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EBOLA

BREAKING:
Carnival Cruise Passengers Flagged For Ebola
posted (October 16, 2014)

There is a major developing story in the Belize harbor this evening - and it is that two
cruise ship passengers who have been flagged as possible Ebola cases - are on a
boat tender trying to come into Belize City tonight for movement to the PGIA where
an air ambulance is reportedly waiting. But, our information says Belizean authorities
are currently refusing them entry to Belize so that they can get to the airport. Those
authorities are asking that they be sent back to the cruise ship. That's where it is at
this hour - and there is no official information - though we have been trying to reach
multiple senior persons in the ministry of health. The tender reportedly remains in
the harbor - between the cruise ship and Belize City - with US authorities seeking
assistance of Belizean authorities to grant them passage. It is reportedly a couple.
Again, no confirmation at this hour but more than one credible report.
We'll keep following this and have more tomorrow...

UPDATE: US STATE - LEVEL REQUESTS FOR DISEMBARKATION AND
TRANSFER TO AIR AMBULANCE WERE DENIED AND THE CRUISE SHIP
HAS LEFT BELIZE'S WATERS. THE SHIP TURNED AT 9:00PM, AND AIR
AMBULANCE LEFT PGIA AIRPORT.

http://www.7newsbelize.com/sstory.php?nid=30376
Ebola

Kyo D’Assassin

Ebola di spread (what)
Ebola di spread
Ebola di spread (who)
Ebola di spread
Ebola di spread (tell di people)
Ebola di spread
Ebola di spread (gears up)
Ebola di spread

Inna '76
people staat to get sick
West Africa
get hamma with lick
outbreak, outbreak
same time, different place
Ebola, ebola
di dance inna wi face
dream team disease
paat ah di plan
origin stem from
animal to man
I di eat bush meat
from di birth of dawn
all of a sudden
my food habits wrong

Fear & fear
bruk out with ease
story afta story
bout di man-u-factured disease
ih deh next door
all inna vaccines
deh find some traces
inna hair weave
siren di bawl
panic can't done
cases, cases
di pop up at random
all a deh story
mek me wa run
son yuh wa di wear
wa full body condom

News di spread
truth or propaganda?
deh stigmatize
whole of West Africa
Ova seas & oceans
valleys & mountains
Ebola reach
before di second coming
Death come by
fi gi wi wa lee tease
Carnival cruise
pon di Caribbean Sea
Fear & yerri soh
all pon mi news feed
Aye bwai...
my country Belize
Big fat sumptuous lips, pouting. Shouting sex. Shouting sin. In our 'conservative' society, we women don't own our sexuality. We are not in control and if we claim to, own it, you had better be prepared to "bend ova, tek buddy gyal."

One needs an appendage to "run tings"

And so I searched this image, the bed-tousled hair, the tilted crown, sultry eyes, 'come-hither' eyes. Classic centerfold curtesy.

There was so much visual stimulation to over-indulge on, as I observed the face. The gaze drops, almost by obligation, beauty aides subversion. Innocent enough in a sports bra. Sometimes covering provokes more intrigue. Excites lust.

Lower still, because of course; you must.

Why turn around now? Then you see it; it is robust, it is vascular.

You still turned on? Excited? Hard?

She may have a bigger dick than you. As all these dancehall imports dagger us with macho assurance via homophobic declarations. You may feel cheated, or confused. Are you still aroused by the pretty faced tripod?
I won’t say best female DJ, because that would be labeling. I believe labels are dangerous. Marcel Duchamp famously said that artists should not hold onto nationalities (another label) but rather produce universal art for universal appreciation or consumption.

That was my interpretation of what he said of course.

Labels are for boxes, so things can be stored away neatly and then be recognized years later, without even having to open anything.

Miss Blease is the best DJ because, unlike some of us ladies, she has understood this market fully.

You need to be:

1. Attractive
2. Excellent at your craft and perform at a level superior to the best males in that field
3. Attractive
4. Always reinventing, improving and working towards the 'new ting'

Miss Blease. "Bam si deh!" Even her stage name. In this business you have to demand your Lady status.

You must make them respect you. No one is going to give you a space at the turntables, or a radio slot; you have to take it and work relentlessly to keep it.

