



Immigrant

November '63 : eight months in London.
I pause on the low bridge to watch the pelicans :
they float swanlike, arching their white necks
over only slightly ruffled bundles of wings,
burying awkward beaks in the lake's water.

I clench cold fists in my Marks and Spencer's jacket
And secretly test my accent once again :
St James's Park ; St James's Park ; St James's Park.

Fleur Adcock (b. 1934)

from "Poems 1960-2000" published by Bloodaxe in 2000 and reprinted here by kind permission