

*The Tukiing Altar of Riddims*  
for Edward Kamau Brathwaite

Here we come Here we come Here we come come come come  
to raise de dead  
as if as if as if  
da-dey da-dey da-dey da dey dey dey neva lef  
dey as it is  
as it was  
as it will  
always buh-be buh-be buh-be be be be  
dey rufflas of de planet dey stones we curve into green  
ski bum ski bum ski bum ski bum bum bum bum  
on dis landship magic we wukkin  
where our udda riddims  
where our udda riddims dat make mudda sally  
ride  
rockin dat bumpsy  
like she mad  
chile

Don tell she we cant play our drums

Rukatuk rukatuk rukatuk rukatuk  
the band followin behind  
two-headed drum  
two-headed drum  
the bass go from side to side  
vibratin vibratin vibratin that rim chime  
hit de center hard den hit it soft  
wif a boom and slap  
the kettle ridin high on a hip  
we stick fightin on the skin of the drum  
rukatuk rukatuk rukatuk  
penny whistlin situ situ situ situ situ  
and a triangle ding ding ding ding  
mad mudda sally need she meds  
shake shake shaggy bear  
from here to dere  
shake off a riddim not your own  
make a green monkey remind  
of where yah  
ca-come ca-come ca-come come come come

from  
ow ow ow-ow-ow-ow-ow  
sound like a ruk ruk ruk come come come comin  
bouncin through the trees  
stiltman head high above above abuba a bub-ba-lin high  
donkey man keep we movin  
make the donkey tuk tuk tuk tuk

hee hee hee haw hee hee hee haw haw haw

still comin comin at yah wif a swift sound  
on yah feet wif a swif sound  
vibratin ehvry membrane in yah body  
wif a swif sound  
make it loud  
for ehvry one to hear

Don tell she we cant play our drums

we gine make de dark tuk tuk tuk tuk  
beat de darkness  
wifin  
and hear it  
make a sound  
cut open a mahogany  
and make it a mighty sound  
stretch skin over it  
and make it a swif sound  
tuk de blackness  
in marchin band drums  
make de ground tuk tuk tuk tuk  
dig a dum dig a dum dig a dum  
hear it crine  
a riddim udda dan  
make it one to ruk ruk ruk ruk ulate  
we blood  
make a drum  
sound like we  
sound like we  
playin free  
lub dub lub dub lub duppy  
make that inna drum beat  
make a drum

sound like we  
sound like we

*On the Shoreness of Dominica*

Five years old    trying to pry open    my mouth to the shore  
 between living and remembering:    I am where    my father calls home  
 but to me    it is only a place we arrived    We    have vacated what I believe    to be home  
 to come to an island of some secretive bird    who cries from the top of mountains  
 an Imperial Amazon cloaked    royal purple    green    blue    blushing maroon  
                  Her body stamped    a red wax seal on a field of green  
 the ground is a closed letter of all the endangered    tongues washed up here  
 she holds together    a cross    of natives    black land    clarity of water  
 the green stars circle her    a sign    those from the ends    of the world    so close  
 they appear like another    color at its center    We were pulled here to the center  
                  of the world    She has called him out to sea    He swims out as far  
                  as he can go    waving back    at my mother and me

My mother and I    are not    from here    But I want to be    that parrot, too  
                  Speaks words    crafty devices of memory    speak of all the words  
                  that came before us    were scattered here:    the Amazon's name  
                  was Sisserou    a Sensay's ruffled feathers    a Dada who midwives  
                  us to this ground    shows how we are all strung together    a Bém  
 who says this is my home    You    my kindred    are my home, too  
 Before a land could be named    after the day    of the sun    or the lord's home  
 it was Wai'tu Kubuli:    a body of tall mountains    a body of black volcanic sand  
                  a place where the Water Broke    and it returns    by breaking us  
                  and resurrecting us    over and over again    There is only so much security  
 the shore can bring    my mother and I have    not learned to swim yet    We are collectors  
 feet buried in sand    gathering pebbles    pearls    shells    seeds    these skeletal remains of  
                  sounds    we are hermits looking    for words    for memories  
 to salvage    to keep dry    like our hair in these shower-caps    we wear  
 like unruffled plumage of birds    we plummet to this illusion    of safe ground  
 gathering vestiges of ourselves    testimonies to hold    all of us    to tell us  
                  that some place    beyond    us    could still be home    in us, too