Maybe there are a lot of ladies out there in the Belizean music scene, but as Linda, herself, told me one night in Club Elite, between sets, "it's not just about here mein, yuh haffi geh yuh name ou' deh! And you have to work damn hard fu stay relevant."

Double standards for ladies in the business? Of course! But as Miss Blease would say, "I too busy di work, and promote what I do. I can't worry bout that."
A Segment of Unknown Bodies

Ubaldimir Guerra

Once upon a time
There was Zee’s
Envisioning of lambs
Civil servants sleeping
“Dawn is a fisherman”
Ray borrowing sunsets
X communicating blackness
With souls of black folks
Beaten by the “drums of my fathers”
Paslow in flames lit by
Cigarillos of independence

Creating dangerously
Oh mighty gums
Gums almighty
A chiclero prayer of labor and sweat
Gives birth to your chewing canals
Chopping sap in mandibles of
Eternal crunches of spittle

Oh thunderous mahagonoy
A scout ascends to your canopies of
cloud above broken spines
And colonial ecologies

In the eye of hattieville
Huracan corneal transplant
Battle mythology to ash
Canul cartography
No subject no object
Remapping zeros
ascending
Spirals ascending from
fissures of ruins
Rock stone pond, lamanai
Heads of jade
Gold in chiquibul
Popol Vuh philosophy
Cartesian binaries cancelled
Imagination of calabash
Reaping constellations of corn
Spitting sperm speaking
Depleting capital energy
And landings bearing fruit
At the base of noh mul

Dreaming on grand beds of
Victorian wood
Labor of wood whispers nightmare
into dream
Where chants of revolt are
Beaten on shell and jaw bone
Abeng languages decipher and
blade and set fire
To nostalgia of death cries
Blood, scars, puss

Gnarled and mangled
Hawked and fused in larynx
Lit and burst – thunder
From nebula clouds of spit
in Naguya Nei of Nabor

The lord sings and serves
Bucking ham a royal rat
His rays burn acidic
In the lining of her stomach
Guttural songs on
Underground railroads
Cane breaking
In danticat’s farming of bones
Alfonso Palacio

your haunting mahogany voice flying the cosmos on a drum of death
A drum of death flying the bones of sound with a guitar of fire and a song of light
guiding the journey of memory
Guiding the blaze of distance vibrating in your ears
In your eye of dreams
In your lung of lightning
Your eye of songs singing to a future sky of heart harmonies
A voice of sun of precise venom singing our bones to a drum of death
Of sound vibrating the sea in your veins of visions voyaging the spirit of storm with
sky and eternal spirals of memory’s prismatic abyss
Your air anchors the air
Your voice voyages the future with its fire of ancient seeing

Wednesday 5 November 2014 4:46am
Belize City, Belize
Sean Taegar
PAUL NABOR (Tribute Poem)

Kyo D’Assassin

P-innacle of Paranda
A-awesomeness was his legend
U-nity for Belizeans, especially Garifuna
L-oved by many

N-esta; our Nesta of Belize
A-ways, your voice hits our souls
B-lessed to this messenger going home
O-ur minds, there you remain whole
R-est in peace, Rise in power, Remember us, Belize
Nabi

yasser musa

When you open your arms
Waves crash into the coast
You knew
How to get people happy

Via YouTube I watch you and Andy in Rotterdam,
Dance like a dandy
In Stern Grove, San Francisco
Like the Howlin Wolf of the Mississippi delta
Like a Black Seminole

Your voice
From the first moment you hear it
Penetrates the heart
You knew
How to get people happy

Gulisi was only 13 when she escaped near genocide
You are her child
You are the solar panel of the early 21st century
The vigour of your aching hands strum
acoustic honey
You recorded less than 10 songs
So what are we to hold on to?
Lyrics, which evoke nostalgic longing?

No, it can't be just that
We want more
And the children deserve more
They deserve to know you too

You the sawmill worker
The chiclero
The fisherman
The spirit medium - ébu

You the migrant fruit company worker
The songwriter
The Parandero
A voice so unforgettable
So magical
Umalali
Sensual and stirring

Nabi
I know that the temperature of your larynx
Has its’ origins
Inside a Saharan rock gong thousands of years fermenting
Spiced and marinated
with water of Orinoco
Your voice is a drought and a deluge
It is African, Amerindian, Garifuna,

And speak creativity to the world

Nabi
You led a cultural resistance against
The sterilization of our minds
You put salt back in our eyes
So we could recognize ourselves

Nabi
You are king
Not king of the Grammy
But king of gratitude
King of your temple
Of the spirit

King of curiosity

Every time you left the stage
You would say,

Brado,
Brado did I make it…did I make it?

