

Island Man by Grace Nichols

(for a Caribbean island man in London who still wakes up to the sounds of the sea)

Morning

and island man wakes up
to the sound of blue surf
in his head
the steady breaking and wombing

wild seabirds
and fishermen pushing out to sea
the sun surfacing defiantly
from the east
of his small emerald island
he always comes back groggily groggily

Comes back to sands
of a grey metallic soar
 to surge of wheels
to dull north circular roar

muffling muffling
his crumpled pillow waves
island man heaves himself

Another London day