

Black Londoner

I am a black Londoner
To my core I am black

Before Lewis and F1
Before Josh and boxing glory
Before Sajid became Home
Before Wharton kicked the ball
Before K made us read
Before Lenny made us laugh
Before Sir Trevor made us stare
Before Sade made us dance
Before Equiano raised his hand
Before Wedderburn could speak for my skin
I was a Londoner
Roaming the dark unlit streets, a free man
I toiled on the decks of the merchant ships in wharf's long
before Canary.
I drank from pewter mugs ale bitter to taste, the perfect
lullaby.
I watched from the fading Thames tide, London burn for days
I cried myself to sleep in frost biting snow, glimpsed
Septimius and co march along self-built roads Watling Street
et al

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