

Twenty Five Years Later

Twenty five years to the day
They called it the Dawn Chorus
They asked for a song
under the canopy of trees,
themselves enclosed
in the skeleton of a building,
long devoid of its glass skin,
decayed.

As the sun rose

I sang

My Lord, What A Morning.

She said to me,

this angel,

You remind me of

Paul Robeson.

Do you sing many of his songs?

On that morning

I had to confess ignorance.

And that, I thought, was that.

But the ancestors had different
plans.

They guided me

onto the second step

of my journey of discovery,

into the pages of

a book.

Twenty five years

to the day

I return

and I spot the angel

sitting there at the very top,

above the canopy of trees,

now wrapped in a transparent skin

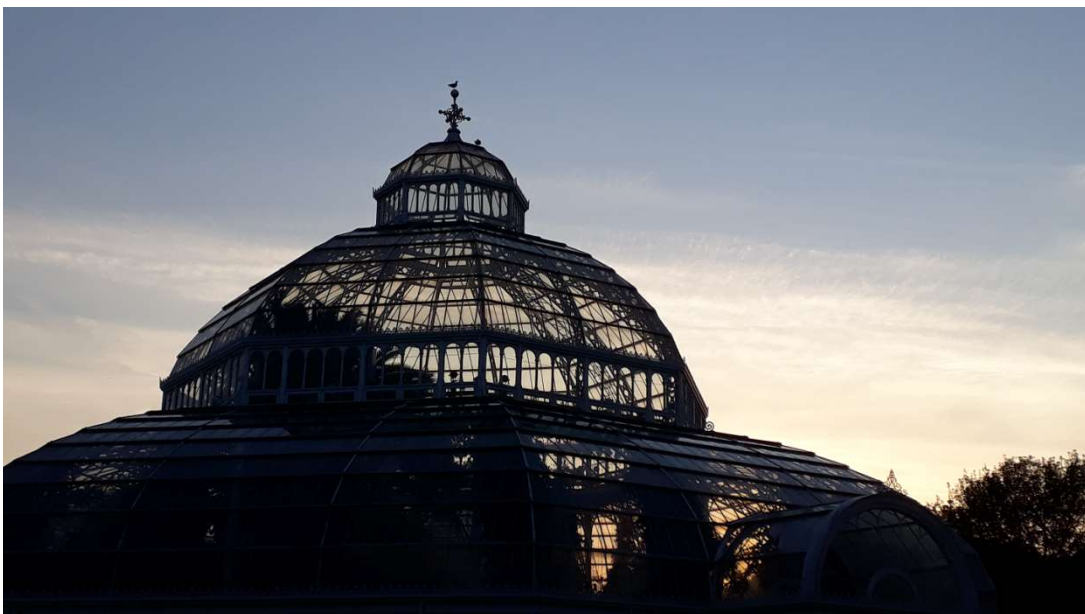
of this magnificent building,

gleaming in the sunset.

She too has returned,
sent by the man
and our ancestors,
to receive my thanks
for safe return
from the journey around the world
gaining and sharing
Love and Wisdom

and my thanks
for the knowledge
that the sun
will again rise
the next morning,
and the next

Tayo Aluko. 23 June, 2020



Sefton Park Palm House, Liverpool