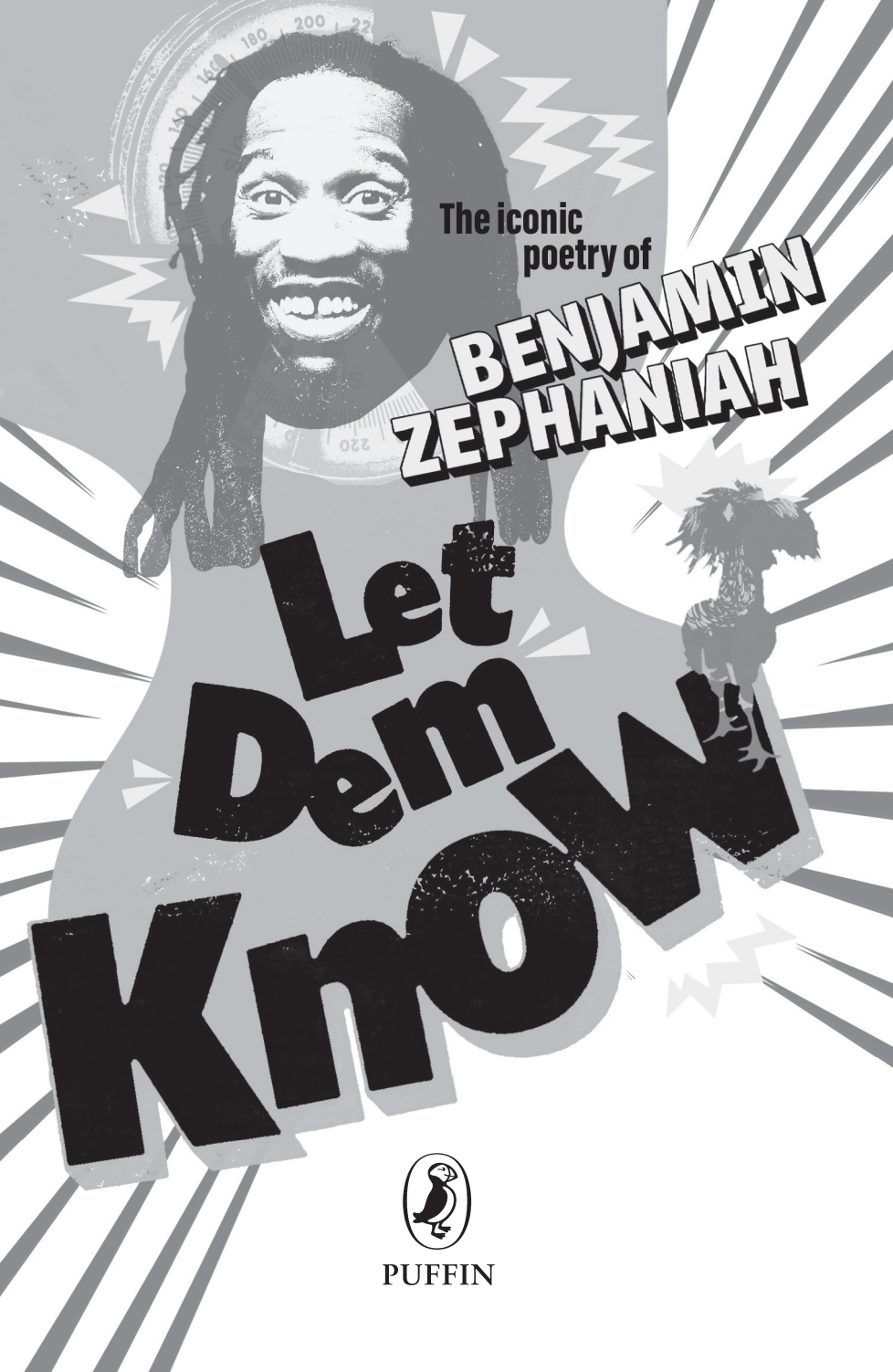




The iconic
poetry of

**BENJAMIN
ZEPHANIAH**

**Let
Dem
Know**



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TALKING TURKEYS

GREET TINGS

Assalaam Alaikum

Hola

Szia

Sat Srii Akaal

Wa Happen

Zdravo

Yia Sou

Merhaba

Hej

Yo

Sawast Dee Craap

Ciao

Zdravstvuyte

Endemenesh

Ahoj

Bonjour

Yassou

Shalom

Namaste

Dag

Guten Tag

Buenos Dias

Parev

Ehida

Selamat Datong

Dia Dhuit

Hallo

And Welcome

BODY TALK

Dere's a Sonnet
Under me bonnet
Dere's a Epic
In me ear,
Dere's a Novel
In me navel
Dere's a Classic
Here somewhere.
Dere's a Movie
In me left knee
A long story
In me right,
Dere's a shorty
Inbetweeny
It is tickly
In de night.
Dere's a picture
In me ticker
Unmixed riddims
In me heart,
In me texture
Dere's a comma
In me fat chin
Dere is Art.





Dere's an Opera
In me bladder
A Ballad's
In me wrist
Dere is laughter
In me shoulder
In me guzzard's
A nice twist.
In me dreadlocks
Dere is syntax
A dance kicks
In me bum
Thru me blood tracks
Dere run true facts
I got limericks
From me Mum,
Documentaries
In me entries
Plays on history
In me folk,
Dere's a Trilogy
When I tink of three
On me toey
Dere's a joke.

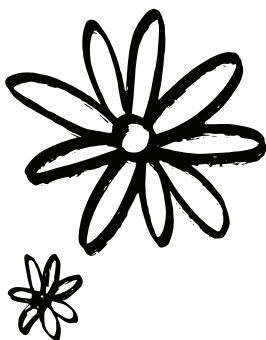
RUNNING



||||||| I reckon I could run de world,
||||||| I used to run me school,
 Hundred metres an two hundred metres,
||||||| I **could** run up Mount Everest
 Wid a drink,
||||||| I **could run** tings wid big words
 Like,
||||||| **INFRASTRUCTURE,**
 an
 TELECOMMUNICATION,
 A marathon? Easy.
||||||| I **could run out of** bounds,
||||||| I **run wild all de time**
||||||| I **run tings nice...as dey** sey in Jamaica,
 Or cool...as dey sey in Iceland,
||||||| I **could run de Universe...**in verse
 But I haven't been given a chance.
