

History Swirls

Maureen Roberts

History swirls

It's in a curl, an upper lip
a deeply furrowed brow

Our wind-whipped parents
Braved ocean liners to reach these shores
Tailored suits, seamstress sewn dresses

Theirs the music of nostalgia and romance
Jim Reeves and Nat King Cole
Roses are still red my love

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'Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone'
Gave way to Milly's 'my boy lollipop'

Jumping, joyous soundtracks of their lives
Cugano, Equiano, Sancho and Prince
What songs did you sing?

Do your rhythms jump in our bones
Echoes of lives we did not know
Cugano, Equiano, Prince and Sancho

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Around cans of Red Stripe beer
Around rugged, ruffian Rude Boys

Youth energy fuelled by Saturday soup
Singing down the rhythms of our lives
Mixing punk, reggae, kaiso lyrics

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We're alienated, excluded, cast aside
Still one tribe, one tribe, one tribe.