

Crossing Continents

The Arctic Tern's Prayer **Mary Anne Clark**

<https://ca.audubon.org/news/arctic-tern's-prayer>

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[SEP]

Tweet of the Day - The Arctic Tern

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/b020tppv>

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[SEP]

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[SEP]

ANCHORS

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[SEP]

In a breaker's yard by the Millwall docks,
with its piled up litter of sheaveless blocks,
Stranded hawsers and links of cable,
A cabin lamp and a chartroom table,
Nail-sick timbers and heaps of metal
Rusty and red as an old tin kettle,
Scraps that were ships in the years gone by,
Fluke upon stock the anchors lie.

[L]
[SEP]

Every sort of a make of anchor
For trawler or tugboat, tramp or tanker,
Anchors little and anchors big
For every build and for every rig.
Old wooden-stocked ones fit for the Ark,
Stockless and squat ones, ugly and stark,
Anchors heavy and anchors small,
Mushroom and grapnel and kedge and all.

[L]
[SEP]

Mouldy old mudhooks, there they lie!
Have they ever a dream as the days go by
Of the tug of the tides on coasts afar,
A Northern light and a Southern star,
The mud and sand of a score of seas,
And the chuckling ebb of a hundred quays,
The harbour lights and the harbour smells,
The swarming junks and the temple bells?

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[SEP]

Roar of the surf on coral beaches,
Rose-red sunsets on landlocked reaches,
Strange gay fishes in cool lagoons,
And palm-thatched cities in tropic noons;
Song of the pine and sigh of the palm,
River and roadstead, storm and calm -

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[SEP]

Do they dream of them all now their work is done,
And the neaps and the springs at the last are one?

[L]
[SEP]

And only the tides of London flow,
Restless and ceaseless, to and fro;
Only the traffic's rush and roar
Seems a breaking wave on a far-off shore,
And the wind that wanders the sheds among

The ghost of an old-time anchor song:-

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[SEP]

*“Bright plates and pannikins
To sail the seas around,
And a new donkey's breakfast
For the outward bound!”*

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[SEP]

in 'Favourites of the Sea'

Cicely Fox Smith Published by the
(1882-1954) National Trust 2015

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First Light **Chen Chen**

<https://poets.org/poem/first-light>

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[SEP]

The Sari & Presents From My Aunts in Pakistan **Moniza Alvi**

<https://www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/poem/sari/>

<https://genius.com/Moniza-alvi-presents-from-my-aunts-in-pakistan-an-annotated>

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[SEP]

The Emigrant Irish

Like oil lamps we put them out the back,

of our houses, of our minds. We had lights
better than, newer than and then

a time came, this time and now
we need them. Their dread, makeshift example.

They would have thrived on our necessities.
What they survived we could not even live.
By their lights now it is time to
imagine how they stood there, what they stood with,
that their possessions may become our power.

Cardboard. Iron. Their hardships parcelled in them.
Patience. Fortitude. Long-suffering
in the bruise-coloured dusk of the New World.

And all the old songs. And nothing to lose.

Eavan Boland

Sea Grapes

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[SEP]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GOlbD_Gawis

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[SEP]

That sail which leans on light,
tired of islands,
a schooner beating up the Caribbean

for home, could be Odysseus,
home-bound on the Aegean;
that father and husband's

longing, under gnarled sour grapes, is
like the adulterer hearing Nausicaa's name
in every gull's outcry.

This brings nobody peace. The ancient war
between obsession and responsibility
will never finish and has been the same

for the sea-wanderer or the one on shore
now wriggling on his sandals to walk home,
since Troy sighed its last flame,

and the blind giant's boulder heaved the trough
from whose groundswell the great hexameters come
to the conclusions of exhausted surf.

The classics can console. But not enough.

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[SEP]

Derek Walcott

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[SEP]

OCTOBER

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[SEP]

She knows that something's different
In the skies, blue but sharper than before.
The night has left the hands of leaves
Imprinted in the grass, blood-red and orange,
And there is something missing in the skies
She knows so well she cannot see.

They are not there, the swallows –
All summer they criss-crossed her day
Their tassels swimming the water of the air
Through all the still blue nights that would not die,
Which kept blue-gold and visible till midnight,
The swallows always there, celebrating and trapezing,
Missing not a single catch.

But yesterday they were ready:
Their journey restless in them – flitting,
Jostling and whispering along the wires –
The whole way back to Africa
Mapped minutely in those wings.
She watched them then, yet had not thought
That night would blow them all away.

