

# The Sound of Calypso

By Alyssa Johnson

Ignited by the vibrations of a steelpan,  
The sun erupts into tiny rays of prismatic light,  
introducing the auditorium to Caribbean heat.  
As the riddims bloom, so do the petals of mahoes and vitaes,  
The talking drums become griots of tradition,  
And they sing,

*dudududu da duuu*

Nandu feathers, jewelled in blue, adorned by orange,  
Curve their heads like fervid crowns.  
They soil footprints in the ground,  
The stage becomes a map  
a march of promenade.  
As they rotate their hips into the whine,  
Their feet sing,

*Pa dum pa dum dum da*

Their voices are like cigars filled with monoi and fused with scotch  
They declare their love to the sound of calypso,  
Through a colloquial rhapsody of patois  
Its chorale proves more faithful than Odysseus  
And they sing,

*Tamboo ba ba da dam*

They sing songs to those lost in the diaspora  
The bass tethers them in soul  
The brass binds the crowd in vitality  
As the stage holds an invitation  
Through culture,  
For culture,  
The rhythm tells the way home

*come, dance, dance with us,*

*Let your feet sing,*

*Pa dum pa dum dum da*