

BOB MARLEY RATTLED EMOTIONS

*Sonorous philosophies so profound,
refuse to retreat and meekly die.
Poverty wore torn trenchcoats
and hovered about in Trenchtown.
Bob Marley saw it and sang
repeatedly to urge its decay.*

*He saw the Sheriff as the defiler
and shot him in plain sight: rather,
in his song, a captured reality.
Exodus wasn't only for Semites
but for Jah's dreadlocked folks too.
Ethiopia could receive and host them.*

*A conspiracy with Peter Tosh,
Bunny Wailer and the rest
to rattled emotions with rhythm
and philosophy styled as reggae,
gets all stomping on pavements,
bush tracks and courtyards.*

*The three amigos trifurcated
to individual pursuits and fame,
yet, their reggae held its might.
It is not fashion but a bloodline,
and that juice flows worldwide,
distributed by disciples, kith and kin.*

*Redemption songs: we all need,
not Eden's full restoration,
a long-gone prospect, blighted
by poverty of mind and means
that prescient Rasta Marley saw.
He sang for us to mourn and rejoice.*

*So, Jamaica of toilage and prospects
injected with speed, joy and dance,
you produced an irreplaceable son.
He rattled emotions far and wide.
He rimmed culture with his songs,
and the echo still blares very loud.*

A Tribute to Bob Marley (Poem No. 2512)

By
Hilary "BrownBard" Inyang

JUST LET UKO AKPAN RAP CULTURE

There departed a gentleman
endowed with a ringing voice
and a deep memory to match.
He held the line on phrases
and sentences in his songs,
all cast in his Annang dialect.

With narrow shoulder blades
and of rather short stature,
he was a giant in his realm:
the lyrics and melody of music
of an unbroken and deep rhythm.
He was a sage with words.

The words rhymed for Uko Akpan
in ways that didn't for others.
He shook his torso and feet
to the ripe age of eighty eight.
His songs tracked forms of fate
with ironies and tricks exposed.

No flowers were romanticized.
Neither was sunlight praised
like in songs of deep passion
for love and gifts of nature.
Uko Akpan sang circumstance:
both victories and predicaments.

All were cast in his culture
with extensions to other scenes.
After all, fate has few models
that don't repeat everywhere.
Uko Akpan rapped beautifully
to the sound of African drums.

A Tribute to the Late Artiste (Poem No. 6753)

**By
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