics of fish and broken bread

begin to catch their royal asses
denuded into silence like the stones
where their shackles sit

which their picks hit
where beaten spirits. trapp in flesh
bitter the landscape with our broken homes

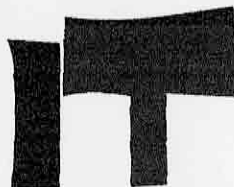
[KB. 'O dreams O destinations'. *Nights of Passage* (1967)/*The Arrivants* (1973. rev 2003) pp60-61]

12+

From i return
to the Caribbean (in 1962) -
year of Independences*

and 25 years Back Home
(to 1986) -
the beginning of the
-Time of Salt-

we strive to build a home
 a boom at Irish Town*



>Bamboo Poem/flute(s)<

*is when the bamboo from its clip of yellow groan and wrestle
 begins to glow and the wind learns the shape of its fire*

*and my fingers following the termites drill
 find their hollows of silence . shatters of echoes of tone*

*that my eyes close
 all along the wall . all along the branches . all along the world*

*and that that creak and spirits walking these graves of sunlight
spiders over the water . cobwebs crawling in whispers over the stampen green*

find

*from a distance so cool it is a hill in haze
it is a fish of shadow along the sandy bottom*

*that the wind is following my footsteps
all along the rustle all along the echoes all along the world*

.

*and that that stutter i had heard in some dark summer freedom
startles and slips from fingertip to fingerstop
into the float of the morning into the throat of its sound*

.

*it is a baby mouth but softer than the suck it makes
it is a hammock sleeping in the woodland
it is a hammer shining in the pearl*

of shade

*it is the kite ascending chord and croon and brighter screamer
it is the cloud that curls to hide the eagle
it is the ripple of the stream from bamboo*

choir

*it is the ripple of the stream from blue
it is the gurgle pigeon dream the ground dove coo
it is the sun approaching midday listening its splendour*

it is your voice alight w/ echo . w/ the birth of sound

13

**AND THEN
IN A CRUEL
CAREER
OF CATASTROPHE**

**SIX -
YEARS OF
EVERY
TWO
YEARS
THE BROEKEN
MIRROR**

**I LOSE ALL I LOVE I
HAVE I TRIE FOR -
THE MUSE _ BELOVED
1986**

(see the *Zea Mexican Diary* (1993))

**THE IT HOME
1988**

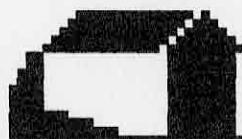
destruye in the great Gilbert Hurricanes

(see *Shar. Hurricane Poem* (1990))

and my own life on a stormy Xango midnight when the Marley Manor catch
whe I'm staying. is broken into by three gunmen of the apocalypse and a bullet
tunnelled thru the back of my skull right thru the font of my imagination.

1990

(see *Trench Town Rock* (1994) and *ConVERSations with Nathaniel Mackey* (1999))



at this point i'll not/can/not go on into details of this
 xperientalist/its effect upon the i - how my writin hand
 - psalms of the mind once open w/love w/leaves - those
 bamboo flut(s) - wind that sometimes went beyond
 wood words to the very edge of sound -
 gone now now hard & crusade & cold. blind & deaf &
 dumb. like stone. my fist that use to write. a stone. like
 unlove(d) stone. like unlive(d) stone . and think(s)
 perhaps it will nvr again be able to produce poems -
 cul-de-stack - full-stop - ~~hais clos~~ - a fatal close
 & closure



- and how i leave the Caribbean - seeking as i call it -
a blue bath of balm. of healing

and end up in New York City far far away from home

[what an unexpected echo of McKay Sunday 29 June 2003 @ 2:02 of midnight]

and it seems the hope of *hoom* - the spiders
of unanise

- how i discover. in a glimmer of light. the first
sing/ sign IO. the new spider - the computer's curse/r.
son & seion Sycorax

(see 'Letter Sycorax' in *MiddlePassages* (1992 1993))

- how i begin writing these **downstories**

[since 1989. *DS* (1994) 'writing in light' - the new frontier of the font]

- how the heal slowly touches my imagination
- there is a peeling off and peeling in -
at last again *Aux* and new muses/healers

-

Xāngo cyaan go no far
 -tha. all winter long he store the sounds you hear now in these man
 -dolins. all through the cold hard dark he labour for this light

& now he find it on im lip. he blow the fflute he string im lute
 im rise & go again looking for his Oya of the after
 -noon . im rose im pain the pale flame of im sunset in the west

-em tree

She sits now in the harmattan. surrendering to all this green
 . heed
 -less of headlong papers toddlers marijuana pushers lovers

she cannot ever quite ig. nore inside this Park

but even now if you look closer. beyond the book
 she's murmur
 -ing. beyond the canefields of the hair she's still up

