

*I wrote this for a Poetry competition that had a theme of 'Caribbean'.
The judge was a Jamaican poet so I think they wanted sun, sea, sand, coconut palms, etc.
In the local dialect 'Asum grammar' it means something completely different.
For my cheek I was awarded the runner up prize!*

Caribbean

Well I gu tu ell an back yew,
that thur spellin unt up tu much.
Its strange that thay shud want pomes
bout ow tu carry byuns.
Carry byuns, by ek we did,
used ter lug em all down thu rows,
tween them thur sticks up wych thay growd.
Chips of em, hangin on yer arms till thay waz dyud,
cut yer fingers till thay awl but bled.
Iffun it wur wet thay bist a evy load,
four atta time wus awl yew cud old.

Remember what thu boss man said,
"Be sure theest pickz strait uns yew,
no old or curly uns".

Jus thu longest an greenest that grew.
Orf theyd cum, a fresh as cud be,
thu Vales finest, fur all tu see.
Carry em up tu thu end a thu piece,
whur thu lorry standz, weigh each chip,
add thu covur an rubbur bandz.
Down thu road tu Asum markut,
till thu price crashes cos a thu glut,
then rotavate em inta thu grownd,
an wait to carry byuns next zummer rownd.