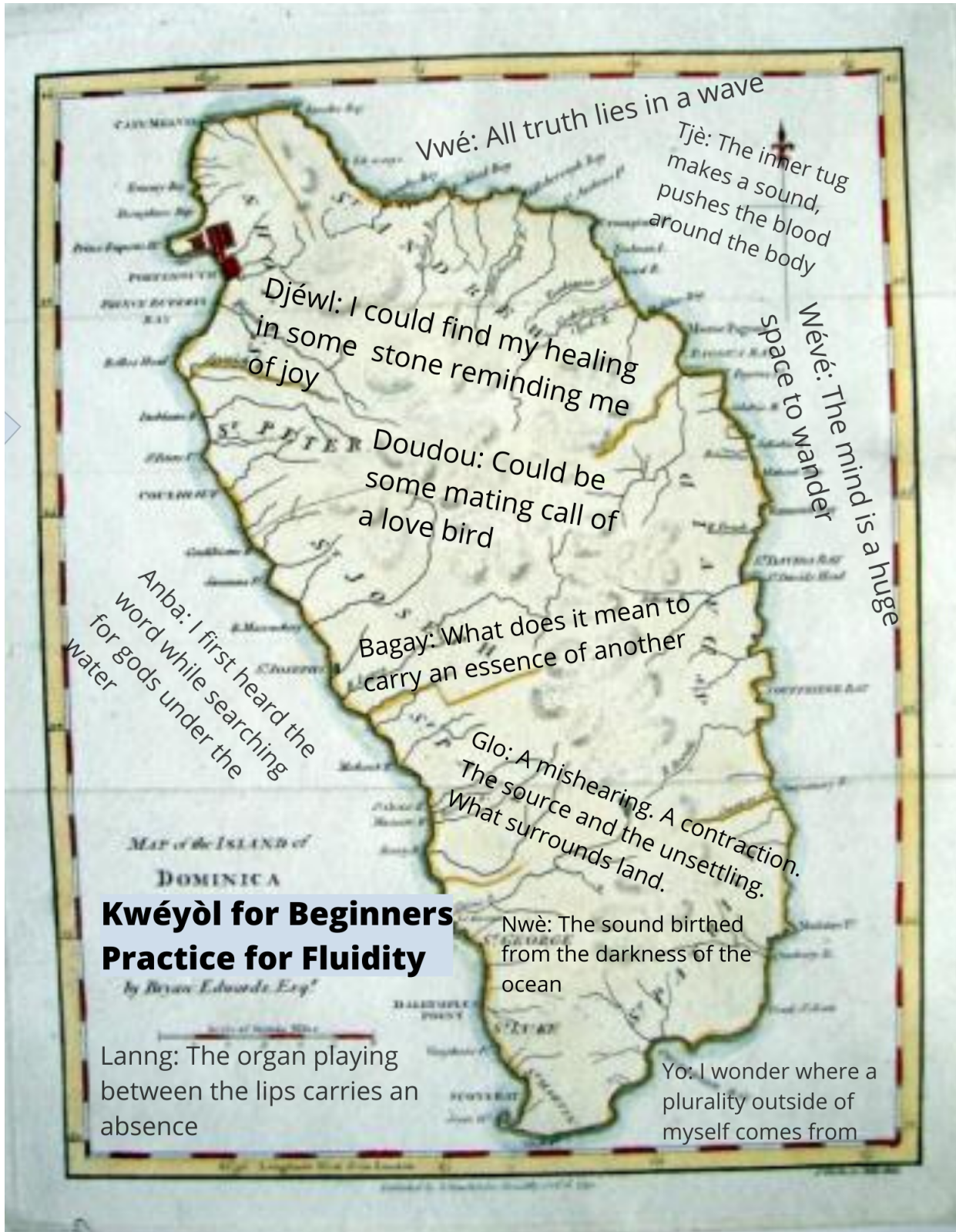
***Griot Sé/Mwen's Beyonsense (National An/dem in Kwénglish)***

After Zaum

*National An/dems Reactions:*

praise duh Pouvwa ek cit cit cit cit ing?  
 plentytime needs motto r  
 lè land young jenn byen  
 simen duh seed gwenn gloo m of duh gwav  
 kwéyans is sprung o'er duh land byen  
     has with stood  
     binds tjè from échwé to échwé  
 pride of nati on hood  
 nou lo yal tout  
     make it sav  
     savann and mòn beyond rec all  
 wivyè valè moutany  
     with a klima  
 we fè ekst ol  
 sé now nou byen own  
 we write nou non names kon fizyon  
     on l'history's paj byen like fontenn  
 with ek spek tations gwan  
 gadyenn hi re èslave ling  
 craftsmen of dè sten  
 be nign  
     duh people's gid warms the nanm  
     nanné  
 up ward and on ward we sh alé bwiyan zét wèl  
 bomb(a) bur sting prouvè  
     free flow'rs wavin  
     plen gaze in wonder wouj glare  
 véyé we nation grow puredelightgreen  
 strengthunity reverent zil  
 come ye for ward perilous batay  
     Gem beyond konpawé  
 strive bann ram pa dwapo  
 be fèm  
 toil towering tjè and lanmen and vwa san pa polousyon  
     sound duh call say cyanyuh see toubly  
 myst of the fon dread silans swore  
 from All Each to Each All ti bennaj gleaming nightwave shore  
 dimi conceals dimi discloses havèc desolation tèwow of flight

freemen shall doubt heav'n  
still there lapé refuge akay péyi rescued land  
pwèzèvé us be it janmen just kòz leave us no more! is our konfyans  
there's non plas



**Kwéyòl for Beginners  
Practice for Fluidity**

*by Bryan Edwards Esq.*

Lang: The organ playing between the lips carries an absence

Vwé: All truth lies in a wave

Tjè: The inner tug makes a sound, pushes the blood around the body

Djéwl: I could find my healing in some stone reminding me of joy

Mèvé: The mind is a huge space to wander

Doudou: Could be some mating call of a love bird

Anba: I first heard the word while searching for gods under the water

Bagay: What does it mean to carry an essence of another

Glo: A mishearing. A contraction. The source and the unsettling. What surrounds land.

Nwè: The sound birthed from the darkness of the ocean

Yo: I wonder where a plurality outside of myself comes from