Yes you did
Yes you did

Yündüya Weyu (The Sun Has Set)
Landini (landing)
Ayó Da Nabi (goodbye father Nabor)
Ayó… (goodbye)
“Belize, 2014” (#20)

Alton Humes

[Inspired by the murder of Tourism Police Special Constable Daniel “Danny” Conorquie on September 25th, 2014]

“Tourism Police Special Constable Gunned Down at Caracol Archaeological Reserve....”

This is Belize, in 2014.

Just at the Zenith of our National Celebrations, a gale-force tragedy strikes.

He was ordinary, just another man on the job. Tasked with the insurmountable – protecting the last of our ever-threatened natural patrimony.

But what he did on that fateful day of ending will remain a beacon onto eternity.

God knows he was scared. Hell, if I were in his shoes, I’d be scared too. He could have run – God knows no one would fault him for THAT. But he stood – alone, scared, but fearless in his duty, his sacred charge to his country. And because he stood, he no longer walks amongst us.

But what, pray ask, is his reward, the gesture of eternal gratitude for his unsurpassed deed?

Why, no more than the usual slinging of political back-and-forth, of course!

Sedi Elrington has PROVEN where his Loyalty Really lies. As impotent and insincere as a prostitute failing to earn their due keep. “We don’t know that the Guatemalans did this…” Well, call the Audible: “For GOD’S Sake, Stop It!!!”

I may not always be intelligent, but on my Best Day, or Worst, ah definitely noh fool-fool. No way, that’s just not gonna fly, not today, not EVER. Our sworn archenemy has proven their willingness to conquest.

“We don’t need to wait,” they chant. “While your leaders caper and kow-tow to our every whim, we carry away your beautiful xate, parrots and precious trinkets and turn your forests into our personal farmlands. And who amongst you shall stop us?

But dem PUPEes, friends, did not do much better. While aiming for empathy, they rendered us into deeper apathy. By God, save your campaign speeches for the Campaign!!

This is NOT the usual political opportunity; a Man’s Life has been wiped away, Neuralizer-style, while you do little more than YOUR worthless usual.

Oh, Danny Boy, Danny Boy, here turns your fate... never once seen, and known too late!!! You deserve much more than this. But you’ll never get it, and there is none to speak for you, that you are Worthy of it!

There won’t be an Order of Distinction because, sadly, you didn’t croak at the ENEMY’S step next door. And even though your bravery rivals that of the great Jawmeighan, you don’t deserve no Meritorious Service Award, because it just don’t suit you. And there goes the Order of National Hero, ‘cuz you ain’t named Goldson or Price.

But Make NO MISTAKE – you are remembered, because I and all who respect your untimely sacrifice will remember. And we will carry your Soul Banner beyond Belize, to the World. Your soul is within God’s House now, but your Heart beats bravely in all who fight for dignity and freedom.

This is Belize, in 2014.
This week I helped to bury another young brother.  
Gunned down from behind this concrete fence,  
And I tried to comfort his poor black mother  
Whose grief had no bottom, no end;  

This her second son slain;  
And I’m fed up, Jack;  
Straight like that.  

I’ve got holes in my sole,  
Worn out from futile peace marches  
Through a city gone numb.  

And this concrete fence stands here and  
mocks me  
After sheltering my brother’s killer,  
Saying nothing;  
Doing nothing  
but wall me out like other fences in this city gone  
numb:  
A school system that fits me like a borrowed shirt  
And churches that toss me like graveyard dirt.  
Each day the dead burying the dead  
While politicians build more fences.  

Buff!  
Whack!  

Hear concrete crack.  