What will the winter be without them?
Lanes like the beds of rivers, gullied deep with leaves
And the trees masts, leaning out of huge winds
To whelm the valleys. The black horse of night
Gallop through earlier and earlier, leaving things huge –
The lit eyes of houses staring afraid,
Like silent cries for help.

Yet they will come back, as all things that we fear are gone,
Return, somehow. Just as the new horns of buds
Will green the trees, and ripened fields of sun
Will rise to life – the swallows will be there again.
She will see them when she least expects to,
Will find them in that late blue light
Just as she always has.

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Kubla Khan **Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

http://www.bbc.co.uk/poetryseason/poems/kubla_khan.shtml

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Source - *Kubla Khan* **Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/purchas-his-pilgrimage-or-relations-of-the-world-and-the-religions>)

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[SEP]

*Toussaint L'Ouverture Acknowledges Wordsworth's Sonnet
To Toussaint L'Ouverture*

I have never walked on Westminster Bridge
or had a view of daffodils.
My childhood's roots are the Haitian hills
where runaway slaves made a freedom pledge
and scarlet poincianas flaunt their scent.
I have never walked on Westminster Bridge
or speak, like you, with a Cumbrian accent.
My tongue bridges Europe to Dahomey.
Yet how sweet is the smell of Liberty
when human beings share a common garment.
So thanks brother, for your so net's tribute.
May it resound when the Thames' text stays mute.
And what better ground than a city's bridge
for my unchained ghost to trumpet love's decree.

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[SEP]

John Agard

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[SEP]

Continent's End **J Robinson Jeffers**

<https://www.robinsonjeffersassociation.org/2010/08/continent%E2%80%99s-end>

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<https://delosmusic.com/continents-end-video/>

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The Shipping Forecast

Dogger, Rockall, Malin, Irish Sea: Green, swift upsurges, North
Atlantic flux Conjured by that strong gale-warning
voice Collapse into a sibilant penumbra. Midnight and
closedown. Sirens of the tundra, Of eel-road, seal-road, keel-road,
whale-road, raise Their wind-compounded keen behind the
baize And drive the trawlers to the lee of Wicklow. L'Etoile, Le
Guillemot, La Belle H el ene Nursed their bright names this morning
in the bay That toiled like mortar. It was marvellous And actual, I
said out loud, 'A haven,' The word deepening, clearing, like the
sky Elsewhere on Minches, Cromarty, The Faroes

Seamus Heaney

<https://youtu.be/HnQ2Lk20n3U>

Catching Crabs David Dabydeen

<https://www.poetrybyheart.org.uk/poems/catching-crabs/>

Untitled

Untitled

Untitled

A daring gray dolphin, Swam quickly to go, Continent
counting He took his friend Joe... I'll count every
continent, Those near and those far, 'Cause I never
remember, How many there are! Are there 6 or 7? Or 2 or

3? How many continents, Are found in Earth's seas? They first rounded Africa, Gray elephant's home, Ghana and Kenya, Where lions did roam... They swam north to Europe, Where castles are best, And then North America, From Quebec to Key West... South America soon, With Peru and Brazil, Then took a long swim, Through a freezing cold chill, Antarctica's ice, Saw the south pole, And then on to Asia, From China to Seoul... Australia followed, Saw a cool kangaroo, How many continents, Had dolphin been to? Dolphin counts 7, On his continents list, He's says they're all special, None should be missed!

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Ozymandias **Percy Bysshe Shelley**

<https://www.poetrybyheart.org.uk/poems/ozymandias/>

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Drummer Hodge **Thomas**

Hardy <https://poets.org/poem/drummer-hodge>

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Secrets of the Sea (for Alan Kurdi) **Mohamed Hassan**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I0kuJjVQtJo&feature=youtu.be>

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Nocturne

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And we shall bathe, my love, in the presence of Africa.
Furnishings from Guinea and the Congo, heavy and
burnished, calm and dark.
Masks, pure and primeval, on the walls, distant but
so present!

Ebony thrones for ancestral guests, the Princes of the
hill country.

Musky perfumes, thick grass mats of silence,
Shadowed cushions for leisure, the sound of a spring -
of peace.

Mythic language; and far-off songs, voices woven like
the strip cloths of the Sudan.

And then, dear lamp, your kindness in cradling the
obsession with this presence,

Black, white and red: oh! red like the earth of Africa.

[L]
[SEP]

Leopold Sedar Senghor (1906-2001)

Translated by Gerard Benson