

## **ROAD GALS LDN**



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[I dedicate this collection to my intelligent, motivated friend Kenny 'Vulcan', who had so much ahead of him, and endless capabilities. Rest in Peace, will never forget you, I will always respect you.]

# **EVERYTHIN IS TEMPORARY**



## **JUJU GUYVER**

## **JASMINE KAHLIA**

## DEM GURLS

were always tryna fuck around with me. spread rumours abt me. in PE class i was getting dressed when this girl came up and asked me if i was that girl that gave head. 'what the fuck are u talking about' i said to her. 'you know what im on about. you giving head in camden, last weekend on the canal, at 1am. dey saw u from a car' i was baffed. my mum wouldnt even let me stay out past 7 so i dont know where they could have seen me. who was 'theyy' anyway?

by lunchtime i was being screwfaced by the whole world ppl walkin past calling me sket. like two months ago i had beef with this girl that called me a tramp. she sat on top of me and punched my face till my earrings came out. i looked and looked on the dirty floor but i never got them bk. i cant even remember why the ppl in my year didnt like me.

*JUUU - back then youngers n olders were like big sis-lil sis relationships. i remember the first time you spoke to us, i think we were sitting on picnic bench talking bout rap when you came out n was like you like rap ? i write bars. n we thought whos this younger shes brave, outspoken but we liked that.*

i kept kickin it in the library and when julie was at school i used to skip class with her and chill. but this somalian girl kept gettin in my face. her friend and her fat sister was testin me all day until i thought i was gonna explode. they kept talking about comin to get me after school. i used to know them from year 7 when they put all of us into a group called somali club at lunchtimes.

i was nervous, thinkin about 3 of them and one of me, when i thought fuck it and shoved a pair of scissors up my jumper. ready 4 whatever. it was a thursday wen we left school early. i waited 4 julie. we were gona go camden with nicole when they came back and started to fuck with me.

'what u saying.' dis gurl sneered in my face 'your jamaican mum is a prostitute.' me and julie kept walking but they were pushin me to the limits. i moved towards them and said 'dont try me. i ll fucking cut u.' they stepped back and the fat sister took off her belt and flung it towards me, trying to hit me.

*JUUU- nicole saw you being harrassed n thought nahhhh not with my yunga, the girl got brave and came up to you when we showed up the others turned into commentators only talking shit from a distance.*

*the other chick had a can of coke in her hand acting smart when really we knew she was waiting for the right time to throw it on you. so nicole walked passed her swiftly and grabbed the can out her hand.*

*i think i told you to put the scissors in ur bag coz that female fed patrolled our school n could see the commotion. i told u keep it quiet let dem follow us to camden il see some peeps i know from others schools as well as the local crews. especially coz i was in MAD murk all day cru lol i was like let them come il have em all fucked.*

we got to that corner, in front of costcutters where i used to buy mayfair cigarettes. back in the day it was £1.50 for a 10 pack. this girl was in my face spurring me on and julie stuck her arm out to separate us, 'back up' she shouted in their faces. from the corner of my eye i see a blue flash.

*JUUU- when we got to the shop i remember having enough of them talking shit so i put u behind me and stood out n told dem u all wana fight yh coz im done talking now, but that chick dont asnwer questions too well she just kept saying walahi and i said to her in*

*my language that means if you dare! so i said it back and told em follow us camden we can fight there. Then they got shook i think.*

i tried to walk off but the police came over to me 'are you alright there' some policewoman said to me. 'come here and we can talk about whats going on' i walked over and she motioned for me to sit in the car. the door was open and i looked over at julie. 'so can you tell us your name, love' the policeman in the driver seat said to me 'yeah' i replied 'turn round and i can write it down.' and when i turned round they slammed the door and drove off, with me in the backseat.