Take this demolition as a warning, Jack.  
Today I wield a tamed sledgehammer,  
But tomorrow,  
Who knows…  

A gun?
Taatatsilo'ob of Mestizo

Andy Raymond Chuc

Shipwreck took you to an unknown land,
You ended laying on the sand,
  Mayas trap you and your friends,
This seem like the end,
Some were sacrificed but you run away,
Just to be trapped by Mayan lord Nachan Can of Chactumal,
Gonzalo's warrior spirit started to call,
Gaining your freedom and marrying Zazil Ha,
With Her you had three beautiful Mestizo children,
The first of America.
I shall not make any political statement

Amado Chan

In fear of victimization
this lonely poem will wander about
voiceless
except in the hushed sh… sh… hushed halls
of the infant UB
stuck at the anal-retentive stage
haunted by the phantom
of its past
five Presidents and their Vice presidents
pulling teeth without anesthesia

And the little piam piam
of my verses
shall flap her wings
to ring the bell
for Hei-Zeus
in the church slash court
yard of the great Emily

And the lady Jaguars
shall wear a black mantilla
over their super-imposed brains
to keep their brightness from emanating
to keep the hushed sh… sh… hushed halls
from reverberating—re-ver-ber-ating
the staccato voices
from the public address system
whispering:
distasteful and wrong
but not corrupt

And these hushed verses
shall repeat themselves
through the echoes
of the black mantillas
as they huddle on the edge
of those black jaguar territorial disputes
silencing the verbal ratatata—ratatata—
emanating odorless incense
from the sanctity of the public address system
hushing resistance,
hushing resistance!

And the ancient ancestors of Noh Mul
shall turn in their unmarked graves

and moan:
for God’s sake stop it!
Mayalands paying for perks!
US Capital drilling!
These hushed black mantillas
praying for visas
praying for passports for citizen Kim
paying with the tainted blood of an aborted fetus
huddled in the hushed halls
of the infant UB on its knees
praying for a rite of passage…

And these lonely hushed verses
huddle under black mantillas
praying to get hooked:
not on cooked cocaine
not to the solar system
but to the solar-powered system
imagining the possibilities
of a power blackout—blocked out—
powerless—
back into a fetal position
back into semi-consciousness!
“Word Sonnet # 2 (On Mark Flowers)” (#9)

Alton Humes

New Commander.

change. Thought

effected. Resistance

revealed. Darkness

brand new Same shit,

day. Mop not

necessary, mess still

stays (left) behind.

(w.) 14-10-2014
(transcribed) 15-10-2014
[typed on October 20th, 2014]


**Untitled**

**Shawn Grant (SKRYPT)**

We all wanna be kings  
But we just slaves before the throne  
Verses rehearses of the struggles that I know  
I say fuck to all ma hates cuz I will make it on ma own  
Ain't no smile on ma face, caz we don't laugh about  
The lonely bodies, dancing at every party  
Her man don't give a fuck; he flirting with everybody  
The path that we have chosen, goes fast like loco motives  
FUCK!!!!!  
I feel the pressure; there's no way to make it better  
I gat cuts on ma hand, I gat tattoos an scars  
No pun intended but I'm feeling all marked up bout it dawg  
These niggas out hear dropping lives; they gat no heart for the fall  
A great way to end ma story is with a great big applause  
I just pray that I don't die before ma city evolves  
I wanna see the lights an glammer flashes of every light  
50 ways to struggles, I'll be the best in this life  
SKRYPT a kid with dreams he gat the biggest tonight  
Yes, we all wanna be KINGS and this is the reason I write.
My Vote

Felene Swaso

My vote is worth more than
a turkey around the holidays
a replaced roof after a hurricane
a snack after community meetings
a visit before elections
100 dollars at election time
only for you to be inaccessible
immediately upon winning.

My vote is worth more than
a gift for Mother's Day
a truckload of soil
in a hill on my yard until the next election
as a reminder to my neighbors
of the prevalence of flagrant political corruption.

My vote is worth more than
lip service.
In fact it's a true civil disservice
how open the practice.
ROAD TO

Karima Shoman

Beloved country mine
What has happened to you?
Crime rates are high
What is one to do?

Majestic you are
Beauty your fame
All who see you
Forgets not your name

From rivers to mountains
Seas to shore
Unforgettable sites
Islands galore

Headed for extinction
Pray tell, what is your plight?
The people are drowning
We are losing the fight!

Hope is fading
Death is on the rise
The Emperor is deaf
To his people’s cries

Plundering our nation
Not caring for stealth
The Emperor and his minions
Ripping away your wealth!