-braiding in the mirror
 she is canvassing beyond the language of the summer's
 clock. work warm & curl she's bearing to the water

you will already see the shadowes

even by the lakeside
 even by the fountain
 even by the footfall

even by the cart
 thats selling snowball ice-cream sky-juice pindar coca
 cola

even within the broadcast service of the cedar breeze
 the black & wayside tables plying chess
 even w/in the holocaust of hot minetta bushes' memories
 of streams. even within the deepest brocade russets of her dream



each year upon this longest day. lover of leaf-light
 golden beyond zodiac. emerald in pisces. indigo in platinegro
 when he feel most strongest. most certain. most lion. most light-
 ning. most royal. most ra. sheen. most àxé. most Xangô

when she's most loyal jasmine
 most crest & silver-
 shed. most mellow full moon rising crowded

there will be this cloud. these towers
 this sudden colour downfall cold & pouring . bright & fading
 each year upon this longest day . these lovers

- how
- to come to the end/not the end of this story -
- this miracle moment again in Barbados -
- TymeBottom - Cowpasture - CowPastor -
- at the moment of millennium

2000

- how it gives me at last this Sweet Windperson poem
- like the return of IT's lost 'fflute(s)'

***This sweet
windperson 
poem***

for Dream Chad and Mary Morgan Brathwaite

This sweet air comes from a long sweet time so ago so ago before scissors before tractors
& wheels before horses
are tamed & cattle are penned
in this ramshackle brown by the airport

it comes from the sweet lands of Africa
 crossing Atlantic w/ spiders & egrets & coconuts & thin tendrils plants on the slavetrade wind of the
 harmattan

it comes from how the land is sweet here. as a result of all these long ancient pressures of our
 coral times. lime
 -stone & sweetlime & loam

like a dark butter for green grasses of aroma
 - how the sweet scent of the sugarcane comes down the wide shallow valleys into our yards into
 the wide open rooms
 of our houses

This sweet air comes w/ the white birds of seaweed

& the blackbirds of tune
 -less & the sudden clatter of parakeets & the quick peck

-ing of sparrows
 & these little blue chips that at dawn sing like raindrops
 or water of a sweet thought down the long throat of a bottle

- how you remember this sound from Browns Beach
 - the green bottle in yr hand yr head down under
 the water & sinking - all yr heavy body drifting slowly glowing

down down towards the sand & the bottle singing
 w/you in yr hand & blinking w/ stars
 & this sweet sound of the dawn bird filling it down

This sweet wind confirms all these memories

w/ how it is present at this corner by the shop and the gas sta-
 tion - how it comes from the hills - the long rising lines

of ancient beaches into terraces
 & the landscape of the future growing up towards us from Harrismith from Congo Bay from
 Chancery Lane

when Margaret Gill sees all this as she sits sewing words
 & Indrani her Malayalam neighbour
 sets up her palette of paints for her NCF mural at RockDundo

as dreams from the sea drift up over the old sea-egg Silver Sands coast rounding South Point &
 the white waves
 of Oistins. the breakers coming in from blue distance

onto the bright powder silica beaches where the dunes
 are. their power curling their sound into silence. their mist drifting inward into our mangrove &
 seagrape

& the blue spotted cactus & noo-noo
 & the unpainted wooden houses we have built along this shoar

to catch this silence of sound to breathe this sweet air
 to smile w/ it. shoring it up. as it were. grow greater w/ it into the green & blue

where the sunlight unlocks. where the flowers are
 & the bees playing all this attention to their fix
 -ed favourite colours

& the slow certain dance of the ants
 who prefer their long black slightly trembling line
 of silhouette & that fine instant fizz of them this morning

when they are not
 dead or disturbed. devouring what has been left from the fall
 of a fruit or the lipstick of blossom or the splash of some passion

and when i look up again the world is like a tuning fork
 the itself of its memory receding ceeding ceeding
 into its own sound its so certain & purpose & real &

This sweet wind which is here so long before we born
 so long even before we ever come here. before we loss
 the names of the lannscape
 . on this Sunday morning of silence & worship

when we can still hear the old dour churchbells high up
 in the toss of their steeples ringing
 at their certain times certain times certain times angelus

Watch how the birds fly up high & wheel
 away from the bronze iron sound even tho they have heard it before everyday & for centuries

like in S Marco in the steep solitudes of the Andes and Lhasha
 the deep tones as if coming out
 of wells. like the opposite of being drowned. falling up