*JUUU- i think the fed car came coz the fed in the school hinted them to n we tried tell em nothings going on ur coming camden with me but they wouldnt have it. i told dem chicks touch my younger n il have everyone in my year fucking with you by tomorrow. shook heads bark loud but bite like a ladybird.*

julie and the others were looking at me, and i could see them through the rear window. all those dickhead somalian girls were still in the street and i was in this police car with strangers.

**by Jasmine Kahlia & Juju Guyver**



## **Road memories – Juju Guyver**

Ima slick my hair to the side

And buss my big hoop earrings

Wtf am I gonna wear

I gotta leave soon

I almost forgot to put on my two sovereigns'

Ima meet my crew

Jam on the bridge and bop down the streets.

chill in the chicken n chip shop with my 2 piece

We be hiding from the rain

With all the gel in our hair

Dripping down our face

Road gyal memories

That can never be re placed

We even slit our eyebrows

Just like the mandem

Life was good, jammin in Camden

## ROUTE 2 ARCHWAY. – Jasmine Kahlia

everything is temporary, everything evolves, everything is left behind words stitched across my eyebrows moments bonded to my fingertips you would have loved these people I used to know, until you realise why they were no good for me.

i have a story for every stop the 41 bus stop takes. lets do this journey together and I'll weave together times when I was 10 and 22 like they were weeks apart.

you are really missing out on my experiences by seeing me everyday you really appreciate my experiences by not seeing me at all

### RENT FREE.

aqui no puedes vivir gratis estoy sacando todo lo que me da pena vivir cada dia inventandome otra vez que a veces es bueno cambiarme corriendo porque a veces es bueno irme

### RENT FREE.

you cant live here 4 free im getting rid of everything that gives me pain to live everyday inventing me again because sometimes its good to change running because sometimes its good to get away

## Ugly Duckling – Juju Guyver

Who ever thought the ugly duckling would evolve Amongst demons in school presented as gold. Going to school was like waiting in hell. Confused why they call her ugly, but her mum always called her a beautiful girl.

Mixed opinions and poor presentation.

Was it necessary for the laughs and comments to be blatant?

The dark days and mistreatment were soon to an end by this time she had only one friend.

She posts selfies on Instagram.

The ugly duckling is now a goddess.

How do you feel now to know that you were the ugly mess?

Ugly mess of opinions and spoilt up bringing's.

Let's hope she doesn't blame you for all the broken feelings.

Now walking with confidence, power and identity

She joins hands with the only friend who got her through it mentally.

Without our eyes, we know what type of friend to be.

Don't influence your thoughts of others with your own insecurity.



## Winter Sun – Juju Guyver

Dreaming of that winter sun while driving to Asda  
I turn the heater up clenching my jaw and  
gripping the steering wheel a bit tighter  
Nodding my head to the afrobeats  
Wanting to dance and sweat in the sun  
The cold always seems to come in sooner than last year  
Gutted to arrive to my destination in short time  
Only to step out into the cold and grip my jacket closed tighter,  
trying to seal in the warmth I have left  
I make it inside, only to avoid the cold isle  
Why is it soo cold?  
Yet the meat aint frozen I can see my own breath.  
Asda brand bottle of rum should do the trick later on  
Send me back to my dreams of that winter sun.

## FONTHILL ROAD – Jasmine Kahlia

.  
these clothes were always too small  
for me i don't know if i could or wanted to be smaller.

i was always wearing tracksuits and big jackets  
in case the girls about  
would get brave and touch me.

this boy followed us  
going pssst psst oi cant u hear me  
ur peng u know i wana spk to you  
and of course he wasn't talking to me.  
so when we stopped he called us stink frass gals and  
i wondered why we gave him a minute to speak  
in the 1<sup>st</sup> place.

i wanted to wear something for  
that drink up we were going to cause i'd been to raves  
but it was near the week of our birthdays and  
i wanted to look peng for one day even if it was  
only my gurls who thought so.

i tried on a XXL dress that stopped at my  
thighs and the man said through the  
curtain

-

its cause you eat too much  
KFC

i cried and cried going home.

