

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

by

Dennis Brutus

In London it is dark,
night settles on the city
and the West End throws
its garish pyrotechnics
into the ten-o'clock sky:

In Westminster, that place of shame,
spawn of slavery's systems,
hoarse-throated still with lust
for Africa's rape,
they plot fresh perfidy
emerge, smiling
dripping their etter of festering lies
but we pursue the sun,
head westwards over the Atlantic,
cross a cloudsea grey and rimpled as tripe:

ahead, a saffron sun smoulders,
the rim of sky, edge of cloudbank
bleed an anaemic blood,
but the will, body, spirit surge.