-ward. full of free & sweet air. stars. trees so amazingly green
 in yr ears. their tangles their crystal clear branches
 these churchyards sleeping in the sun where the wooden

stalls of their helmet-shape bells
 - cast in brass cast in bronze cast in iron - are
 like at St Leonards like at St Clements in St Lucy

like at St Margarets overlooking Martins Bay
 wthe rope & the little gate & the triangle top
 nvr yet they say blown down in a hurricane
 my half-blind cousin Daddy O'Grady Elizabeth O'Neale

muse & musician violinist organist & organizer at All Saints
 wthe sweetest voice in the world in her throat
 dark woo-dove of contraltocello coming down the hill

from the Maynards curve & the corner down Ben Hill
all the way down
it is twenty minutes she takes in the hot sun after the service

is over but she comes floating down singing aloud to her
-self and her saviour
w/ her ivory

chaplet & hymnbook in that then silence of Sunday
& the shak-shak in shadows of gold waiting for her at the door
of her father's unpainted carpenter shop

closed now because it is Sunday
so she goes round to the back. up that slow rocky pathway be-
-tween our two houses & forever homes that the Government

now intends to make into a new road & highway to link M&O
w/ the new housing estates of Fairfield, Indian Ground
& Mt Brevitor where all that time ago. now almost pass(ed)

me & my sister like Wordsworth & his
(is there yet not a local literary convention a great literary convention here?)
discover this path up this hill where only silk grasses grow

at this time
& reaching the top we could see Newstead
& the wide red-roofs of the Vicarage & beyond that & its trees

the differently sweet sweet wind from the sea
sea-grape & canejuice mixed w/ the scent
of the growing grass and the sea itself distant & blue & flat

-ering

and we running already into the future
where we are heading already thru the fat valley of canes
in the hollow below us

towards the everlasting highlands
of the Brevitor hills w/ their scarred white sacred
limestone faces where they say in the village

there's a place name Brevitor's Cave out there

but nobody valorous to show us or don't have no time
& we find it ourselves one hot morning w/ Fillmore
running up the path along the cliff

-face & looking looking looking up until high
up where there is no
path

the dark open face of the adit we climb up. as if we were climb
-ing down water as many years later
I climb up again w/ DreamChad

but by then it was lost
we were out
of that frame & wd nvr find that secret again

as we had when we was young in those green glorious
tracks down the hill w/ my sister
her eyes wide & clear sweating softly under her round panama

hat w/ the elastic under her chin which my aunts say she had
to wear when she **runnin bout in de broilin hot-sun**
and i think they say I had was to wear my black felt cap too

**nvr yr bare slack shiny ball-headed plate out in god's
heaven**

and we find the cave & its huge
self. w/ the bats high up in the dark of the shelves & the ceiling
& the cracks of light like some un

-hewn & wonderful cathedral . the festoons of candelabra
 & the green like cobwebs in the limestone
 corners . & the damp

echo or sometimes no
 echo at all in our voices
 -w/something here much much bigger than we had ever known

before - beyond even ballroom or church or St Michael's cath
 -edral - that kind of interior size
 - as if we wasn't any longer in our island

at all or down in Mile & Quarter from school & on holidays
 as if we was somethings&somewhere else altogether
 the poem turning into a dreamstorie of forever

even as i write it
 this way. w/so little regular hundred metres or rhyme(s)
 but w/ sort-of margins & lines

so that its wide
 underground riddim can capture some of what hides
 here in the dark as it happens all at once

thru so many different & at the same time time
 -tumblings & simultaneous
 space-palaces - the world of whirl & interface of memories

we call 'writing a poem'
 . and when we come back out of the cave
 this will remain w/ us all our Brevitor lives

where all our friends are & our loved ones & our parents
 - back there w/all of us in that strange special place
 of our island already losing sight of it

-self w/this building of houses this building building of houses
 & the white access angelus roads of death
 so that already. as i say. me & DreamChad cdn't find it

that NewYears Day morning before we get marréd
 high up above Time at the Old Windmill
 on that OrangeHill ridge. maybe even higher than Brevitor

- and tho none of them came w/ us on these journeys
 into up here. they was always here w/ us
 whenever we step down into that cave of creator

into that strange dark of memory. the cool the aglow
 - they was always here. always here. as i say
 w/ our future



so when we step back out into this landscape
 the air is so sweet on this Sunday
 from its long sweet time so ago so ago
 before scissors before tractors & wheels

before horses are tamed & cattle are penned
 so long before me writing this poem
 in this ramshackle brown
 by the Pilgrim Place airport of ishak meshak & abednegro

14

w/in 5 mins of this poem. the Gout of Barbados. the Gout of my NativeLand. inform me that like
 Gabby's Emmerton* i must once again get up & lave my home my hoom, because it seem somebody
 want to place a golf-curse here

NOTICE

Slave Emancipation Day 2000

Land Acquisition Act, Cap. 228
(Notice under Section 3)

[note the number of woman small-owners on this pasture]

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that it appears to the Minister responsible for Lands that the parcels of land described in the Schedules hereto and situate in the parish of Christ Church in this Island are likely to be needed for a purpose which in the opinion of the Minister is a public purpose namely: the expansion of the Grantley Adams International Airport.