## Clouds – Juju Guyver

It's like I can't think clearly

Because... There are clouds in my mind

These clouds rain thoughts on my conscience, of things

That I shouldn't put at the forefront of my mind

Little things. I don't need to worry about

But I make them big things that push to the front line

The more I'm trying to get myself back together

I'm taking the time to find the light

Bright lights through the cracks in the clouds

The clouds that are slowly clearing.



## Nu girlfriend – Jasmine Kahlia

i sit in your new house 4 the second time this week.  
my bare feet rub the wooden floor where carpet should b.  
now i really feel like im 20.

you lean out of the window wearing a black vest.  
i wonder breifly what it would be like 2 love you.

well i play with the long hair extensions i plaited in last night  
from 7 to 2 i weaved in this synthetic hair that has no real texture  
but lifts my mood.

i like replaiting the ends when i dont want to make eye contact with  
people.you have a raspy voice which i liiiiike.

you smoke so much, somethin to do with that maybe.  
theres something about being in the middle of hackney, no job, no  
college no shit 2 do except chill wid u.

the wind is light, i like even the flies that invade the room  
its summer.

u order a pizza. and i got a cigarette in my mouth as you answer the  
door.

the mist falls out of my face  
lookin at ur lip piercing thinkin shud i do one similar  
shud i tell u whats on my mind

maybe maybe whateva whateva

## Anti social – Juju Guyver

Some days I want to be anti-social. Not social with sociable people, who only socialise with me for an opportunity. Not intellectually. Unrealistically, materialistically.

Just not my cup of tea if you get me. Crackheads. Deceivngly. Dressed in nice garms and fresh creps. With families who own farms. But they choose to sit uncomfortably till they inherit the fortunes and life starts to blossom.

While I'm here working away from where I want to be. so my time is money and I ain't got time to hand out like freebies. I'm quiet and focused. Unsociable. Making the most of the inconvenient conversation. For your sake. trying to be patient. Because stupidity leads me to frustration.

Like when you asked if Africa was next to Australia or something. Nothing in common. So, say good morning and move on. Hey Hun, wanna come up for a drink? Every day you ask the same thing! Even in front of my kids! If its 10am now I wonder what time my liver will be on the brink.

Can't speak my mind aloud if I let my tongue loose I'll be the mean bitch. Saving my words to pass down wisdom. I never talk to you for a reason. Your lifestyle and ignorance just ain't pleasing. If there's nothing better to say I'll just be on my way.

Unsociably.

## First zoot – Jasmine Kahlia

u were black like proper darkskin black with a black leather jacket even your short black hair was gelled down touchin ur black eyebrows and u was always challenging everyone with ur black eyes. kinda like me but i didnt have no one 2 challenge. sweetgal.

u used to write stories. i rmb u was telling me some stories over the phone about this lightskin gurl that was a shotters wifey and she sees the goonies kill him in her Mercedes. then she moves onto his best friend and they setup the new tiing together.

u put me onto the phone with this guy u was linkin called mighty. he had such a fine voice and i was supposed to ask him if he liked u but he asked for a pic of me and those days it was some 45p picture text shit. i sent it even tho i didnt have really crèdit.

then ur next story was like 'he wants her instead of me, i shuda knew friends will end up fuckin u over to catch man'. not subtle. u called me a bitch. Fair enuff.

2 weeks b4 i went to ur mums house in the middle of this estate in hampstead imagine i didnt even know they had the hood 2 but we went to ur bedroom u share with ur brother and he crumbled off some weed for us and we stuck the rizla together with pritt stick cause we couldnt roll.

