

Jonathan Grant High School

Solo Dub Poetry

age 12

### THREE R'S

Can this be our country, wen all we do is try? Try fi mek everyday worst than di day before! Come on lets stop it! Bag before yuh drop it....

Do something nuh please, do something, Do something nuh plz do something! Mother Earth a bawl and a weep, she a roll n a holla smaddy pray fi di betta. Mek we reuse reduce and recycle, reuse reduced and recycle.

Lool pon wi pretty little Jamaica, full a flies roach and rat! Smoke all ova d atmosphere, mek pickney a wheeze, mother a bawl, paycheck a fall, docta a get it all! Lool pon miss pat how she sexy n hot... But unda har cellar rat a mash up dat, di roach full approach, di flies adore har odour....

Now is the time now is the hour clean up d place and nuh mek di place smell sour,

Reuse reduce and recycle

Reuse reduce and recycle

Time fi mek Mother Earth smile n laugh again,

Spruce up d place, stop mash up wi earth

Re use reduce recycle!

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Choral group

aged 13-16

Earth Cry

And who will tend to me?

When I become old and weary

And my children grow hungry,

Feeding from dry husks shriveled in dust where ponds and lakes once flowed?

Who will nurse me back to health,

When familiar strangers spit at my feet,

Poke greasy black fingers into my eyes,

And shake their disease out of garbage bins and plastic bags, infecting me, sickening me?

Because I watch you, how you deny me, your mother's mother.

How you act unfamiliar, even though I nurtured your generations,

When my womb becomes barren,

And my tortured milk curdles becoming viscous,

When I am no longer fertile and greedy guts can no longer receive nourishment,

Who will strive to preserve me?

Who will choose paper over plastic?

Who will hug the weeping trees?

Who will speak up for the beasts and the birds who have no words?

Who will honor me, this bitter earth?