FIRST SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Reginald Weekes situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 2549.6 square metres of thereabouts Abutting and Bounding on lands now or late of the Barbados Government on lands now or late of MoDonalo R~ll.'~Li~ on lands now or late of George Best on other lands now or late of the said Reginald Weekes and on lands now or late of Janette Squires or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of Match, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99.

SECOND SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Janette Squires situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 2020.4 square metres or thereabouts Abutting and Bounding on lands now or late of Reginald Weekes on lands now or late of Elnora Daniel on lands now or late of Oscar Smith and on an existing access or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99.

THIRD SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Gloria Spencer situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 3013.0 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Utarine Perkins on other lands now or late of the said Gloria Spencer and on a road on two sides or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99.

FOURTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Utarine Perkins situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 2857.5 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Norma Nurse on other lands now or late of the said Utarine Perkins on lands now or late of Gloria Spencer and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99.

FIFTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Norma Nurse situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 1971.7 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of the said Norma Nurse on lands now or late of Utarine Perkins on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 10th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99 together with the building there on.

SIXTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT and the property of Gwendolyn Phillips situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 1 573 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Samuel Layne on other lands now or late of the said Gwendolyn Phillips on lands now or late of Norma Nurse and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R. Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1 999 as Plan No.221/99.

SEVENTH SCHEDULE

ALL THAT land the property of Kamau Brathwaite situate at Thyme Bottom in the parish of Christ Church in this Island containing by admeasurement 10364.5 square metres or thereabouts Abutting Bounding on lands now or late of Robin Norris on lands now or late of Peter Alliston Best on lands now or late of Alvin Greenidge on lands now or late of Ezra Moseley on lands now or late of the Barbados Government and on a road or however else the same may abutt and bound as shown and delineated on a plan certified on the 12th day of March, 1999 by Andrew R Bourne, Land Surveyor and recorded in the Lands and Surveys Department on the 25th day of March, 1999 as Plan No.221/99 together with the building thereon.

[sign]

Berenice King Permanent Secretary (Ag.) Ministry of Housing & Lands



his time the sense of betrayal is national. coming from my own
native land

that for the second time in the 10
years of what shd be by now the harvest of my life. am I utterly
bereft of hope of future of the hoom from which to write
and thrown back/toss back onto the jagged edges agony
of a second death

and all it seems for the sake of a golf-course. My little sacred pasture
for a curse. one more golf-curser in our island of only 21
miles long and 16

miles wide at its widest point. swiftly. as the plantations of slavery
& sugarcane are abandoned. new Prosperoes & Mirandas - tourists
- take the place of the old merchants of our marrow health. hotels
squat w/out mercy on my metaphors. the little world i hold. that write
that Sweet Windperson Poem

is gone like slip-stream sand between my fingers of my bleeding
birthright. birthright? what right or rights have i in this mercantilism
mammon where we are owned by Concorde w/out peace or justice
concord. Who cares? certainly not one one-eye winking minister of our
government. as it is these days now all over the world. amanse of
creation pushed back again again into a darken corner

and so it is in this xtremis
 - *garbage now dump upon the pastor to show how much they care*
 - that i come once more upon ananse spider. in this now graveyard
 of my pasture dreams. this graveyard of ancestral slaves
 :an unXpecting gift from past to fragile future
 but a gift. a sign an unexpected wonder and one of these poems
 that mark & mean significance

what follows is

(1) an archeological entry

(2) a journal entry

and (3) this poem. the whole
 POINT of this effort & offering
 started so long ago now. almost
 run out of TIME. but still
 timeless still timeless or rather so
 FULL OF TIME spinning
 spinning to be *boom* to be *boom*

a spider poem w/like all
 anansem. a moral. a terrible
 accusation. bent into this story
 like a hook or a broken knife
 . of the consequence(s) of neglect
 & ignorance & forgetting
 - the IMMORALITY of it
 . *outheast* . loss of immortality
 . which those outcast from home

know

. so suffer. so suffer. which all so
 suffer. but especially these women
 our women. our wives
 and our mothers. our moorings
 our bearings for goodness sake

. and our **bumblers** (as now you must
kno this word. since i carry it on
the back of this track of this pasture
of this poem. like a spider)

that we are so quick to think
ourselves lightning & bright
. that we now know it. artists &
historians. art historians
. narrators of the mandible. green
mantises praying to falsehood
when we shd. kno better know
better. when we don't even yet
understand the first thing about
it. this story this history. what
narrative really is. where
it comes from. what foetus

And even as i write this now
. this (4) addendum (4). this still
trying to get this hard hook
. hook out of the *system*
. w/Nause still writing upon me
. comes this nother engender
. a letter of ginger
from Yaeko. my Japanese
magical realism student in Haiti
. visiting Haiti. the abiku
of her own child aborted
swimming w/whales
. the same story of loss & neglect
& anger & plenty more pain
than you can ever imagine
the meaning of loss. these new
stories of poem & loss?