The Emperor has left us
Not a care in the world
Torn us to shreds
We’ve been massively hurled!

EXTINCTION

Left by the wayside
Is his villous plan
The people are drowning
How callous this man!

Like the black hole of Calcutta
Prisoners we are
Do we shiver and cry?
And just stare at a star?

Whispers of agony
Blood, tears, and sweat
Bloodhounds abound
They are not done yet!

Belize, beautiful country
Pillaged and torn
Your people are hurting
There is so much to mourn!

How can we save you?
What can we do?
The time is upon us
For me and for you!

Bullies are cowards
Kings with no clothes
Let’s save our beloved country
Rid ourselves of these foes!

Nothing worthwhile comes easy
We’re in for a fight
We must come together
With all of our might!
I lie in bed at night
About to drift to sleep
Then thoughts of what the world is now
Has crawled in me so deep

Thoughts of innocent babies
Once here and now all gone
What kind of upside down world is this
How can we face the dawn?

I feel the thumping of my heart
A drumming filled with pain
How can I simply lie in bed?
I find it all insane!

Words bursting from my heart and brain
Of things that must be said
No more standing idly by
Until we all have bled

What is it we wait for?
Before something is done
Do we just allow this horizontal tilt
To roll us all around?

Get up and make a stand
Put actions to your pain
With one voice we must make a change
We all have much to gain!

Gun control is what we need
The time is ripest now
Lift up your heads and cry out loud
Let us all make this vow!

For how can we stand by and watch
These travesties abound?
It takes just one and then just two
To turn this thing around!
“GSU Calypso” (#18)

Alton Humes

[Intro:]
Gang Suppression Unit,  
they say?  
No, Govament Stupid Unit,  
we say.  
And no, we ain’t changin’ 
wi mind.

Oh, what a Unit is This,  
fatigues on them bodies,  
faces and ova them lips.  
But dig DIS Wikkid twist:  
Invading lawful houses,  
what a Trip!!!

[1st Hook:]
Gang Suppression Unit,  
you say?  
Govament Stupid Unit,  
we say.  
And we ain’t changin’ 
wi mind.

You ain’t need to be ‘fraid,  
they say:  
If you ain’t black, poor and gangsta,  
yu OOOOOOKKKK!  
But oh, lies in wi face they display, 
Boots on necks they blithely convey.

[2nd Hook:]
Gang Suppression Unit,  
you say?  
Govament Stupid Unit,  
we say.  
And no, we ain’t changin’ 
wi mind.

Night is jus’ like di Day,  
when GSU is about their play!  
Wreakin’ havoc makes their day,  
And boots spatter up the mirey clay.  
Citizens cower and howl with fright,  
causin’ this Unit too much delight.

[3rd Hook:]
Gang Suppression Unit,  
you say?  
Govament Stupid Unit,  
we say.  
NO, we ain’t changin’ 
wi mind!

Now, old politicians wahn 
meek fuss,  
And pure bulls--- di get 
sling an’ buss.  
New Commanda say what 
he muss,  
’caz evribody KNOW GSU 
cum FUS’!

[Final Hook:]
Gang Suppression Unit,  
you say?  
Govament Stupid Unit,  
we say.  
And NO, you can’t change 
wi mind!!!

CODA*: GSU, GSU, do go away,  
GSU, GSU, messin’ up wi day,  
GSU, GSU, haunt we no more,  
GSU, GSU, your use de OUT DI 
DOOR!

(w.) 03-09-2014 (transcribed, with corrections – 
same day as written)  
[Typed with moderate editing and corrections on 
September 24th, 2014]  
*CODA is to be used optionally.
Marcus Canul (Verdadero héroe de Belice)

Andy Raymond Chuc

Icaiche maya guerrero de Belice,
Peleando por el honor de nuestra tierra,
Defendiendo la tierra de sus ancestros,
Peleando en contra de la injusticia hacia nuestra gente,
Admirado por su gente y temido por sus enemigos,
Los blancos lo llamaron invasor en su propia tierra,
Un Peleador de la libertad,
Luchando como un jaguar enfurecido,
Un verdadero héroe de Belice,
Murrió como un verdadero guerrero,
Un héroe olvidado por muchos,
Pero un verdadero héroe recordado por pocos,
Que su espíritu de Marcus Canul y los Icaiche vivan por siempre !!!
The 12th round.

