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Sun

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Sun

Abstract

Will we ever discover tropic? Sun, insisting in the sky, You make us wet with red dreams of freedom, burning
Whereas we will not burn. By what simple means Your fire flames on these green islands, To what purpose you
there in sky we on earth We cannot fathom. We squint back at you In the canefield, slaving under your
venomous fist, We in streams bathe in your heated face, And those who are a little wise ask The old questions
and watch the sky for rain. Sun,

SAM SELVON

Sun

Will we ever discover tropic? Sun, insisting in the sky,
You make us wet with red dreams of freedom, burning
Whereas we will not burn. By what simple means
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In the canefield, slaving under your venomous fist,
We in streams bathe in your heated face,
And those who are a little wise ask
The old questions and watch the sky for rain. Sun,

Grinning on my shoulder, I with back bent
You with June's immortelle crawl in thick jungle
Deceiving with the promise of another day,
Priming my children for my death
And the catastrophe of their own lives. Knuckle
Of fire in my eye, yellow glare in air spinning
Over these green islands to attract people from the north,
Knowing as we turn earth how viciously we whisper
Comforting words to our neighbours to keep their chins up
Though their knees buckle at the nothingness of things.

(1949)