

Sonny's Lettah (Anti-Sus Poem)

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Dear Mama

Good day

I hope that when these few lines reach you

They may find you in the best of health I don't know how to tell ya dis

For I did mek a solemn promise

To tek care a lickle Jim

An try mi bes fi look out fi him Mama, I really did try mi bes

But none a di less

Sorry fi tell ya seh, poor lickle Jim get arres

It was de miggles a di rush hour Hevrybody jus a hustle and a bustle

To go home fi dem evenin' shower

Mi an Jim stan up waitin' pon a bus

Not causin' no fuss When all of a sudden a police van pull up

Out jump tree policemen

De whole a dem carryin' baton

Dem walk straight up to me and Jim One a dem hold on to Jim

Seh dem tekin' him in

Jim tell him fi leggo a him

For him nah do nutt'n And 'im nah t'ief, not even a but'n

Jim start to wriggle

De police start to giggle Mama, mek I tell you wa dem do to Jim?

Mek I tell you wa dem do to 'im? Dem thump him in him belly and it turn to jelly

Dem lick 'im pon 'im back and 'im rib get pop

Dem thump him pon him head but it tough like lead

Dem kick 'im in 'im seed and it started to bleed Mama, I jus couldn't stan up deh, nah do nuttin' So mi jook one

in him eye and him started fi cry

Me thump him pon him mout and him started fi shout

Me kick him pon him shin so him started fi spin

Me hit him pon him chin an him drop pon a bin

An crash, an dead More policeman come dung

Dem beat me to the grung

Dem charge Jim fi sus

Dem charge mi fi murdah Mama, doan fret

Doan get depress an downhearted

Be of good courage till I hear from you

I remain

Your son

Sonny

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