



Kim Salloway

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Evelyn Nathan

A breadfruit roasting somewhere,
checkered, blackening
each square by square,
palpitates within incinerated dark.
I lay my head down on the cool tile floor
and hear the drums.

Outside the room
night music flows from rocky yards,
entrapping souls in viscous streams,
Nyabinge drums and Djenge, Ewe;
The arteries and veins of rhythm,
bubbling tar pits of the night.

Yellow morning sniffs through
reek and refuse, bowls and bowels,
the burnt out coals
to dogged detonaton of the drums!
(Or is it just the juk of wheels
through potholes on Hope Road?)

When they arise I ask
if there was carnival last night,
buy only Moji, with her drummer's blood,
says sometimes sounds blow here
from Barbican. ♡