A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Dana Gilkes

THE HOME LIBERATION FRONT

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In New York,

Bajan Jamaican St. Lucian Guyanese (I could go on)

never have more spirit than when they laugh in some natural-born American's face about going home.

Bus-stop, supermarket train station and once even while I was watching my goddaughter play at the jungle gym over there-so on Avenue N...

We are not just passing the time then.

You would think we had sojourn in Egypt for so-many-and-so-many desolate years

and then some hitherto iron-fisted Pharaoh had finally made a value judgment to crack his fingers a mite

and let the sunlight talk.