



Coming Home

It's the autumn of 1966
I'm sitting on the school steps
near the tennis courts.

It's 8am and we are not
in the mood for our usual
chit chat and game.

"I can't believe it"
"I know"
"When do you have to go?"

Like two peas in a pod
our scheming minds tried
to cook up a storm of a kind.

But move blues stopped play
that day
and my life changed forever.

Voiceless, the move unknown took place
to open and green landscapes
full of narrow mind spaces

No more tennis, music and French
No more revealing and secret conversations
with my grandmother

No more piano playing in my grandfather's room
No more chickens crowing
Next door before dawn.

No more trains passing by
for my waves
turned into cries

My mind, body and soul
disconnected, dislocated and empty
like our brand new council house

No local bus service, no garden fence

Only memories of old school friends
to keep me sane.

Teachers were nosy; School was a daily inspection
The perplexity of my skin tone
under the spotlight of interrogation

“Where are you from?” London
“No, where are you really from?”
Well, my mother is English, Father is from Guyana.

“So you’re Guyanese then.”
This is when I became a foreigner
from some distant land.

My Scottish stepfather who tried to play ‘happy families’
stepped into the pub buying friendship in the shape of
drinks all round.

Eight years and eight moves later
I leapt out of my teenage years
to spread my wings

It’s the summer of 1975, I’m feeling so free and alive
as I host a relocation party
in celebration of my return to London city

With a mix of old and new dynamic friends
and DJ Maurice spinning the discs
A bottle of champagne pops its cork

Glasses clink and I take a sip
This is home;
this is where I belong.