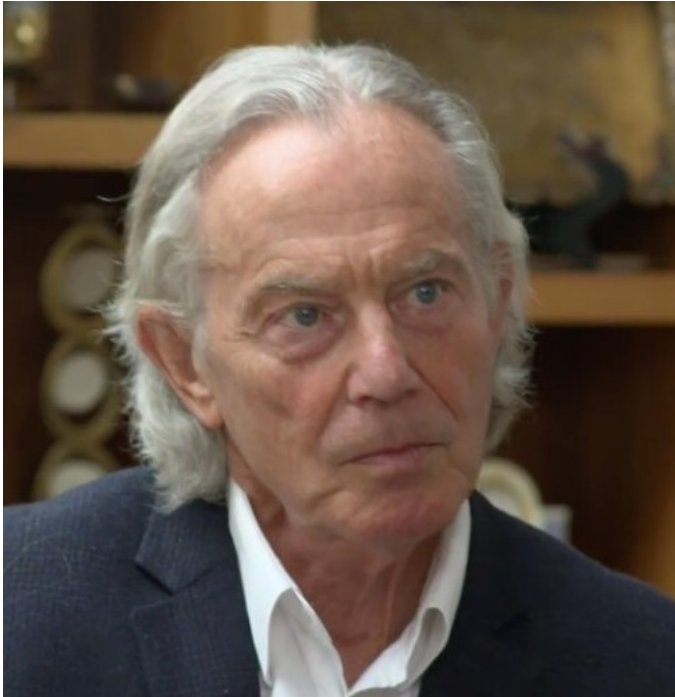


# The Face of Britain



I am the face of Britain  
Cool Britannia, they call me.  
I bestrode the world stage,  
chest expanded,  
powerful.  
Strongly sending others' children  
to kill, and be killed  
in the service of Empire,  
of Capital.

I still reap the rewards of deception  
and of exploitation of other people and their lands  
by my forebears, and me.

The sun sets, then it rises, and then it sets.  
With each darkness, the night grows still,  
but not my mind:

The anguished cries of the dispossessed  
The wailing and the groaning of the dead and the dying  
invade the calm of my nocturnal luxury.

Though washed from my hands,  
Their blood courses slowly, roughly  
into every morsel of my being  
like oil-soaked desert sand.

Daily I awake and approach the mirror  
The face that greets me is still vibrant, youthful and  
handsome  
No crevices, wrinkles or blemishes.

I block out the voices in my inner ear  
that call out a strange name, in the rhythm of the heart  
that went from my chest to the highest bidder:

Crool ..... Britannia  
Crool ..... Britannia  
Crool .... Britannia

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