

STREETS

Cyril Dabydeen

These too are streets, journeys, places that I
hide in, that I shout out with a loud voice.

I say, Do you understand that memory cannot disappear?
Give me the maple leaf and I will show you the veins
as I cry out emblems from far-off places.

Can you swim undersea? Can you tell one planet
from the other? Same voyages, and I am also
Irish, thrashing in a potato famine.

In my many voices I keep coming to you;
I am at the edge once more as I shout out the land.
Do not leave me empty, the streets are still bare.
I crouch and bend, I carry imprints my name my name.

God, this is all I ask, and when the land
says it is temperate,
I am eager for it to be otherwise.
I say marvellous things, asking that
together we haul stones, boulders; we will build
across the terrain in British Columbia
Quebec Ontario the Prairies Newfoundland.

Districts of the North, I come to you,
I love you all the best.
I love you you.