BOM Mumbai Airport

This far East your thoughts are the edge of the world. It will not be the last time that you walk through a door hoping to return. From your cabin window heat sweats off the tarmac. Think of this space like a tree without branches or a wind that hides itself till you show your face. You are not alone you have my voice. There is the wind and there is my face. The man next to you will wake from his dream with the sound turned low.

Poems on the Underground

tfl.gov.uk/poems poemsontheunderground.org
Benediction

James Berry

Thanks to the ear
that someone may hear
Thanks to seeing
that someone may see
Thanks to feeling
that someone may feel

Thanks to touch
that one may be touched
Thanks to flowering of white moon
and spreading shawl of black night
holding villages and cities together

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I Sing of Change

I sing
of the beauty of Athens
without its slaves
Of a world free
of kings and queens
and other remnants
of an arbitrary past

Of earth
with no sharp north
or deep south
without blind curtains
or iron walls
Of the end
of warlords and armouries
and prisons of hate and fear

Of deserts treeing
and fruiting
after the quickening rains
Of the sun radiating ignorance
and stars informing
nights of unknowing
I sing of a world reshaped

Poems on the Underground

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I Am Becoming My Mother

Lorna Goodison

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.

Poems on the Underground

tfl.gov.uk/poems  poemsontheunderground.org
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.

Dew

Kwame Dawes

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Propped against the crowded bar
he pours into the curved and silver horn
his old unhappy longing for a home
the dancers twist and turn
he leans and wishes he could burn
his memories to ashes like some old notorious emperor
of rome. but no stars blazed across the sky when he was born
no wise men found his hovel. this crowded bar
where dancers twist and turn
holds all the fame and recognition he will ever earn
on earth or heaven. he leans against the bar
and pours his old unhappy longing in the saxophone

Poems on the Underground

Naima

for John Coltrane

Kamau Brathwaite

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