

## Windrush Child by John Agard

Behind you,  
Windrush child,  
palm trees wave goodbye.

Above you,  
Windrush child,  
seabirds asking why.

Around you,  
Windrush child,  
blue water rolling by.

Beside you,  
Windrush child,  
your Windrush mum and dad.

Think of story time yard  
and mango mornings,

and new beginnings  
doors closing and opening.

Will things turn out right?  
At least the ship will arrive,  
in midsummer light.

And you, Windrush child,  
think of grandmother  
telling you don't forget to write.

And with one last hug,  
walk good, walk good  
and the sea's wheel carries on spinning.

And from that place, England,  
you tell her in a letter  
of your Windrush adventure.

Stepping in a big ship,  
not knowing how long the journey  
or that you're stepping into history.