

Rock City

By: Resham Mirpuri

A pair-of-dice in my hands
I roll them on the table ready to gamble my life away
Ready to lay all day in the sand and watch the rising sun
Ice cold bushwacker in my hand

The tears of the past are echoed through the sound of rolling sea
Bring me back to reality as the cruise ships shake the formless waters
Alerting the souvenir shops and beach bars to wake up
It's time to make that suga baby

Sunscreen lathered so thick

Safari drivers yelling
"You goin' Main Street"
" You goin' Megan's Bay"
" Twenty dolla' per person"

Hilly drives on the left side of the road
Iguana roadkill in the middle of the street
Island breeze on the right side of your sweating face

The beckoning free sound of the steel pans playing
The oily sizzling sound of johnny cakes and pates frying
The eager desperate sound of the barkers trying to get tourists into their stores

Dialect deliverance dishevels "proper English speech"

The look on the New Yorkers face when they hear a "good mornin"
The look on the eighteen year old's face when they legally sip their cocktail
The look on the husband's face when his wife goes into the jewelry store

Wear a hibiscus earring and put cornrows in your silky hair and call yourself "cultured"

Ignore the fact that the expensive shopping center where you buy your Louis Vuitton bag is right
across the projects

Safari drivers yelling
"Goin' back to ship"

Leave the sweet cocktails
Leave the beaches bright with coral sand

They don't hear the sound of the distant gunshots that ring in the ears of the frightened parent
They don't hear the sound of the approaching hurricane that drowns all hope
They don't hear the sound of the constant prayers that vibrate through the cracks in the road

Rock city broken into pebbles
Ravage the lush green ground and strip my island bare
Rebuild the beaches and buildings and homes
Rock city stronger than stone

You hear the man in the street preaching
"VI till I die"
Watch the sunset on waterfront
Steaming hot bush tea in my hand