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OLIVE SENIOR

REJECTED TEXT FOR A TOURIST BROCHURE

I
Come see my land
Come see my land
before the particles of busy fires ascend;
before the rivers descend underground;
before coffee plantations
grind the mountains into dust; before
the coral dies; before the beaches
disappear
Come see my land
Come see my land
And know
That she was fair.
2
Up here, the mountains are still clear.
After three weeks, I heard a solitaire.
Down there, the mountains are clear-cut
marl pits. Truckers steal sand from beaches,
from riverbeds, to build another ganja palace,
another shopping centre, another hotel
(My shares in cement are soaring). The rivers, angry,
are sliding underground, leaving pure rockstone
and hungry belly.
3
No Problem, Mon. Come.
Will be one hell of a beach party.
No rain. No cover. No need to bring
your bathing suit, your umbrella.
Come walk with me in the latest stylee:
rockstone and dry gully. Come for the Final
Closing Down Sale. Take for a song
the Last Black Coral, the Last Green Turtle,
the Last Blue Swallow-tail (preserved behind glass).
Come walk the last mile to see the Last Manatee,
the Last Coney, the Last Alligator, the Last Iguana
Smile.
Oh, them gone already? No Problem, Mon.
Come. Look the film here.

Reggae soundtrack and all. Come see
my land. Come see my land and know, A-oh,
that she was fair.