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By Félix Morriseau-Leroy

Tourist, don't take my picture

Don't take my picture, tourist

I'm too ugly

Too dirty

Too skinny

Don't take my picture, white man

Mr. Eastman won't be happy

I'm too ugly

Your camera will break

I'm too dirty

Too black

Whites like you won't be content

I'm too ugly

I'm gonna crack your kodak

Don't take my picture, tourist

Leave me be, white man

Don't take a picture of my burro

My burro's load's too heavy

And he's too small

And he has no food here

Don't take a picture of my animal

Tourist, don't take a picture of the house

My house is of straw

Don't take a picture of my hut

My hut's made of earth
The house already smashed up
Go shoot a picture of the Palace
Or the Bicentennial grounds
Don't take a picture of my garden
I have no plow
No truck
No tractor
Don't take a picture of my tree
Tourist, I'm barefoot
My clothes are torn as well
Poor people don't look at whites
But look at my hair, tourist
Your kodak's not used to my colour
Your barber's not used to my hair
Tourist, don't take my picture
You don't understand my position
You don't understand anything
About my business, tourist
'Gimme fie cents'
And then, be on your way, tourist.

By Félix Morisseau-Leroy, translated from Haitian Creole by Jack Hirschman