

The Rasta Poet

The National Poetry Contest had come down to two, a American Yale graduate and a Jamaican Rastaman who considered himself a graduate of life. They were given one word, and then allowed two minutes to study the word and come up with a poem that contained the word.

The word they were given was 'Timbuktu'.

First to recite his poem was the Yale graduate. He stepped to the microphone and said:

Slowly across the desert sand,
Treked a lonely caravan;
Men on camels two by two,
Destination - Timbuktu .

The crowd went crazy! No way could the Jamaican Rastaman top that, they thought. The Rastaman calmly made his way to the microphone and recited:

Me and Tim a huntin' went
Meet three hot girls in a tent
Dem was three, and we was two,
So Mi buck one, and Timbuktu .

The Rastaman won!!