

# Maxi

## Rudyard Fearon

Maxi

Lawd me tired fe tan up a dis ya bus 'top  
An' it look like rain ago drop.  
T'ank God, se a bus a crawl deh a come.  
The driver gwan like a country him deh a drive cow.

Missis, me just ago enta in de crowd  
When me hear a voice bawl out loud,  
Me tun me yie an look up  
In a face full a mek-up.

Me sey "gal wey wrong wid yu  
No tell me sey fe a go in a bus nu."  
She begin to tell me how pon har dress somadi 'tep  
And if su much people never deh bout how she woulda wept.  
Me laugh so tell  
Me nuh know how me belly nuh bust like Mass Joseph well  
Fe nuh sey Aunt Tina sore foot Mal  
Suddenly tun sweet gal.

Me sey "look ya gal, me know oonu dry land  
Tourist nuh like de rush,  
Oonu nuh want oonu one frock fe get crush-  
So mek yu nuh go tek taxi?  
Fah in a dis ya hot day...wey yu a do in a maxi!"

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