

DARREN ABRACADAZRA: Right, I'm calling it X Factor.

I stand on the corner of the block slinging amethyst rocks drinking pipes and litres and gallons of Mother Earth's private nectar stock, while I'm dodging devils on horseback,, dodging pigs in blankets dodging all other manner of various, nefarious, hideous insidious swine.

Officer sounds like overseer to me. I've got this and much more food for thought with other ideas to digest from the deepest recess of my mind, be pondered over and savoured like UB40 *Red Red Wine*. In that it's normally racist people needing for force of me to stop.

This is what happens when CID want to see ID or simply waste my time. I didn't want to color me bad and take my character but ain't trying to *sex me up*. They want to arrest me, deny me my ex and molest me and insinuate I'm involved in crime but I told you I wasn't lying.

I'm not from Hawaii but 5-0 the beast of Babylon has left his mark on my distance like 666. I am not one Prince Rogers Nelson last known address Paisley Park Minneapolis but I need a fix fix fix of some of that *purple rain purple rain*.

But warning did not attempt to mix with Jimmy's hay for because it's known to drive membranes insane. So excuse me while I kiss the sky

Because I still want to be in a fast lane eating rice and peas with jerk chicken, no bacon, spare ribs, pork chops, gammon or ham. I don't crave kosher, halal, or ital food but I count not five varieties of filth on the fingers on my hand.

I'll eat a dog before I touch that filthy hog. I prefer to have ackee and saltfish, planting, callaloo, green banana, fried dumpling, dasheen, okra. Ox-tail soup, curry goat, sweet potatoes, a festival and a couple of yams.

I'm calling the gang when I when I eat and praise because it's a celebration of the food I love that made me the man I am. I am a lion or not eat a lamb. I went to see Dr. Doot... because I was feeling sick and he told me to forget about green eggs and ham.

Come on down it's the soul food that sends my mind into a frenzy and transforms my body like shazam Black Adam I am. Never judge or question who I am God knows and I know God personally in fact from time to time she lets me call her, me. What? Because I'm out of your league I'm out of this world but I'm still in the same galaxy. I'm as deadly as cancer because you don't see me until it's too late but here I am. I'm totally serious B I'm a star. That dog on fry from Mali plotted things lovely and now the government's plotting against me, trying to ruin my astrology, ridicule my astronomy, disregard my cosmology, and calling to disrepute my theology.

They have the nerve to call me lazy while they benefit from the fruits of my labour and steal my technology.

Once upon a time their spirit of what spirited away my ancestors in the middle of the night in an attempt to deny me my genealogy.

Now they want to put my brothers behind bars and my stars in prison stripes using blood stained red white and blue nationalist flags as kites but I can ride the wind. I am the hawk, I am the eagle, I am the condor I am the crow, I am the raven I am this menallium's falcon headed. I am my Icarus I am Horus I see everything. I will not crash and burn I can trace my divine lineage back to the king of kings. I am the son of Osiris son of Isis worshiped like Jesus and resurrected like Lazarus. I was born in London and made in Milton Keynes. I'm English, Jamaican, Scottish, Ibo-Nigerian, Scandinavian, Iberian too. I'm East Asian Oriental, I'm Native American, I'm Sephardic Jew.

My parents are both black Jamaicans but I'm still technically mixed race. Don't worry about where I come from or who I am. The question is who are you? I've still got the spirit of Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Stealing us was the smartest thing that I ever did. Too bad they don't teach you truth to their kids like when I came to my island and a son on a boat with a bible and a gun telling me a story about a virgin with a husband and a child.

That technically wasn't his son.

You talk about the good old days, your way of life your history your empire and your culture but you're slow to acknowledge that extravagant privileged lifestyles that you lead are based on the rich pickings of a schizophrenic vampire of a vulture, and that's a fact Jack, like how I'm brown but you call me black somehow I'm less of a man because of the melanin that you lack.

What's it like being black you wouldn't like these blues, you wouldn't last an hour let alone a lifetime in my shoes and that's a fact it's just a matter of fact in fact there are no facts facts mere facts not telegram or hologram or telephone the son of men and tell him his Caucasian phallic Eurocentric empire is done. Leave a message on the answer machine telling him there are none, because God's and I are one, times moon, time stars, time sun, the Malcolm X factor is me but I have a dream so mother a martyr or a loser because the king I be. I will not wait on the balcony for you to character assassinate me. You can keep your blonde hair blue eyed Jesus and crucifix I was promised I was tricked all I got was a one-way ticket from the middle passage on a slave ship, ain't that some shit. If you don't think black lives matter, you can suck my... no despite these transgressions hostile acts and sins and acts of war I am better than this, I approach you with an open arms and an open heart to embrace you with a kiss, read my lips sometimes peace comes wrapped in a fist and I'm willing to fight and also to die for it.

Like that Cookie Crew, I got to keep on. [LAUGHTER]