

The Banana

Solomon O.B.

*Come, mister tally man, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home*

.....

The banana
Ah what a tale you tell
Weaved into the colonial history
Began as an exotic gift in aristocracy
Before they trickled from the top down like a class structure

The banana, barren from British shores during the war
Until in times of peace they reached the masses

'BANANAS TASTE LIKE VICTORY'

He said
Taste like victory
Taste like conquest
Taste like colony

Today your yellow flesh a symbol of both celebration & oppression
Because the roars of wars win
Matched the sound of the crowds' din
on the terraces

BANANAS HURLED LIKE ABUSE FROM THE STANDS

Where they land,
At the backs and feet of black players

CORNERED IN

CORNER KICKS met with
BANANA SPLITS

MONKEY

MONKEY

GO BACK TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY

BACK TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY

The Banana is part of the STORY OF MIGRATION

TO BRITAIN

BY WAY OF THE CARIBBEAN

IMPORT OF THE EMPIRE

THE PEOPLE CAME WITH THE GOODS
BUT THE PEOPLE WERE NOT DEEMED AS GOOD

1ST CLASS IMPORT
Brought in by 2nd class citizens

'The bananas paid for the transport and we were just extra,'
said the banana boat man
'Wherever the banana went we followed'

And so THE PEOPLE BROUGHT the PRECIOUS CARGO
TO WHERE THE PEOPLE WERE ONCE THE CARGO

BRISTOL
The city where the fruit was loaded off the docks to trade
It was in BRISTOL
That humans were loaded off as Cargo known as SLAVES

The irony of history
The very thing brought here
By forefathers
Was the symbol used to tell their sons to GO BACK