

## POEM NO. 1

### Linton Kwesi Johnson, "It Dread inna Ingran" (for George Lindo)

Dem frame up George Lindo  
up in Bradford Toun  
but di Bradford Blacks  
dem a rally roun

me seh dem frame-up George Lindo  
up in Bradford Toun  
but di Bradford Blacks  
dem a rally roun . . .

Maggi Tatcha on di go  
wid a racist show  
but a she haffi go  
kaw,  
rite now,  
African  
Asian  
West Indian  
an Black British  
stan firm inna Ingran  
inna disya time yah  
far noh mattah wat dey say,  
come wat may,  
we are here to stay  
inna Ingran,  
inna disya time yah . . .

George Lindo  
him is a working man  
George Lindo  
him is a family man  
George Lindo  
him nevah do no wrang  
George Lindo  
di innocent one  
George Lindo

him noh carry no daggah  
George Lindo  
him is nat no rabbah  
George Lindo  
dem haffi let him go  
George Lindo  
dem bettah free him now!

(1978)

## Thesis Statement: 3 Components

- 1) The thing you're discussing  
In his poem "It Dread Inna Ingran," Linton Kwesi Johnson brings England's marginalized identities into the country's political centre by conveying English place and political values in a "Bradford Black" voice that contrasts with standardized, and implicitly white, English.
- 2) What you're saying about it
- 3) How you're going to prove it

## Support your thesis statement: 3 points

- In his poem "It Dread Inna Ingran," Linton Kwesi Johnson brings England's marginalized identities into the country's political centre by conveying English place and political values in a "Bradford Black" voice that contrasts with standardized, and implicitly white, English.
  - Locates himself as self-consciously English-speaking to "Bradford Toun," English community of "Bradford Blacks"
  - Ties the poem and George Lindo's persecution to specific time in England: "Maggi Tatcha," Margaret "Maggie" Thatcher, Prime Minister of England.
  - Defends George Lindo as "a working man" and "a family man," common Western political appeals (not written in dialect but following "him is..." and followed by "him nevah do no wrong")

## POEM NO. 2

### Jackie Kay, "Old Tongue"

When I was eight, I was forced south.  
Not long after, when I opened  
my mouth, a strange thing happened.  
I lost my Scottish accent.  
Words fell off my tongue:  
*eedyit, dreich, wabbit, crabbit,*  
*stummer, teuchter, heidbanger,*  
*so you are, so am ur, see you, see ma ma,*  
*shut yer geggie, or I'll gie you the malkie!*

My own vowels started to stretch like my bones  
and I turned my back on Scotland.  
Words disappeared in the dead of night,  
new words marched in: ghastly, awful,  
quite dreadful, scones said like stones.  
Pokey hats into ice-cream cones.  
Oh where did all my words go –  
my old words, my lost words?  
Did you ever feel sad when you lost a word,  
did you ever try and call it back  
like calling in the sea?  
If I could have found my words wandering,  
I swear I would have taken them in,  
swallowed them whole, knocked them back.

Out in the English soil, my old words  
buried themselves. It made my mother's blood boil.  
I cried one day with the wrong sound in my mouth.  
I wanted them back; I wanted my old accent back,  
my old tongue. My dour, soor Scottish tongue.  
Sing-songy. I wanted to *gie it laldie*.

(2005)

## Thesis Statement: 3 Components

1) The thing you're discussing

2) What you're saying about it

3) How you're going to prove it

The loss of Scots English dialect represents a physically painful change in Jackie Kay's poem "Old Tongue," where the narrator compares her gradual loss of Scottish words to the physical process of aging.