It was raining and we started giggling 5 minutes after we hit it. U popped my lighter on the floor to make it spark and came with me to do that leafleting job, my aunts friend. Do u think she clocked we were high? I cant even rmb wtf we said to her. i dont know what i was thinking

### **PSYCHEDELIC SPLIFF – Juju Guyver**

My psychedelic spliff

Takes me on psychedelic trips

My hands are the tools

My brain is the mothership

No hallucinations just inspiration

Beauty in everything amongst appreciation

Freer than a butterfly with no focus no care

Just meditating with creations

A relaxed smile and stare

All these inspiring thoughts

Amongst the chilled vibes of neo soul

Counteracting insomnia and stress

The bonus to my precious.

Psychedelic. mess.

### **Bigger Dream – Juju Guyver**

I ain't moving keys under palm trees

I'm writing poetry

Under the baobab tree

I can think clearly here

My mind is free

Freely thinking, clearly speaking

Quickly writing so I don't forget what inspired this

This is the place that delivers bliss

Greenery in my scenery

Don't wanna go back to the concrete

Just to be a silent witness

My local council, soo mean to me

But let me take my mind back to the scenery

In Casamance, where I always dream to be

One day soon I'll be back to build my home

My dreams will be reality coz I believe in ME.



### Coersion – Jasmine Kahlia

u couldn't even and didn't wait for me to be ready.  
hair half done and shit, normally a 45 minute style.  
our first date was at ur mums house  
you kissed me on ur bed always pushin for it yeah ok but  
heart goin everytime someone knocked on ur door. Shit  
  
ur bestie came round and then went corner shop  
we fucked in that 10 mins that he took  
to go down in the lift and come back with his girlfriend  
I couldn't even find my bra before I went home  
  
cant help thinkin sket sket sket in my head like I regret it  
really fuckin regret it  
wish I cud take it back right from the beginning. right from  
that whole night I gave and u spat back when u didn't c blood.

### YOU – Juju Guyver

I hear the heavy steps from your air forces  
Goosebumps attack my skin, before the smell of your  
Paco rabanne calms my overflow of excitement and expectations  
Feelings of falling in love again  
Just like ground hog day,  
I've already fallen but it's a warm reminder whenever you return  
from being away.  
Focusing on your sharp, dark, brown eyes I see the roadman you  
used to be is still there inside.  
On standby. A militant gentleman is what you presented to me.  
Those tough and furious hands never scared me.  
If only my eyes could project what they see.  
Hardworking hands that hold me in safety.  
Holding me like a feather.  
Softly, smoothly not letting me ruin in the hands of bad weather.  
Without your crown, jewels and bling.  
Without your crew, followers and friends.  
Il still stay loyal when you leave  
I won't cover lies with stories,  
you won't believe I'm here waiting for the return of my noble king.  
So, I can feel that feeling, like falling in love again.

### Fifth [or sixth or seventh] Zoot –Jasmine Kahlia

Still don't know how we got back from Plaistow that day, I remember to get into east u get that overground train and take it to leyton or Wanstead, then somehow we end up near my brothers house, so we was outside his house like some likkle badgyals just like nervous giggling spuddin the mandems that's really just my bro's friends chattin shit like – 'ur name is what? Oh ur tag yeah but im a gurl so what is ur real name- can I call u that?'

he flicked out a magazine and rolled one I mean like 45 minutes rolliiinnngg that same ass zoot. me and nicole was like done just fuckin waitin and nadia was bein rude and belligerent and shit so finally when we got the end half of the spliff we hit it so fuckin hard, I had like 13 puffs and I didn't feel shit. Walked deeper into these bits not even knowing what street we crossed onto and how to get back when I realised

**I got hands.** Like real hands that come off my arms and feel kinda cold but kinda tingly and why do they look so funny and so.. far away? Kinda behind that I saw my feet that were at the end of my long ass legs I even cocked my leg up on a nearby car to get a proper look I was trippin 4 real. Fuckin trippin. Chopped my hand over da crotch, got dis - BAM. Did I just do that though? fuck

Went up the road but 4 what ? came back with a tin of KA we couldn't even pay 4, all four of us chipped in for it to share and I had the second swig, and like how many flavours exist in this delicious drink like I feeeel like im in the Caribbean already black grape mmm or that green flavour its just rollin around my tongue stuck my arm out for Julie to take the next swig and

'Omg she's been just licking the can and not fuckin drinkin fam – gurl keep the KA lets get on a bus back to the bits . - shes actually lenged out'

### Superhero – Juju Guyver

When the world needs a superhero

Is it that bad, that we wish

We had something that doesn't exist

Just to fly through, when all else fails

Like a wave, we have to tackle

But no ship with set sails.

