

Riddym Ravings (The Mad Woman's Poem)

de fus time dem kar me go a Bellevue
was fit di dactar an de lanlord operate
an tek de radio outa mi head
troo dem seize de bed
weh did a gi mi cancer
an mek mi talk to nobody
ah di same night wen dem trow mi out fi no pay de rent
mi haffi sleep outa door wid de Channel One riddym box
an de D.J. fly up eena mi head
mi hear im a play seh

*Eh, Eh,
no feel no way
town is a place dat ah really kean stay
dem kudda — ribbit mi han
eh — ribbit mi toe
mi waan go a country go look mango*

fah wen hungry mek King St. pavement
bubble an dally in front a mi yeye
an mi foot start wanda falla fly
to de garbage pan eena de chinaman backlat
dem nearly chap aff mi han eena de butcha shap
fi de piece a ratten poke
ah de same time de mawga gal in front a mi
drap de laas piece a ripe banana
an mi — ben dung — pick i up — an nyam i
a dat time dem grab mi an kar mi back a Bellevue
dis time de dactar an de lanlord operate
an tek de radio plug outa mi head
den sen mi out, seh mi alright

but — as ah ketch back outa street
ah push een back de plug
an ah hear mi D.J. still a play, seh

*Eh, Eh,
no feel no way
town is a place dat ah really kean stay
dem kudda — ribbit mi han
eh — ribbit mi toe
mi waan go a country go look mango*

Ha Haah . . . Haa

✕ wen mi fus come a town
mi use to tell everybady 'mawnin'
but as de likkle rosiness gawn outa mi face
nobody nah ansa mi
silence tun rags roun mi bady
in de mids a all de dead people dem
a bawl bout de caast of livin
an a ongle one ting tap mi fram go stark raving mad
a wen mi siddung eena Parade
a tear up newspaper fi talk to
sometime dem roll up ✕
an tun eena one a Uncle But sweet saaf
yellow heart breadfruit
wid piece a roas saalfish side a i
an if likkle rain jus fall
mi get cocanat rundung fi eat i wid
same place side a weh de country bus dem pull out
an sometime mi a try board de bus
an de conductor bwoy a halla out seh
'dutty gal, kum affa de bus'
ah troo im no hear de riddym eena mi head
same as de tape weh de bus driva a play, seh

*Eh, Eh,
no feel no way
town is a place dat ah really kean stay
dem kudda — ribbit mi han
eh — ribbit mi toe
mi waan go a country go look mango
so country bus, ah beg yuh
tek mi home
to de place, where I belong*

an di dutty bway jus run mi aff

Well, dis mawnin, mi start out pon Spanish Town Road,
fah mi deh go walk go home a country
fah my granny use to tell mi how she walk fram wes
come a town
come sell food
an mi waan ketch home befo dem put de price pon i'
but mi kean go home dutty?
fah mi parents dem did sen mi out clean
Ah!
see wan stanpipe deh!
so mi strip aff all de crocus bag dem
an scrub unda mi armpit
fah mi hear de two mawga gal dem laas nite
a laugh an seh
who kudda breed smaddy like me?
a troo dem no know seh a pure nice man
weh drive car an have gun
visit my piazza all dem four o'clock a mawnin
no de likkle dutty bwoy dem weh mi see dem a go home
wid
but as mi feel de clear water pon mi bady
no grab dem grab mi
an is back eena Bellevue dem kar mi

seh mi mad an a bade naked a street
well dis time de dactar an de lanlord operate
an dem tek de whole radio fram outa mi head
but wen dem tink seh mi unda chloroform
dem put i dung careless
an wen dem gawn
mi tek de radio
an mi push i up eena mi belly
fi keep de baby company
fah even if mi nuh mek i
me waan my baby know dis yah riddym yah
fram before she bawn
hear de D.J. a play, seh

*Eh, Eh,
no feel no way
town is a place dat ah really kean stay
dem kudda — ribbit mi han
eh — ribbit mi toe
mi waan go a country go look mango*

an same time
de dactar an de lanlord
trigger de electric shack
an mi hear de D.J. vice bawl out, seh

*Murther
Pull up Missa Operator!*