Gia Martinez

The punches are hard and the blows keep me falling.
So I wipe my nose and sweep my arm under my chin,
Fists... Up... And ready-
First hit to the head, then to the chest, back at the jaw and right hook under the nose,
Swollen ... water pours down my face, he says: "you can do this , don’t give up, don’t give in, remember who you are, you’re a champion!".
Reverberating, the bell cries.. And I am ready.. left hook, block,
Stop blocking your face! Because I want to hit you so bad…
I see you getting weak and so am I, I hear your wheezing and my punches come like an unsuspected innocent little girl taking her first hit of weed: unbelievably fast the high of my blows hit your head.
Plunging to the floor, again, I sit puffing profusely and stare at you, glaring at me in the corner;
I’m not giving up my title, not now , not ever.
Jousting; we dance our last foot fiesta when I give you my best stunner that I watch you lean back your head and fall like a rose gently hitting the floor and the petals peel away from the core,
My heavy breathing as I stand, like an eagle staring at its prey ready to feed once more , the referee holds my arm and yours up to sky.
I grinned for you have been my best opponent so far and I have found my match,
The blood garbed your skin like a medal to a close victory, as my sweat tastes like fresh spring water of Eden’s pond.
We both shared this passion of true undeniably beautiful love -
My left eye is closing, and your mouth barely makes a smudged smile.
The crowd rumbled the ground floor and lights like brilliant sunlight gleaming in the arena,
The ref looks at me, shouting:
: “the 12th round….And the winner is…"
THUMB TACKS

Gia Martinez

Ive been planting pins in my head, and they puncture my thoughts, boring through my memories….
I cant take the way I feel most days, like the rain never stops and the dogs never stop howling, and I just cant take the way Damian Marley keeps verifying that I need to stop!!
I need to stop think about last year, and next month, I need to stop holding on to you so tight because I don’t want to let you go.
I don’t want you to slip from my fingers, sliding like sand through my hands, spilling on the floor are the remains of what was.
I just want to wake up from this horrible dream, but it feels like the more I want to wake up, the more my eyes squeeze shut tighter, tighter, tighter, and tighter from reality. I AM AFRAID.
The unknown is so surreal to humans, and I just don’t understand why when I want to write something else you keep popping up like as if I hit a “REPLAY” button instead.
I just don’t understand how I cant…
I TRIED… I wanted to, I aimed so high, pointing the arrow straight up and all it did was hit me in my forehead, and I keep bleeding from the gushing sight.
Im tired of crying for someone who can see me and I cant see them.
I am tired of making the same mistake and waiting for a savior.
I am tired of shouting and screaming and bawling my eyes out.
These pins… These tiny little needle heads, protruding out my skull, and touching them is like bristles instead of hair.
THEY KEEP REMINDING ME________ that I MISS YOU.
# Nancy

Illya Rosado

What more can I say about your looks,
Your passion
Never thought I’d ever be hooked
Or fall in this fashion
Curiosity sparked
Your eyes were what it took
But I stayed for the actions

A heart once ashen
Parked in the cold basement of my thoughts
The first warmth it felt it awoke but I fought
I fought for the fear, for the pride
My mind was on their side
The pain of loss had crept inside

Never showed it on the surface
But from day one I thought you had a glow
And a fire in a furnace
Once lit can only grow
When a heart is fueled by compassion
Something whole can be made out of fractions
Then suddenly you’re complete before you even know

So perhaps there was something I forgot
For it’s more than that sexy smile
Or style that keeps you at the top
My eyes only saw your features
But I spoke from the stage
Something that merely came from the bleachers

Because my heart recites
To the crowd of every thought I’ve ever had
That it breathes when you’re happy
And chokes when you’re sad
It sings about your soul and your person
And it knows the end will get better not worsen

Nancy you are the light
That made me see the words I’ve written
I was smitten by your voice and your presence
There’s a cadence to your caress
But who you are, your poise and your essence
Is what made me decide not to quit
It was always more than just a hit
Sacred Star

Janai Garnett

They say I am the dark horse
That is destined till my end
To gallop like the broken soul
In the shadows of the wind
But I am just the simple soul,
And so they say I’ll fail
Because I am the gentle whisper
Among the constant yell.