Without our superhero,

We are just a syndicate of slow snails

In a race, we know we will fail.

The kids swear you exist!

One day you will fly through and defeat monsters

With fiery fists!

Are things that bad...that we wish you did exist?



### Golden Rain – Juju Guyver

It's raining golden rain drops  
Rush to the window  
look with your kids  
Not 'oh god it's raining'  
Flooding up the draining  
Let's close our eye lids  
See the golden rain pouring  
Still in the water form  
I'd love a golden storm!  
Give the rain its props  
For lifting our emotions  
With imagination  
When the rain drops



### Lipsin – Jasmine Kahlia

He took my number from the reception desk said  
We were workin on a little project together so its okay  
I was wearing some cheap shit maybe impulse spray  
Or some perfume from poundshop knowing he wont ever  
Forget abt me  
He came up to Camden even though it's a slip  
To b out here on his ones just talkin to chicks  
He lipsed me kept lipsing me  
Lookin back it was so bad but  
I just didn't know how 2 tell him 2 step off  
We got the bus to central and it was a thing  
To chew pacifiers then so we all bought a 5 pack lol  
My gurls were behind us, chatting bout funny shit  
I could hear them and wanted to pipe in but u kept lipsin me  
Finally when we reached trocadero we went in the arcade  
Made up a lie abt havin to bounce early  
Downstairs they were making 'revolutionary' pizza cones  
Yeah tomato and cheese squashed up in an ice cream cone  
You pointed to the ants walking into the pizza cone machine  
I really felt sick not trustin any food from central after that  
Walked out with u to get a bus back to ur ends and had my gurls  
Just creasin about me getting with a guy like u  
I thought u were real cute, but u just didn't kno wat 2 do #

## Ma Belle – Juju Guyver

When the sun light catches you  
Everything else around you fades away  
You're in the spotlight  
You're now an exhibit of true beauty  
I can see your heart I can see your kindness  
I stare at you as if I'm calmly studying perfection in your form  
Emotion in your expression  
Warmth in your heart  
How do I preserve you and keep you as you are?  
In no risk of damage, risk of a cracked smile and cold heart  
All the other parts of you, would just fall apart  
Scared to leave my mark and be the reason  
You fell and broke down into pieces  
Fighting temptation of exploring all of you, up close and personal  
Because if you fall, there would just be a spotlight shining  
On a puddle of mess I left behind, although deep down inside  
I truly know  
Given the opportunity I'd carry you with care  
and place you on the biggest platform  
For the whole world to stare

## NAILSHOP

the first time we went I didn't even know these places existed.  
i was chipping at my £1 miss sporty nail polish[blue at the time],  
happy to be out of the bits, well, on camden high st but like i could've  
been at college already. it was summer. we used to wear stripey  
jumpers and play japanese hiphop from ur fone sharing ur little  
rollies and later we might go down to the canal, where all  
the shotters were. you pulled out a picture like

'look, this looks so sick, all the american rappers have nails like this.  
Like nicki or trina.' you walked in and was like  
'can I get a full set manicuuuuuuuuure'  
and pulled out £15 from ur crossbody bag.  
I touched the little coins in my pocket. maybe pass mcdonalds n get  
a burger after. I sank into the waiting seats, flickin thru some  
cosmopolitan or whateva.

after a lifetime you jumped out of the chair lifted ur wrists and  
showed me. 'lets go' you said and we walked across  
crowndale with ur full set, small cute plastic nails that changed the  
whole essence of who we were.

