

Silent Statue

They come in their hundreds
Their thousands, sometimes.
Month after month,
Year after year
They gather
and chant, and shout their grievances
They lift their spirits
And think there is movement.

They don't notice
Me standing there
Silent, nameless
As I have done
For more decades than there are of them,
These so-called activists.

I continue my wordless stare
And rigid pose
And let out an invisible sigh
As once again
they make their way home
Not thinking
to topple me
once and for all.

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St. George's Hall, Liverpool. May 2020