Paul Robeson at Stratford Station

King Paul sounds haemophiliac east europe royal but sits Homburg on his throne at Stratford railway’s curved iron bench trellises from the empire at its height before its blood wires blew stares at the twin silver ribbon lines how much confetti for a buck nigger started being a toy for El Supremos ‘yes m’ black pages restoration ladies big glistening smiles whilst they hide their fallen teeth behind fans painted Canton mighty lak a rose is mighty gloomy toved give us mighty lak a rose again and again and again and again taken to Moscow stares at them Bahzintine Spires speaks at Comyounist rallies clap nisk nisk Pravda Pravda or whatever you comyounists say he says will you please finito singing mighty lak a rose next step big new ruby for his turban scimitar special for the harem door uncastrated seasons don’t exhaust negroes that’s for Cowards them thar primitive drive so uninhibited like we’re not oh clap clap clap strangles Desdemona but white rose deflorated blooms again at curtain up time tallow candles only burn strangled from Canada to Montana and Stratford where black hulks hamlet’s green bronze feeble spurts fountains threw bread at the swans’ petal hose like necks but here not seen drinks brown coffee sits at the ungimmick bench stares with eye blood red with fine sharp pencils’ drawings wonders how a man 7 foot tall becomes a toy with neck in ruffs cathedral town choir boy.

Colin Style