



## *Hurricane Hits England*

It took a hurricane, to bring her closer  
To the landscape  
Half the night she lay awake,  
The howling ship of the wind,  
Its gathering rage,  
Like some dark ancestral spectre,  
Fearful and reassuring:

Talk to me Huracan  
Talk to me Oya  
Talk to me Shango  
And Hattie  
My sweeping, back-home cousin.

Tell me why you visit  
An English coast?  
What is the meaning  
Of old tongues  
Reaping havoc  
In new places?

O why is my heart unchained?  
Tropical Oya of the Weather,  
I am aligning myself to you,

I am following the movement  
of your winds,  
I am riding the mystery of  
your storm.

Ah, sweet mystery,  
Come to break the frozen lake  
in me,  
Shaking the foundations of the very  
trees within me  
Come let us know  
That the earth is the earth  
is the earth.

*Grace Nichols (b. 1950)*