I have my dreams I dream at night.
I have my prayers I pray,
And though I run this race to win
I’ve lost along the way.
I’ve sat and pondered upon this life,
My thoughts have drifted afar.
I’m somewhat like the wayward wish
That cannot find its star.

I cannot stop upon this road
And say my journey ends
For when I think that life has stopped
I find it just begins
Therefore the hour passes on
And side by side we stand…
Time and I, soul in soul
Must travel hand in hand….

Chained to seconds, chained to minutes
That do not pause for me
So in their flow, so shall I go
And be where they shall be,
And if the minutes to which I’m chained
Are granted their tomorrow
Then so am I granted this
And beckoned then to follow

Holding not to yesterday,
It was not mine to keep.
I leave it standing in the past,
There in my soul to sleep,
I travel on because I must,
Though the dark horse, I may be.
I travel on to get somewhere
A mended soul set free.

A gentle whisper among this yell
This world, this life, this place
Running still with the flame of hope
To endure this wretched race.
And I’ll keep on running
And keep on running,
Though my thoughts may drift afar,
I’ll win this race as the unknown wish
That claims its sacred star.
The Wake Up Call

Janai Garnett

Life is a gift
And this is your Wakeup call
Do what you want
Say what you want
Be who you want
But know, it's a privilege
Know at any moment it can end
Know that only two people control your life;
You ... And God
He determines your fate
Disobey him and you're done
Betray him and you're out
Once you're out... POOF!
You're gone... just like that
But if you choose to love him
You will prosper; You will rise
You will be the bride
So imagine the life you want
Internal or short term
Awws or boos, Heaven or Hell
Imagine... while you continue to plan your life
And remember
This is just a wake-up call
Reality's a whole lot worst
Stolen

Jaslyn Yorke

Love is an admiration that comes with patience.
Lust is an admiration that comes with impatience.
In all, admiration is common but patience is not!
For years, I've been called upon by several men
but you occupied my thoughts.
A stranger, from the midst of wilderness,
whose truths I'd love to unveil with pure honesty.
A touch like sweet poison, from the hands,
like a thief at night who stole my heart.
The moment I laid eyes on you I knew you were somebody else, somebody I could love.
And since somebody else never showed up, I did fall in love.
They Say

Jaslyn Yorke

They say we shall be mannered protean to situations at all times. They say we shall be tolerant not uppish nor uppity. To be these things may be difficult. So we say Let's suspend situations, be vibrant at all times with no limitations what so ever. Let's neglect it all including life itself. No! They would say What's up with these fucked up bitches we call people. Always acting whack and uppish as well lack of education "ignorant" we might say, with an attitude so tenacious to their way of living and not suspecting a resolution "they say", so pungent. Ample with anger and hard times. So dreadful and sad. They say we shall adapt to these things and not aggravate them. And we say Fuck the free world!!!
I live for challenges and giving hi-fives.
I often ponder on the theories of how we came to be.
I believe in aliens and ghosts and mermaids and sea monsters.
I believe in magic and miracles.
I believe in God.
Not because I can see God,
But because through God, I can see everything else.

I have an innate tendency to lead.
I sometimes wish that people’s go-to adjective for me
Were something other than smart.
I hate, wait – no – hate is too strong a word,
I strongly dislike using adjectives to describe myself in the first place.
I will not be confined to a mere list of words.

I don’t often read novels, but when I do, I devour for hours.
I fancy the way words can be written to evoke sentiment.
I listen to spoken word and absorb poetry.
Movies, Music, and Pinterest all the time.
I have a deep appreciation for clouds and flowers and sunsets.

I fear the day I can no longer remember who I am.
I dream of being reincarnated as an elephant because they never forget
Or as an owl because they are wise
Or as an eagle because they are free.
But in this life, I am a lion.
I don’t lose sleep over the opinion of the sheep.
Roar.

I don’t fear death: it is inevitable.
Life doesn’t stop for anybody.
I don’t linger on the Past.
I focus on the Now and plan a better Tomorrow.
I don’t cry very easily.
Hearty laughter is the elixir for every pain.
Behind this strong, confident, independent exterior is a girl
Who’s just trying to make it through this world as happily as she can.