I say 'we' cause obviously I got mine done after that. my first time  
was in finsbury park, on my jacksie shook as hell thinkin what if it  
doesn't come off?

my guy told me 100000 times. RELAX RELAX and I thought 'fuck, if  
he's shoutin at me to relax maybe I better relax init, cool'.  
slyly still panicked abt the glue and being bonded 4 life.

but the biggest bond I made was with u, Julie, when we went out  
together with our fullsets, proper sisters, proper big girls, proper  
roadgals.

BYJASMINE FUCKIN KAHLIIIIIA

## Mandinka Karoninka – Juju Guyver

I got that morena melanin  
I can feel it more than you can see it  
The richness raging in me  
The heritage that follows  
You can't break me or burn me I rise through everything  
I wear the symbol of a phoenix  
To let you know it's within  
I'm embraced and taught by blood  
So, I'm never lost  
My soul, wallpapered in kente cloth  
My tongue, confident in Wolof  
My body, enriched with African ingredients  
that also uplift and cater to my desire of real soul food  
My feet, exfoliated by the sharp sand in the rain  
My heart, completely squeezed out all love and  
Refilled with bitterness and pain  
Because I lost the one who made me this way.  
You stitched our culture inside and out of me,  
Embedded shells and self-taught skills linking to my heritage.  
To deal with this pain is imperative,  
I know I need to cross the bridge, follow the river to the village.  
Back where you started. My mama, nama nala.

Jasmine Kahlia -i lost contact for 8 years with my day 1 gurls Juju & Nicole, so it was a real blessing to find them again and have it all b the same. they r friends that i made durin my teenage years, & they are my true SISTERS and know the real me since we all seen each others evolutions.

i got so much respect for them. seein them turn in2 mothers and jus fkin legit adult ppl, with real heart despite all tha shiit that life throws at them. i dedicate the work ive made throughout my artistic career to them as without them i'd be doing boring work abt geometric shapes or online montage or other fake artistic shit like u see in the tate lol.

seeing my nieces n nephew b little versions of my sisters is a feelin i cant describe, so proud of them 4 setting the future 4 their babies and being real with them abt the world around them.

seeing nicole after so long and being such a boss mama im so proud of her. the day me n juju went to see her for the first time after so long i felt like i was gonna explode with alllll the stuff we had to catch up on. i will never forget the days walking through tufnell park and going the loonngggggggessstttt way back to mine everyday just to bring hr home, then have her bring me to holloway and then going back and forth chatting tiill it got dark. my tufnell pk memories and being with her gave me so much inspiration and content, cant ask 4 anymore alie? jheezzzzz. she is so beautiful and tough and i really wanna protect her and make sure she gets the best from life. it'll happen gurl.

gettin tattooed by juju [so far twice] was such a surreal moment - bein in her dad's kitchen with her old dog [who was a puppy when she got him at 16] feeling like even through those 8 years we still got that same friendship is sooo nuts. it didnt even hurt [much, rrmbr JUJU i was like JESUS LORD A MERCYY] cause i was being tattooed by my fam. fuck camdens expensive ass eclipse tattooing

lmao. im so happy me and juju started this collection together, she got me back on disssss after doin so much on my ones for roadgals and burnin out a bit. im so glad that the original cru is back and bigger than eva. she is so strong and intelligent, got the most respect for her and nic.

the msg is always bein young and rich, which is a fuckin myth. thats why i started making art in the 1st place. both come and go, and come again feel me?

when we went clacton on sea in august 2018 we saw a bunch of 45-60 year old yardie women just ravin it up, lookin good, dancing and bein hella loud on that little seaside train. they looked so vibrant, cheeky, full of life and shit, and nic/ juju [i cant rnbr now] said thats gonna b us fam , in like 30 years we gona b livin our best life not givin no fucks.

here's to giving no fucks !!! we got this!!

Jasmine Kahlia