

“The Lonely Londoner”
by
Kelsia Kellman

I am the lonely Londoner,
Stepping off that boat-train
Shedding skin like a rattlesnake,
To blend in with the vipers
That swarm at the end of this
Ramp; whispering behind
Forked tongues:
Go to hell long back...

(To) the place where sunshine
Stretches like a mile long
Shadow and the earth
Beneath your feet is solid
And smooth and not made
From red bricks that slope
And slide when wet with

(Blood) rain that never seems
To stop falling.
Are the heavens crying?

White flashes greet me as my
Foot hits cobblestone street
And for a moment I blink,
And picture rock hard cement
But then I remember:
I am a lonely Londoner

And these teeth smiling and
Hands waving are not the same
Ones that will play mas or
Leave taking the only bat cause
Yuh out! De ball hit de stumps!
But will still be enchanted by the
Sound of dominoes hitting
Wood and laughter sweeping the air.

Cause dis ain't home
An' dere ain't got no
Distinction
between what is
Black
Or
High brown
Cause de silk

gloves dat place
tickets in seats so
they never have
to get dirty
An' de signs written
in we queen English

Makes sure to remind me
That with every step
I must remind myself
I am nothing but

The Lonely Londoner
and nothing else.

**WINDRUSH
DAY**