I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist.
I am a realist.
We are all good people with some bad actions.
Emotions are reactions, not intentions.
Sometimes the questions are complicated, but the answers are simple.
We all sound the same under water.
No. The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves.
I indulge in the pleasure of proving people wrong.
So go ahead, underestimate me.
VISUAL
"When I saw the truth, I felt my soul try to fly away"
"I hate wasting water in the form of crying. I hate it even more when I couldn't stop crying. I wanted to tear my eye I see with out. I did it. But even then, I can feel my soul's blood leaking out the ball I see with, in the form of tears."
Puppet Master:
The puppet master is a representation of deception. As innocent or sharp we may think we are, it lurks, analyze, and plays a clever game. A doll collector, a collector looking for the innocent or looking for a good subject to play the psychological game of manipulation. He hooks you onto his marionettes and dangles you into a fictional doll house of darkness, submission, and control.

Briheda Haylock
Experiments on Photosynthesis.

Destarching
- removing starch
- reason: to avoid any existing starch in the leaves interfering with the experiment & to show that any starch is produced during the period of investigation.

Variegated
- having different colours
Briheda Haylock
Photo Above: Flying the border between Belize and Guatemala. The left is the view west towards Guatemala, the right is taken a few seconds later to the east and Belize.
Early Life as a young man

He was born Alfonso Palacio in Punta Gorda, one of seven children of Enriqueta Palacio, the daughter of Antonio Palacio. His father was John Santino. He grew up at a time when earning a livelihood for a Garifuna young man was very rough unless he could enter the highly competitive teaching profession. But Paul was certainly not cut out to be Roman Catholic teaching material. He lived life to the fullest. He was very mischievous – always playing practical jokes on everyone and getting into fights at the least provocation. He fitted the stereotype of the perennial “bad boy”.

As a young man he dabbled into many things to earn a living – working at sawmills all over southern Belize; for sometime he was a chiclero. He more often relied on fishing. Like other young men of his time he migrated to Guatemala and Honduras where he could get jobs with the fruit companies and his fish could fetch more cash. When he was in Guatemala and Honduras he became more serious about his music, singing and playing the guitar with groups or by himself. From early in life he had a special liking for Paranda music. The best comparison for Paranda is Southern American blues, where one bears oneself to the world begging for relief while strumming an acoustic guitar. Paul Nabor had a lot of disappointments in life to sing about and to ask us to help him along.

Later life

On his return to Punta Gorda he got more serious about life as he grew older. He became a spirit medium (ébu) in Garifuna, which enabled him to
be an effective healer throughout Punta Gorda and other parts of southern Belize. As a spiritual healer, Paul had to shed many of his earlier ‘bad boy’ ways. He also became more serious about his special gift as a musician.

It was in joining the young rising star and distant relative Andy Palacio that Paul eventually found his calling to be a shining light in Garifuna music on the stage, in the recording studio, and in everything he did. Paul Nabor fell into Andy Palacio’s mission in life – to popularize Garifuna music while uplifting Garifuna culture to the highest level it so richly deserves. Andy was happy to take along Paul on his world tours and they complimented each other so well – the young with the old; the proponent of traditional Garifuna music with a one in a lifetime musician so gifted with his improvisations that he became an unrivalled leader in world music; the roots person with the highly polished intellectual and articulate speaker, etc. Together they brought the perfect fit that the world was waiting for. The ultimate achievement, of course, was the 2000 StoneTree Records Paranda CD, that immortalized Paul through his iconic “Nuguya Nei” also known as the national anthem of Punta Gorda.

After Life on earth

It is worth noting that the year 2000 also marked the beginning of a downward trend in the quality of life for our Afro-descendant Belizeans – both the Kriol and the Garifuna – from Southside Belize City extending as far south as the Toledo District. Even as we pay the highest tribute to a man with the humblest of beginnings, who could have so easily missed the boat of the highest accolades in our national music, we need to study his life in all its twists and turns to see what made him defy the odds and become so successful. Full scale biographies need to be studied, analysed, and shared extensively so all of us – and especially our youth - can better understand the enigma of Paul Nabor. How many Paul Nabors are there who will not live beyond the age of 25 and will be denied the human right to achieve the highest of their aspirations? There are many things to learn from a deep understanding of the life of this great Belizean.
Baffu3
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