

PIETA IN BLACK
The Bearer

*Nine months is a short time to help
make a life,
But nine months is a long time
When you belly full-up wid a
innocent baby,
An' you heart full-up wid bitter weed
From the seed you sup
From a barren man.
A tree without root
Mus' bear bitter fruit.
Feel the weight of this baby I want
but don't want.*

*Me love my man,
But my man is a heavier load
than my baby.
My man, 'im 'ave the world to carry
But it too heavy for him
So 'im give it to me to hold.
Yes, my man load heavier than Baby.*

*Him dream the dream dem
But when him reach out him han' dem
Dem froth 'way... like soap sud
Or melt way like butter
An' him strong black finger dem
shut up roun' nutten
An' is a fist 'im form
An' when the nutten-ness squeeze him heart
'im use it fi lick anything aroun'
'specially me wid the baby
Who see that all in him han' is breeze*

(cont 'd)

*But man mussen feel an' man mussen cry
So me take 'im pain
An' feel it out
An' cry it out...fi him.*

*But me with the baby, and the man
and the world, an' the pain
Me have my dream to'
It wrap up in a banana leaf
An' hide up under the ashes of the
the coal stove,
An' sometime when the meat a-brown
Or the pot a-simmer
Mi draw it out,pull the wis-wis
An' make the sweet aroma full mi head
an' sparkle mi eye,
As me see misself ridin' high pon mi dream
Mi wing dem spread wide...
An' everybody wave...*

*But for now mi have to satisfy
To make dem recognise me in mi son eye
An' help mi man draw-een fi-'im dream
When 'im catch 'im glimpse-dem of it...
But 'til 'im can ride...
Me wrap back up mi dream in the tie-leaf
Lif' up di iron pot, lif' up di stove
Lif' up di live coal-dem one by one
Scrape-'way di ashes
Kibba mi dream
An' wipe mi eye.*