

Anthurium: A Caribbean Studies Journal

Volume 8
Issue 1 *Bahamian Literature*

Article 6

April 2011

Guh Mornin, Columbus

Marion Bethel
anthuriumcaribjournal@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarlyrepository.miami.edu/anthurium>

Recommended Citation

Bethel, Marion (2011) "Guh Mornin, Columbus," *Anthurium: A Caribbean Studies Journal*: Vol. 8 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: <http://scholarlyrepository.miami.edu/anthurium/vol8/iss1/6>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Anthurium: A Caribbean Studies Journal* by an authorized editor of Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact repository.library@miami.edu.

Guh Mornin, Columbus

these primary schooldays of going to war with the minstrel boy and his father's sword
singing his song in a battle I long to fight

at lunchtime a clean break stuffing the grenadier's bearskin cap in the desk I bang the
desktop down popping the strings of the boy's wild harp I rushin

to play ringplay in the yard a rest from dizziness on the Cliffs of Dover a clear backtalk to
orduh and mannuhs suckteeth to the boy who stood on the burning deck

hands akimbo in the schoolyard I re-discover every time this ringplay body is mine I am
no trespasser in this tamarindskin I can shift the center of gravity

hum and sleep like my brother's wooden top and just hold it my body possessed
fixed to the bone release snap on demand I cakewalk out of the center
of the circle

on any day except Sunday I merengue my bungee without mercy to the calypso blues of
Eloise Trio get as low as I want under a broom stick

In my school of 1492 on School Lane in Nassau at the age of nine this is my story:

I am captain of a pirate ship the Santa Maria and fight on the side of Anne Bonney
at the Battle of Waterloo we capture Horatio Nelson land on Guanima wearing
Edward VIII's bearskin cap and traditional red coat

we trade chiclets for cassava with the Lucayan children

before the end of the beginning with blessings of Hatuey we unbury the hatchet