NYC 27 Jn 03
Yaeko

MiddlePassage Spirits Northshore Haiti

I thought I started seeing ghosts. I was sitting on the beach in the Northern coastline for a few days to get out of the city pollution and poverty. One night there was a thunder storm on the right side of the ocean, and clear sky on the other half. You could draw a line down the middle, as if you could draw a line down the middle of me and on one side was wet while the other dry. There were four white mystical shadows that came out of the water and were trugging along the shore lines, hunched over, about four feet in front of me, and they were spirits, they told me not to be afraid, they had chains, and did not pay attention to myself or my friend, Nkoli, who was with me, but did not see them, there was no moon light, they were little, my size, maybe that is being they were hunched over, but they came from the sea, they were somehow killed in the slave trade, they said, and I didn't know what to do! I froze and did not know what to do, stay, or leave, so I sat in the sand for about ten more minutes until they went down the shoreline to my right, never leaving the shore line. Then, my friend, Nkoli, started panicing and screaming because she heard voices in the water. She seemed possessed, saying, "The women are jumping over board! They are clinging to their babies! The women are clinging to their babies! They have no home! They have no home! People are forgetting!" She screamed for about ten minutes and began hyperventalating because she saw something completely different than me. She ran away from the water because she thought the women wanted to pull her into the water and take her into the sea. She was afraid. We looked in the water together after she stopped sobbing loudly, and sure enough, there were faces of women and

children coming out of the water. This was not Wilfredo Lamb's coral plantation. These were desperate women who had an injustice of the n-th degree done to them. She ran away and I sat back on the sand. I still do not know what to make of this. EXCEPT, that night, Nkoli said that she slept more peacefully than she had at any other time in Haiti, and that she dreamed she was alright, that the women told her she was okay. That night I had a fever, about 104 degrees, and I had to bath in ice, and I started spitting up sea water in the morning— even though I hadn't swallowed any sea water while I was in Haiti. I spit up so much sea water for about five hours and then fall back into a bizarre sleep. We went back to Port-au-Prince [later that marginal]

and is all the same. same woman. same passion. ouzooma. my mother's mother prone on the burial hillside. Newton LeBorgne CowPastor

and yet gifts. gifts. *mkiss*. gifts

15

Newton

The Caribbean island of Barbados was England's first American territory to depend on sugar plantations and African slave labor. From around the 1630s until emancipation in 1834 to 1838, many thousands of people, slave and free, were buried on this compact 166-sq mi. [Christian coral] island. Free people were usually interred in church cemeteries, but the vast majority of the several hundred thousand slaves who perished were not baptized [not allowed into Christianity] and thus were not buried in [consecrated] grounds. . .The historical data are very strong that the great majority

of these slaves [are] buried in unmarked plantation cemeteries that [are] scattered throughout the island. . .

Although excavated in the early 1970s [1972, 1973], the cemetery at Newton Plantation [a few miles north of CowPasture & part of that complex of early southern Bajan plantations. part of the same geological statement] is still [amazingly] the only plantation cemetery discovered in Barbados as well as the earliest and largest undisturbed plantation slave cemetery yet reported in the New World (Handler 1989; Jamieson 1996: 39, 42, 54). . including the hundreds of burials recently [1993] excavated from a colonial-period cemetery in New York City. . .

[The slave graveyard at Newton] is close to the site of the former slave village [at Newton], in an uncultivated field of approx 4,500 sq.m [- noticeably even w/out cows - out of respect for the dead? <but my impression is that 'no-one' knew there are slaves here - but then that's discounting people-knowledge & oral tradition> - or is it because w/emancipation & the subsequent gradual decline of sugar production in this area, there are, unlike @CowPasture for xample, no 'maroons' & therefore subsistence activity in this area? the old Newton sugarculture area has been converted to manufacturing activity & no one lives - for the time being at least - on this old Plantation site. I say 'for the time at least; since it is clear that this entire area - of which I say CP is part - is clearly 'exmarked for NewDevelopment <see the P&A, above> - huge upscale nonBajanstyle Bajan houses, even more upscale but more Bajanstyle white/xpatriate enclaves (enslaving all over again) And golf courses - there are already [Nov 2002] at least three of these in the area - and xpanding]

'Why more golf courses?'

By Wolde Tinsae

Prescod

ADVOCATE
NEWS DESK

19 March 1998

ONE of Barbados' leading agriculturists [& Head of the environmental Future Centre Trust] has once more come out against the building of golf courses and up-market houses at Bennett's and College Estate.

According to Dr. Colin Hudson, the developments, while bringing short term gains for Barbados, were not in its long-term interest.

"If you have development that brings 500 jobs with an off-shore data processing company, then that is wise because the land could always be used later for something else, but once land is put into golf courses it is difficult to reclaim it as agricultural land."

