

Banana Lives, Windward Isles

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Our lives are planted On the hilltops,
On the hillsides, And in the valleys
We draw sustenance from the Earth
Like you
In Sun,
In Rain, we sweat
The air you feel, we breathe;
'Neath the Great Sky the island lie,
Banana Isles; the Windward Isles.

Ours are lives that laugh and cry
Lives of hopes and dreams,
Lives with fears; Lives that pain;
We give birth and lay down to die;
Lives with children;
Lives of human flesh;
With human hearts
Like yours.

Forty years and more we've sung
the banana song,
In gratitude to Life
In gratitude to You
Who buy the fruit we grow
From the earth
Under the sky

Then comes 'free trade'
Like the tropical hurricane
Battering us
Knocking down our protection;
Exposing our vulnerability.
Multinational companies
and United States Politics
Conspire to destroy our lives
On the hilltops, On the hillsides
And in the valleys.
We see our lives shrivelling
Like dried banana skins;
Savaged and discarded
by those who proclaim: "In God We Trust"
More destructive than the raging hurricane

Will this US/multinational conspiracy wreak;
Lives uprooted and discarded like
Shrivelled banana skins
On the hilltops, On the hillsides
And in the Valleys.
Island gripped in fear and pain
By Multinational and US GREED,