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*Small Things God*

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters* is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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*Jacqueline Joan Johnson*

## SMALL THINGS GOD

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In previous centuries white men hunted  
our darkness seeking unknown people.  
Did our thirst begin with big colonial guns shooting  
progeny of our enemies? Or did the hunger  
for the sacred objects of the small things god  
start during our enslavement, New World yearnings.

Once seen as free labor, dispensable, we yearned.  
Doubled, now we live as hunter and the hunted.  
Seek to please that greedy unappeasable tiny god.  
Willing to risk everything, usurp our own people.  
Our blind lust, needs deep like an unending hunger.  
Some where on a back road, a park side shooting

begins. They start beating him but shooting  
is preferred. No one witnesses this man's yearning.  
How does a woman, a mother's hunger  
burn turning a gift horse into the hunted.  
Urban "have nots". New World people.  
Devotees they wait for the consumer gods.

Lost in a stranded Hyundai they seek any god.  
They accept the man's offer for a ride. Shooting  
and cold leather of the Benz suv intoxicate these people  
Was it for some back road in Georgia they yearned?  
They collaborate like shadows just before death hunting,  
stealing this suv like a gold necklace, like pure hunger.

So desperate they forget a child's innocent hunger  
to live free like the young man unable to find a god  
large enough to protect, leaving him carrion of the hunted.  
In the end it is easy pulling a trigger, shooting  
in an urban western where the indian is an Indian yearning  
for a life of promise etched in the hearts of his people.

Like hope or a dove's sonorous mantra, a river of people  
gather to remember him, leaving their tears of hunger.  
A generation of multi colored have nots steadily yearn  
for the false burnished copper of the "things" god.  
They believe it will bring them wealth a life that can shoot

past the time when we were poor, stranded hunters.

It used to be our people created black obelisk, powerful gods  
our hunger demanded. Now we shoot up our own lives.  
Yearning, adrift for centuries. Still we are the hunted.

*\*Based on a true incident where Rupingder Singh was killed  
for his Benz SUV 7/28/01.*