

# *Jesus Pretty In Me*

Mi neva know seh Jesus coulda pretty in me  
A-talk fi mi talk  
A-spree fi mi spree  
Dis Christ in me, dis hope a' Glory!

When wi firs' did come to dis Caribbee  
What a speechless place  
What a misery  
No language between wi captors an' we  
Couldn't hear Christ in him  
Him nuh si Christ in me.

Well as time guh by likkle lingo plot  
Else a Tower a Babel woulda be fi wi lot  
Dem establish di slave society  
Likkle lingua franca 'tween Backra an'we:

Him seh, "Your's di field and di great house fi me;  
My children are babies , your's pick-a -ninnies;  
Your's di labour, mine di wage ."  
Dat deh language neva suit nuh righteous page.

Well time an' season slowly pass'  
An' di lingo of slavery was done at las'  
But den come Miss Queen an' 'ar crown colony  
So wi drop curtsy an' try talk like she

We try on we put off  
We put on we show off  
Twis' an tun we tongue 'til it nearly fork.  
Shet up God Image like a bokkle wid a cork.

A- so we float on down di ribba of life  
Meet independence , politricks an' labour strife  
How we tired an' long fi reach tidda side  
Long fi hangle life at the brunt a di tide

Wanti-wanti rise 'til we dis fi bus'  
Language come out ,but a so-so cus'  
'Cause di cork still in place an' di heat a-rise  
We want run di race we want win di prize!

“LORD, HAN’ WI DI MIRROR  
GI WI COURAGE FI LOOK  
PUSH PASS DI KURRO-KURRO  
PRESS INTO YUH BOOK  
Mek di cool clean water wash wi soul  
Clean out we eye mek we see wisself whole.

Design’ an’ plan’ mek by Yuh owna Han’.”  
Mi only jus’ now a-start fi undertan’  
What-a t’ing a beauty Yuh mek mi fi bi  
Perfec’ fi reflec’ di God -kind a beauty.

A Holy Aesthetic a tek over mi min’  
As mi start relate to a Divine plumblin  
Every tribe an’ tongue ,every nation an’ ,race  
One day goin’ flow to one gathering place

To one Holy Mountain in time an’ space  
Perfec’ to reflec’ di Father’s Face  
An’ choppin’ one talk , “Amazing Grace.”

- Denise Stair-Armstrong

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