

‘Wherever I Hang’ (1989) by Grace Nichols

I leave me people, me land, me home
For reasons, I not too sure
I forsake de sun
An de humming-bird splendour
Had big rats in de floorboard
So I pick up me new-world-self
And come, to this place call England
At first I feeling like I in a dream –
De misty greyness
I touching de walls to see if they real
They solid to de seam
And de people pouring from de underground system
Like beans
And when I look up to de sky
I see Lord Nelson high – too high to lie

And is so I sending home photos of myself
Among de pigeons and de snow
And is so I warding off de cold
And is so, little by little
I begin to change my calypso ways
Never visiting nobody
Before giving them clear warning
And waiting me turn in queue
Now, after all this time
I get accustom to de English life
But I still miss back-home side
To tell you de truth
I don’t know really where I belong
 Yes, divided to de ocean
 Divided to de bone
Wherever I hang me knickers – that’s my home.

(Goodman, 1996, p.292)