

FREETOWN FROM NEW ENGLANDVILLE

Lions hunch from the east
Stretch as crocodiles through my country's turtletail
Toward the sun's washyard; the swerve to gobble
Kolachaff spat to the sun's spleen
Facing it with a genie whose gob runs
Deeper than the rectum of river Rokel.

SUGAR DADDY DANCE

His wife is a dancer
She dances the fox-trot
He is tired of trotting
In the same foxhole

Sweet sixteen dances too
She does Lucky Dube tunes
He wants to get lucky with
A sweet teen to skank him
Sixteen on a dancefloor

Friday he gets lucky with
Sweet Sixteen off school
Dressed in purple and blue
Looking like she can't
Butter bread

Saturday he escapes the Fox
Through the backdoor
Drives his purple babe
In a baby Benz
To Bintumani