Sly means

According to Dr. Hudson, golf courses in Barbados are not an economic proposition, but only a sly way of getting real estate development. . . The field is covered with a thick blanket of sour grass. . . and has changed very little since the early 1970s. . . [has probably changed very little since the early 1670s. . .]

Surrounded by fields of sugarcane, this grassy area, which [like CowPasture] has never been cultivated or plowed because of its shallow soil. . . and frequent limestone rock outcroppings, includes a rise in slope of approximately 8m. The bottom of the slope. . . approx 3,000m. . . is relatively level. . . [and contains] several low, formless mounds arranged in no particular pattern. . .

Some of [these] mounds turned out to be natural features of the terrain, while others were humanly created and contained burials, [which] are "archaeologically unique in the West Indies" (Watters 1994:68) and appear to be unique for the rest of the New World, although some prehistoric Native American mounds in the American South were reused by African Americans for burials (Jamieson 1995:48)

Mound 1, the largest and most clearly defined of the Newton mounds, [is] roughly circular in shape and approx 7.5m wide and slightly less than 1m above ground surface. Coral limestone rubble covered the top and edges of the mound, but its core was plain earth

The size of the mound suggested that considerable effort had brought soil from elsewhere, prob a neighboring field; the amount of earth implied more labor than the requirements of simply filling a < settled-in grave.

[This Mound 1] contained only one interment [now known as BURIAL 9 in the past tense by the excavating US archaeologists & subsequently removed from Newton & Barbados & taken to the USA for XAMINATION & ANALYSIS]. . .

**a young adult female, around 20 years
of age and perhaps of New World birth[?]**

...

**fully articulated on an east-west axis
with the head facing west**

...

**Grave goods or assoc artifacts were absent
... and she lacked a coffin...**

...

Not only did Mound 1 only contain this solitary burial, but what is esp significant is that Burial 9 [is] also the cemetery's *only* proneburial...

A handful of prone burials have been reported from African-related sites in the New World, but Burial 9 is arguably the earliest and the only one known from the Caribbean (Waters 1994:68)

Jerome S Handler 'A prone burial from a plantation Slave Cemetery in Barbados, West Indies...', *Historical Archaeology* 30 (1996):76-78

16

Xidus  *Xidus*

in the height of the harrattan²². in dread & preparation. leaving this one last chance to be home & at my age to be beautiful. we begin making an inventory of everything in our hearts as I had done those 100 years before when i know i wd be leaving this same said eyeland for the first time & not knowing then that it wd be my last

then i walk all the roads & beaches. thirsting up all our images into flute into metaphorical harp into what wd become the last will & testament. my hinterland . *MotherPoem. Sun Poem. Barabajan-Poems. XISelf*

now in these last worlds we wd use the camera. phonographs of memory. its sun's eye illuminating my one eye into the at last spirits & magicals I'd nvr known of before tho they are here. under the searface under the coral under the sea. under the crunching of headlands. lost shells of the whisper of reefs. red blood of conch on my fingers of childhood . ghosts we now know who won't leave mwe . the past of at last . out of this past. ure . *can ye believe it* . walkin us out of the farrow . when we most need it . its Word thawing out on our tongues . salt . the white grains of anger . gone . *wd ye believe it* . into regret . then into something like silence . something like peace . so you can almost taste it

=

just outside the 'backyard' fence at CowFactor. there is a clump of pisb's. clammacherry. nonnie & nana bush around a cordia tree. There is a rock face threshold in the ground - you step on it like a mat or mat in the thicknotty carpet&watergate grass - just where the sour grass ends - & then you come - thro the warm threshold - to this dark clump of guinea under the tree - as it into a strange green open psychic cave²²

start takin pics of the delicate pink blossoms, mauve & butterfly blue, when my eye catch sight of a spider & then the web - sudden flash in the sun - & then another yellow spider who is wrapping a once green insect into a speed cocoon

start tryin take pics of these spiders & find that try try try. I can't find they spirit-sprawl in the grass-tinder - all comin in is the bright afternoon sun in the iris & in the eye of the camera, so is all darkness & silence

So i call out to Chad (even tho she standin so close) to please shade the sun from the red w/ her hand for me & there is the spider again, jewel eye in it belly & i tryin to get it all in together w/it flashin silver web - when the spider & web & evvating else - **AGAIN DISAPPEAR** - can't see them at all in the pain of the frustrated camera. xx Chad to point to whe the spider is - so as her finger get near & nearer to the blazin cosmos. **SO DOES HER POINTING FINGER DISAPPEAR**

Then as i switch to my **CLOSE UP** lens - guess whot! - the new xpensive Sigma **STOP WORKIN** - we hear like a noise like a motor bike & **NO FOCUS** - we almost make the mistake of **OPENIN THE CAMERA UP** - which wd have lost us the few shots we did have - or do we? - which i kno now is the **SPIDERS** makin we do this - **TO LOOSE ALL RECORD OF DEM IMAGES**

