

Chilling Out Beside the Thames

Summer come, mi chill-out beside the Thames.
Spend a little time with weeping willow.
Check if dem Trafalgar pigeon still salute
old one-eyed one-armed Lord Horatio.

Mi treat mi gaze to Gothic cathedral
Yet mi cyant forget how spider spiral
Is ladder aspiring to eternal truth . . .
Trickster Nansi spinning from Shakespeare sky.

Sudden so, mi decide to play tourist.
Tower of London high-up on mi list.
Who show up but Anne Boleyn with no head on
And headless Raleigh gazing towards Devon.

Jesus lawd, history shadow so bloody.
A-time fo summer break with strawberry.

John Agard (1949-)

Toussaint L'Ouverture Acknowledges Wordsworth's Sonnet "To Toussaint L'Ouverture"

I have never walked on Westminster Bridge
or had a close-up view of daffodils.
My childhood's roots are the Haitian hills
where runaway slaves made a freedom pledge
and scarlet poincianas flaunt their scent.
I have never walked on Westminster Bridge
or speak, like you, with Cumbrian accent.
My tongue bridges Europe to Dahomey.
Yet how sweet is the smell of liberty
when human beings share a common garment.
So, thanks brother, for your sonnet's tribute.
May it resound when the Thames' text stays mute.
And what better ground than a city's bridge
for my unchained ghost to trumpet love's decree.