

dreamer

Jean Binta Breeze

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from *Third World Girl, Selected Poems*, (2011),
©Jean Binta Breeze and Race Today (1998)

roun a rocky corner
by de sea
seat up

pon a drif wood
yuh can fine she
gazin cross de water
a stick

eena her han
tryin to trace
a future

in de san

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Dew

Kwame Dawes

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(Written after the earthquake which
devastated Haiti in 2010)

This morning I took the dew from the broad
leaf of the breadfruit tree, and washed
the sleep from my eyes. I saw a blue
sky. The cock crowed again and again.

On such mornings, each deep breath,
clean as new light, is a blessed gift.

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I have crossed an ocean
I have lost my tongue
from the roots of the old one
a new one has sprung

Epilogue

Grace Nichols

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I Have Crossed an Ocean: Selected Poems (2010)

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Man, so used to notn, this is
a dream I couldn't dream of dreamin
so – I scare I might wake up.

One day I would be Englan bound!
A travel would have me on sea
not chained down below, every tick of clock,
but free, man! Free like tourist!

Never see *me* coulda touch world of Englan –
when from all accounts I hear
that is where all we prosperity end up.

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A dream of leavin

James Berry

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I was always in a dream of leavin.
My half-finished house was on land
where work-laden ancestors' bones lay.
The old plantation land still stretch-out
down to the sea,
giving grazing to cattle.

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What we do with time
and what time does with us
is the way of history,
spun down around our feet.

So we say, today,
that we meet our Caribbean shadow
just as it follows the sun,
away into the curve of tomorrow.

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History and Away

Andrew Salkey

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In fact, our sickle of islands
and continental strips are mainlands
of time with our own marks on them,
yesterday, today and tomorrow.

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I Am Becoming My Mother

Lorna Goodison
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of Carcanet from
Collected Poems (2017)

Yellow/brown woman
fingers smelling always of onions.

My mother raises rare blooms
and waters them with tea
her birth waters sang like rivers
my mother is now me.

My mother had a linen dress
the colour of the sky
and stored lace and damask
tablecloths
to pull shame out of her eye.

I am becoming my mother
brown/yellow woman
fingers smelling always of onions.

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