I abandon instead the photo opps (the sun in the right place so that the spider web is shining shimmering gold in the dark green hoom of the clump) but of course i go on fiddlin w/ the lens & discover that i can re-adjust it manually, even tho i sure i mashing it up, thinkin, you see, in standard English

So i go back & i get a few more cricks, after which the whole precious autofocus **CRACK** as if I have a heart attack. An all the while Chad sayin she goin run get she lil ole Kodak camerata & try a few more shots and is from the box that we get this pic. ture, not of spiders spiderwebs, but this, the one shot, out of a whole wide roll of blacks & blanks, this Namsetoura, an is she, she-self, who writin mwe this poem





from what far cost of Africa

*some versions of this poem read *from what far coast of Africa**

**to this brown strip
of pasture on this coral limestone**

**ridge
cast up some three miles from the burning sea
the grave**

**hidden within the clump
of prickly man
-peaba & red cordea trees**

& countless clammacherry
symbolic signs of African burial places in the Caribbean Americas
**the spider warn me of her entry
trie to prevent my photograph**

ruin three lenses brek
 -down the lesion hi-tec pentax
 camara

i click the picture with a simple borrow Kodak
 & burrow through the dark & bring us
 this past midnights w/ yr silent humming

the musky smell of turning
 in yr sweaty bed
 the coir whispering of springs still singing centuries away

no water
 in these wells. the cis
 -terns harsh & empty. the moral memory forlone

its aXe head off
 and nvr nvr nvr
 yr sweet mouth bash

& brutalize
 my sister mother o my aunt my ancestor
 • yr one eye sink away from her

-story. all down
 yr neck along
 the spine now welt

-ing w/ the busha blowes
 yr back a modern mural
 of dis

-tress. the whip
 of auctioneers
 . gold

bangle blink
 -in in yr ear. a takoradi nugget
 in yr nostril

Is at this point that KB reveals the photograph of Namsetoura as he sees it when he opens the envelope from the photographer. The ala(r)m you now witness as the image comes upon the screen is nothing compared to what happen at CowPastor when Kamau & Chad and later the Princess of Chichén Itzá see this strange dark photograph at first so indistinct they can hardly make out what they so unexpectedly see in. For it shd have been a photograph of the spider that broke the lenses and in fact there is the spider in the preceeding photoshot in full rainbow Kodak colour. But this? Slowly the her-story of the image begins to write itself: the bale the cool the hate the ang-uish the three hundred years of unforgetting unforgivingness. the dark aura of neglect. the left eye. all this painful sorrow sorrow sorrow reflected in the twisting cistern mouth - *it tells the poem* - where all this history like it slushes si lence w/a vague sense of teeth like quiet reefs - the little nose-ring dangle from the nostril - the picture totally devoid of colour. so its gold is starker white. And then -

it is this other eye
that blows my mind
wind in a torch

you blaze upon me from yr baleful stare
suns i have nvr known
world i can nvr nvr travel in return

and yet you tell
me this. you tell
me this

nvr before have i had an xperience like this. even beyond the moment
at MarleyManor in Jamaica when the three gunman of the apocalypse. kill
me w/in that midnight thunderstorm and i am save by the Xàngo of that moment

- but nvr this

or rather - i begin the see this now - the Xàngo xperience of such psychic
shock & death - my personal middlepassage prepares me for this
slave woman ancestor - allows me to *hear* the palimpsest - the music
she is bearing - so that she writes the poem - speaking from her Newton
grave & transcage - her burning eye to my now | now | - at my own
uttar moment of defoliation

that fetish found in Bob'ob's oumfô shop at Mile&Quarter too [see 'ogou']
- that other moment in his now ruin shop - looking for the water's
silver voicing of my island as i writin Mother poem - that dark
night of Damballa - *yes* - see 'Angel Engine'

- and i kno now how all these mysteries wd lead & leave
to this to this when i myself & Chad are uttar - the voice now coming
in the silence - and still coming as the poem grows - from the surface
of the photograph - my listening a needle laser dream and she the DVD
- beginning a rematification of slavery that my long years
of so-call study of the subject - even my writinf of it - as she says
- cd nvr have prepare me for - so frighten & so blessed

no calabash or flower on my mound no
 nine night wake of herbs no
 forty days of journey thru the salt lagoon No
 fruit to heal this lips No
 okra at my hips. What happen hey to me
 is like yu vomit out a rodent in Kaneshie market

tree hundred years uh starin here
 under this spider-web & bush. ananse at my door of dreams
 and now you come disturb
 me w/ yr camera. destroy the ruin of my spiral with yr flash O
 wash me now my child my metaphor

flesh of my flesh great great grannbrudda from this other
 shore. Yu tink they dis. possessin yu? Yu
 tink you tall? yu
 tink yu moultamassaman or rasta boanurge? reck-
 on yu rave? Yu

say yu writin poem ab-
 out slave? Yu
 evva hear wha GrandeeManny tell de backra man a. bout she black
 back. site?

