



JAMAICAN LULLABY

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(TO THE MEMORY OF OLIVE MORRIS)
FROM *TINGS AN' TIMES* (BLOODAXE BOOKS, 1991)

So soon
the moon
rises tonight
making fire
making sparks
piercing spots of dark

start gather gold
making holes
in the vast body of night
dogs begin
their ritual barks
and howls as fowls
steal sleep to meet
tomorrow face to face

So soon
the moon
rises tonight
meeting screams
shout of lies
as hard black fists
find labour's most
devout female flesh
whose sweat whose hurt
now makes a tear

Tears will
roll down
sorrow's crevices
will flow down
to heart's hurt

Now the sobbing
rests awhile
Believers sin
God dreams
cats rats
babies scream for food

the hungry earth
dreams too
for just a drop of rain
so as to breathe again
and give out sap to dying roots

So soon
the rain of dew
on sleeping green of grass
the memories hearts are keeping
will soon slide down in dreams
where no one sleeps
but close their eyes and weep

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