

Tout Moun

Caribbean Journal of Cultural Studies

Cultural Policy & Practice

Vol 3: No. 1 ▪ November 2014

<http://www.mainlib.uwi.tt/epubs/toutmoun/index1.htm>
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*Ultimate Events Director Thrilled to Report Success, Record-Breaking Attendance**



COLIN ROBINSON

A teenage boy dives into the folds
of your clothing Yemaya
holding fast in faith to \$11,000
of leaking boat a captain
sailed in silence bailing
out onto your stomach
until it sank
for \$280 and two lives and
a wife who no longer speaks to him
under a bus around miles of traffic
from Williams Bay to the water taxi
under your dress a 14-year old is bloating
his submarine way from Dragon to Serpent's mouth

* For Nicholas Simmons & Dietrich Mateschitz

On 3 July 2011, local promoter Ultimate Events brought Red Bull's signature "Flugtag" to the Caribbean, in which competitors fly their human-powered machine creations furthest over a body of water. The sensationalized Williams Bay, Chaguaramas event gridlocked traffic across northwest Trinidad. To circumvent it, the family of Princes Town resident Denise Quamina, Simmons's stepmother, piled like many others into small craft entrepreneurs plied from neighbouring bays.

Chaguaramas to Cedros
palms to cedars
your jewels nicking at his flesh
his mother wants to open his casket
now all she can recognize him by is his lifeless jacket
a mother who chose the cheapest boat
do it, Denise, like Mamie Till
fling it open
let them see your negligence
choke on their laughter
the gay newsman who giggled at the thought
of your nipples in the surf
the agony of a bargaining mother who chose to save \$5
for her grandson at three to watch his uncle
clinging to a second hand hull full of repairs
slide into the slime of your opening cunt
losing all innocence
I am drowning in the blamelust of the chanting mob
drooling after whomever tragedy can debase most easily
like they want me to jump under a bus
I would take my punishment
the boatman says
we all make mistakes
a barebreasted woman entreats the sea
for custody of a lifeless vessel
a shell of her son stravaging a goddess's cervix
past the landlocked ovary of Princes Town
where three generations wail
who watched you steal an underage lover
unsatisfied by young boys who've worshipped you for ages
tossed their early seed in your seaweed hair
in coves off jetties in the must of hulls
who moan to each other in the secrecy of water
a mother who saved \$5
heaves a pair of sobbing milkdrained teats
between the cold teeth of your waves
salt tears to salt sea
mother to mother
pleads you abort the corpse from your waterlogged flesh
as the internet posters
who drink a bearded Jew's dead blood on Sundays
scoff at a grieftorn topless woman's folly
so careless to drown she son
so stupid she should put her head in science
pray to a masculine god in human form
not the ancient power of the sea

you gave him back full of
taurine and glucuronolactone
caffeine and aspartame
acesulfame K and sucralose
fear and putrefaction
blame and punishment
the flugtag flotsam of corporate irresponsibility
is still floating in the bay
and flying offshore on a tailwind
under a toxic Austrian brew of marketing and stimulants
misgovernance and selfhate
a boatman and a mother
are sinking
but no CEO no policeman no journalist no politician no coast guard lifesaver
is yet to say to a mother a nation the sea
we all made mistakes