||||||| I **will get my chance,**
 Politicians are running outta ideas,
 Dat may mean dat we all, you and me,
||||||| I **an I,**
 All of we, may hav to run our own lives,
 Dats bad...as dey sey in New York,
 Way out...as dey sey in space,
 All right...as dey sey in

FEAR NOT

Wanna be in our gang?
We cause Peace,
Fighters fear us,
On de streets
We shout slogans
Like,
Peace an Luv
One race, de Human Race
Make Patties Not War
An
Kiss a lip.



We are very safe
Animal friendly
Flower power crazy
Whole wheat flour fans.
We are de listening gang,
We want yu to say yes,
More,
Do it,
Go save everything.

Our only enemy is Ignorance
When we see it we rap it
In questions,
Reasoning an openmindedness,
We recycle ideas
An produce true stories,
Your stories,
Her stories an his stories,
Wid luv stories.



We hav no words for things
like,
Join us,
We luv yu baby
We luv yu people
We luv yu grasshopper.

LITTLE SISTER

That's my little sister

Just five minutes old

Already seeking something

To bite and chew and hold,

That's my little sister

Already going bald

I can't just call her sister

So what will she be called?

I want to call her Carol

But all carols are hymns

I want to call her Jimmy

But I always visit gyms,

I want to call her spotty

But she may punch my nose

I will not call her Rosy

She don't look like a rose.

When I hear her crying

I want to call her *loud*

If she's the type for talking

I may call her a *crowd*,

If she's good at singing

I'll call her *nightingale*

If she keeps on grinning

She'll make the doctors wail.

The doctors called her beauty

But beauty is a horse

The nurses called her cutey

Being polite of course,

My Mummy and my Daddy

Just don't have an idea

We don't have a name ready

But we're so glad she's here.