

Booze Can

Rudyard Fearon

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On a snowy night
Underneath the ground
Fun-loving, transplanted Jamaicans
Mouthed "Bumbo cloth"
And hammered dominoes
Into wooden tables.
A dread transfixed
In a darkened corner,
Sucked deep on a spliff,
Flashed his dreadlocks
And shouted, "Jah Rastafari!"

On the white surface
A multitude of cops-
Some playing soldiers
Some with chips on their shoulders
And guns that reached the sky-

Moved in for the kill.

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