

Duppy Jamboree

'Back to back, belly to belly
Ah don't care at all
For me done dead a'ready.
Back to back, belly to belly
In de duppy jamboree.'

What dat noise me hearing
Coming from out o' doah?
Mi get out o' bed, pull back de curtain
An peep out tru de window.

Me rub me yeye an look again,
Can't believe wha me just see,
Twenty-seven duppy dere
Staring back at me!

One o' dem stand up dere
With him head under him arm,
One o' dem is a big ole bull
Like de one pon Granpa farm.

But this one yeye dem full o' fire,
And it have on one big ole chain,
Is a rollin-calf! Me shet me yeye,
Den open dem again

When me hear dem singing.
Me open me yeye wide
Ah think one have a horse head
Growing from him side!

De devil out deh with dem
With him cow-foot an him horn,
Him long tail wrap right roun him wais'
Him pitchfork in him han.

Lawd, him looking up at me!
Him see me! Him a grin!
It look like aey him come
To punish me for all me sin.

Dem coming to de doorway,
Me noh ready yet fe dead!
Me fly into me mama room
An jump into her bed.

Yeye-water running dung me face
Till me can hardly see,
'De duppy dem out o' doah, Mama
Doan mek dem come ketch me!'

Mama hold me tight an laugh,
'Noh mek dem frighten you,
Is not a duppy jamboree,
Is just de Jonkunnu.'

'Duppy' is the West Indian name for ghost.

by Valerie Bloom

Fruits

Half a pawpaw in the basket –
Only one o’ we can have it.
Wonder which one that will be?
I have a feeling that is me.

One guinep in the tree
Hanging down there tempting me.
It don’ mek no sense to pick it,
One guinep can’t feed a cricket.

Two ripe guava pon the shel,
I know I hid them there meself.
When night com an’ it get dark
Me an’ them will have a talk.

Three sweet-sop, well I jus’ might
Give on o’ them a nice big bite.
Cover up the bite jus’ so, sis,
Then no-one will ever notice.

Four red apple near me chair –
Who so careless put them there?
Them don’ know how me love apple?
Well, thank God fer silly people.

Five jew-plum, I can’t believe it!
How they know jew-plum’s me fav’rit?
But why they hide them in a cupboard?
Cho, people can be so awkward.

Six naseberry, you want a nibble?
Why baby must always dribble?
Come wipe you mout’, it don’t mek sense
To broadcast the evidence.

Seven mango! What a find!
The smaddy who lef them really kind.
One fe you an’ six fe me,
If you want more, climb the tree.

Eight orange fe cousin Clem,
But I have just one problem –
How to get rid o’ the eight skin
That the orange them come in.

Nine jackfruit! Not even me
Can finish nine, but let me see,
I don’t suppose that they will miss one.
That was hard, but now me done.

Ten banana, mek them stay,
I feeling really full today.
Mek me lie down on me bed, quick.
Lawd, ah feeling really sick.

by Valerie Bloom

Your Task: Read these two poems by Valerie Bloom.

Draw 2 columns in your book with the titles of the poems as titles of your columns.

Write with each title what it is you like about each poem.

Share with your teacher. Find a short poem on the Internet or in a book to share tomorrow with the class during the Zoom session.