

Ode from Joyce

Benjamin Clementine

I think I shall never fully unwrap
A gift lovely as American chap
American chap whose mouth is pressed
Against sweet earth flowing breast
American chap who looks at God all day
And lift his bony arms to pray
To pray

An American chap who may in Summer wear
A golden nest around his neck
Upon whose blossoms other men will slay
Leaving him intimate with pain
Such is the humming way of an earnest American soul
Buried deep in books, blues, jazz, and rock 'n roll
Poems are made by fools like this English lad
Only God can make an American chap

Don't let an ocean of talent go to waste
Paintings of sorrow go to waste
Portions of emotion go to waste
Oh, don't you dare
(An ocean of talent)
Don't you let it go
(An ocean of talent)
To waste
(An ocean of talent)
Don't let it go to waste
(Talent)