Joanne C. Hillhouse

PROSPERO’S EDUCATION
(on hearing George Lamming)

Still,
We eat
their realities
like tasty food;
Pepperpot
Festival and jerk
Saltfish cakes.
We breathe it
in
like fresh
air,
and don’t think
to question
the foul smell of
money on our hands;
stilted realities,
fork-tongued politicians,
and generic BET bling bling
beats
ingested with complacency.
We tap our
feet
to this tuneless rhythm
and eat
and sleep.

The enslaved
is not pitiable,
not nearly as pitiable,
as the oblivious slave.