

FRAGGLE

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By Joan Andrea Hutchinson

An informal commercial importer (I.C.I.) or higgler, is distressed about the damage to her box of goods by the airline. Look how di airline mash up mi box a goods Meck mi sinting dem dash out Dem a go meck my monkey tan up eena my back yuh know Dem a go hear di lengt a fi mi mout

Yuh know how much snow mi walk eena, eena mi crepe So till mi foot dem stiff A kill up myself fi meck sure say everybody Kyan get a Christmas gift Mi buy electric blanket an winter boots Ear muffin and winter coat An mi buy di thick thick woolen winter scarf Fi wrap up roun yuh throat Mi buy chestnuts fi roas roun di opin fire An jack frost fi nip at yuh nose Mi buy di holly an di ivy and snow like dirt A hopes I does not froze Becaw mi is dreaming of a white Christmas Wid nuff nuff farrin tings Mi all buy santa claus an him reindeer Yuh fi hear di sleighbell ring An after mi kill out miself shop, customs a come Further kill mi off wid tax But wuss, after mi write di big 'Fraggle' cross it Di airline mash up mi box See it deh 'F-R-A-G-G-L-E' write in red Wid di big big underline Dat mean when di ol rangutan dem see it pon di box Dem suppose to teck dem time But no man, dem just a haul an pull an fling people tings Like dem a dash out hog feed What about di word 'Fraggle' dem doan understand Is read dem kyannat read Now sake a dem an dem haganeering ways All a mi sinting dem mash It come een like mi box never have on noh seatbelt And di plane get eena crash How oonoo expect Christmas fi be nice How pickini fi be jolly What is Christmas widout a pink and white tea set Or a blonde hair Barbie dolly Wuss if di lickle bway dem noh get noh train set An wi noh get fi shop An put lace curtain an plastic flowers eena housels like say christmas flop So mi sorry fi who did plan fi come a my stall Fi buy pretty tings fi go maggle Christmas mash up dis year becaw somebody dunce An never understand di word 'Fraggle'