Buh looka yu doa nuh!

The voice - how nasal - like Ananse's - and Bajan
 nation - no doubt bout dat - but also beyond dat - *from what far coast of Africa*
 - the Ga - Accra - *Kalungo* zone. And below it all
 the *mack* of Sycorax - the dis. respec for bronni backra creole mwe

**Look wha be. come-a yu! Mirasmwe haffwhite backside bwoy
 eatin de backra culture. dah backra creole cutcha cutcha creole eatin yu!**

But that's **nothing** to the sudden unexpected plosion following - a different
 woman speaking altogether - *from Kaneshie market* - Awurafimma's
 grandmother - who didn't have a chance to say a word in 1955 - was silent
 throughout the interweave humiliations of my 'Law & Order' story/hopefully
 forthcoming DS (2)

gyabiriw

Say wha?

De man yu say is man yu say doan unnastann?
Too many christels in yr engine?

Yu brain like windmill spinnin widdout cane
De caatwhip cut yu tong?
De black-bird rakkle rakkle up yu lung?

Write this in flesh before de next red
season brunn
Doan write it down in coral

tha(t) is water . cool & often cole
Juss write it in my body body berry burnin
coal

gyaNyamebiriw

gyaNyamebiriw gyaNyamebiriw

not only is the voice like Xango thunder here - out of the clear blue sky as it were - but shock is even more shaking when i go to my Christaller*
[F6 Christaller *A dictionary of the Asante and Fante language* (Basel 1933)] - she sends me there w/ther earlier: *cat cut yu tongue? too many christells in yu engine?*

- and i discover that the woman not only busin me - but she usin bad-wuds to buse me - and is not only that - but is like yu mother usin bad-words and pelting SEX-words at you - like the opposite of the Bajan challenge of
yu !!!

her first xplosive **gyabiriw** is actually the Akan original of our 'GawBlinemuh'
 except that **biriw** actually detonates as *biwufuckmuh*

- which for Namse is really no prob since she comes from the time of what
 i call earlier 'interthreshold gender' - the Mother fuckin herself
 . self-generation-creation

and the mock & teach here is that I shdnt be so squeamish & ignorANT about
 this if i had known the **landuage** - and if i don't kno the landuage - what
 right have i then to be claiming kith & kin - becau she seein mwe - her own
 terrible scorn & scion - as a bronni backra cattleshwash - which is even more
 turrabell for her - since she know that is all this stylee powerless & ignoran-

ce of mine is what has kept her whe she is for centuries - and now it seem
 it will continue to be so - becau her so-call ancestor & sun - allow the new
 slavocracy to impossess the PASTOR - pasture - home&grave - now lost TRANS
 CAGE of the future - to bill another golf-course barracoon

so she can only MOCK - *what else - how else* - not only my ignorance but as i
 say (see also 'Law & order') my *impractical* & hypocritical WEAKNESS - my by-now *or*
shd be Demotional WEARINESS in this docudrama of a poem -

(therefore) - [Etha in the palimpsest it doesn't follow so logically so] **gya nyame** which she
 links w/ **biriw** and w/ ('therefore' again?) her TWA which is itself again link - *hip*
bone connected to the- to Lake Bosomtwi (indeed she speaks of bosomtwa) **the sacred**
lake of the Akan

and the **gya nyame** is not only a major Akan gold symbol meaning/saying ONLY
 UNDER GOD - as she make the poem say - but refers to the actual **gya nyame**
 golden pendant made in Akosomoso she gave me when I am leaving Ghana and
 which i careless loss - *is too!* - at Yale - in deep midwinter NewHaven for good
 -ness sake! - this one more graveyard of our people - these saff universities built on
 the bones of the plantation(s) - but her messages from the palimpsest aren't in words
 you know you know - but in some kind of *picture-flash(!)*: herbs/verbiage - is how
 she feed it - which muss have leff she doubly doubly-headed UEX. . .

***gya Nyame . under God . the fire
but only from my bosomtwa -***

- wa call it so?

- tell me why pig-mout long

- why ratta live in hole

- what is de cockroach foul-yaad situation!

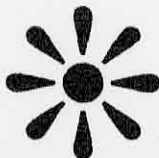
Yu tink i sick - yu tink i slack - yu know whe bosomtwa?

-

***gya only de redemption of my bosomtwa
- mi tell yu -
an the children children of these wounds -
- mi seh -***

th

LIBERNATION



HB/UYC

This Coral Gables Miami Shadda

20 March 03 & its revision begins 26 June 03 'completed' 12/13/14 July 03 4:29am
w/plenty computer probs inc shortuin bread of memory