# **Fever Dream**

By Jabarri Superville

I don’t like liars.

So, I broke up with my girlfriend,

and I deleted the weather app from my phone.

I was promised sure showers but woke up swimming in satin,

fishermen squawking at each other,

pleading with their brothers,

“Who killin de fish?”

The fan, coughing to pass the time,

complaining too.

That morning,

I sat on smoke, levitated,

rose like jasmine

and counted my country’s countenance - but there was no magic in his carpet.

Ever see a big man cry?

Water, once clear and lazy,

pick up he dutty self, a brown ugliness,

ramming every corner of your house.

Hillsides fall in submission, caving like cheekbones;

modelling for the tourists.

I saw a black, hungry tongue licking the azul like it was life itself.

And the blue Samson, rising and rising.

The proud greys spreading all over the camera,

fighting yellow for show time;

in-between seasons.

Men turn heroes in floodwater,

and poor granny have no water.

Plant dry up and plants dry up,

can’t feed daughter.

No mercy for the week.

We live where they used to vacation,

but even tornados want to see what the island life is like.

Like me and Trini having the same fever dream.

Crops caterpillar to calloused stones

and market vendors just selling to themselves.

Where Jack and he magic beans now?

Corbeaux fly over the city like they predicting the future,

but I’m jealous.

Sometimes, I, too, wish I could fly south,

but it ain’t have no winter here, yet.