

brother portrait minutes - poet in the city roundtable 30/5/18

songs and sounds at this moment held dear  
judge not my guilty pleasure  
my shower time shrill  
my city ride thrill

music to my ears  
the beats to which my steps are measured  
my shadow never still

puzzle pieces as pavement slabs  
old poems read on parchment  
maps

jonzi sent his joints  
to far reaching compass points  
to east london where the mandem a'boop  
to a bow where he born and grew  
a past I never knew

to break from convention, break cycles  
let us know first how long  
id links must be forged, how so  
how long

it is news now but not new  
when the channel switch  
when they scratch that itch  
when ad revenue does not pay that crew  
they go to where the next trouble brew

but young child in the rubble, you  
left now to rebuild self  
shelter under shop awnings  
up stairwells, by the swings  
ears shuttered to the songs you sing

they're tutting as they lift  
and twist your quotes  
but I hear the pain pulse  
the boredom notes  
uncertainty in your throat

my hesitations were the weight of expectation  
opportunities I never knew

with dreams a swipe and tap away  
follow back and follow through

this generation knows  
for better or worse  
oh the timeline can't unsee  
but we share in lols, in memes, in goals  
self care, I care, I feel you, I see  
there's a world out there like me

we all got next if each one teach and reach out  
see the dominoes fall

I believe in you  
you ill, you real  
got soul, got skill

even Fred Astaire fell  
Einstein failed class  
Usain Bolt one time, maybe, came last

the future will be coloured in the light of your dreams  
and the real models up on your screen

the city hold treasures still  
though the streets are hardly paved with gold  
promise meets the eye who seeks  
so venture forth  
be bright be bold