

Cyril Dabydeen

My peace accord,
Promises to the East,
The West, as I travel alone,
Strident in my creative writing.

Are you a cypher clerk?
Do you express a greater longing?
Skin itches, body's wanting.
This code--

I couldn't teach you the beauty of words.
How can we live by metaphor only,
Here where it is coldest--
 I hear you say.

I will make further promises,
With a submarine quest,
Thrashings of the sea--
Or sheer espionage.

Now I simply rise up
With a Gouzenko smile,
Being far from it--
 without anxiety.