

## **Jones Howard**

### **"African Space Craft"**

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(Spoken intro)

Class programme for the

African Anarchist

14 carats he pleaded

Yeah, just let me take the

Grain like a criminal should

Burdens? As in work-horse?

God works in mysterious ways

But never as a coolie

Never as a coolie in the sweat

Shop of a deranged mind

Her chocolate stain is

The envy of caucasia.

On these empty pages

Lies an ejaculatory speech

Will his letter survive?

Will the words ever reach?

Tell me will his letter survive?

Will the words ever reach their destination?

Well I can hear the call of the Mosque

And the ringing of the bells

Yeah, everlasting peace on earth

And the casting of spells

I can see thin white strips of cotton

And an ol' wide broom

I can see their feelings all wrapped up and muffled

In an emotional room

Now, it's the 10th of January

And a Taxi awaits to bring me to thee

But I'm a son of April

And, the only African container of religious sound. Hey!

Yeah, the only African container of religious sound

So they make love on the 11th, fuck on the 12th

And on the 13th they depart

Back to the world of school uniforms,

Perfects with guns and jackboots with heart

Would a true story of cultural splinters

Ever shred you as a tear?

They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla

To burn away the fear

They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla

To burn away the fear

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