

Winston Farrell



## Dear Brer Rabbit

---

It has been many moons, I fear too long  
With deep regrets I pen apologies  
From my journey to this cold undergroun'

This city where I live, you might not have read  
Is plenty times the size of pasture lan'  
What's more, hope is hoppin' high in heaven's bed

Today I start a new job, executive  
To a computer's brain, believe me the part's  
Complex, this six-leg spider remains fugitive.

My last job was on wall street spinnin' web  
It got so thick inside and I resigned  
Instead to hard-times this relocated pleb

Walk the streets in search of blackness, rabbit,  
Refused to comb hair, struck middle finger up  
At white men and their wives, such a bad habbit.

Sister dolfín's house still lean 'pon a side?  
Twisted from the grip of we eye balls; that tub-  
Vision blinded us, stretched our taste buds wide.

Forgive the absent foreign-label barrels  
No fancy-fire-flashin' toys for the chimps  
Nothing noisy, mother monkey quarrels

I man, spiderman walkin' on traffic jams  
Suckin' the pipe, paper-bag-booze in pan  
Ironman trapped in a tomb of uncle sam's.

//  
Calabash

Lost food stamps, welfare flat, cross lines to trouble  
Rabbit, friend, lend me an ear for a sad tale  
Anancy in a goal, send bail-money double

Why should a man want leave islan' gems  
To hop hollywood streets like a hermit  
Broken dreams are cold distortions bleedin' stems.

Tradin' diamond finger nails for cowboy boots?  
Your warm cut of sunlight a dyin' memory  
How can man grow when snow cement black roots.

From one jungle to another ... p.s.  
Yours sincerely, please send u.s.  
.....anancy

