

“The Enigma of Arrival”

by
Kelsia Kellman

There was an enigma
in *your* arrival,
A mystery we couldn't
quite unravel
and a future we should
have been prepared to face
but we had to wait for
three hundred years to pass
for the wise woman to remind
us how to boil up some fever grass
and honey it with arsenic.

And by then the enigma that
was your arrival was already
dead.

Now, it is the enigma of *our*
arrival, and you were the ones
huddling at the bottom of
the ramp
gawking at the boat-train that
ferried us into your land.
It was your turn to watch
with bated breath
at our arrival and what it meant.
And your turn to brew up some
deadly nightshade and paint all
the walls (white) red because the
sheriff rules Notting hill in
an iron skirt and for us
Robin Hood is dead.

It's been a longtime since
there was an enigma in our
arrival. A long time since we've
had to remember the taste
of honey scented arsenic dripping
from polite lips
But you never have, you've merely
stored it in the cupboards, boarded up
with cute phrases dripping in poisoned
sneers.

But we who can't remember the
sheriff in the iron skirt or those who
take care to forget
Are handed boarding passes
And served plump ripe berries with a forked
tongue smile as a happy parting gift.

**WINDRUSH
DAY**