

## Peace Accord

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Cyril Dabydeen

My peace accord,  
Promises to the East,  
The West, as I travel alone,  
Strident in my creative writing.

Are you a cypher clerk?  
Do you express a greater longing?  
Skin itches, body's wanting.  
This code--

I couldn't teach you the beauty of words.  
How can we live by metaphor only,  
Here where it is coldest--  
    I hear you say.

I will make further promises,  
With a submarine quest,  
Thrashings of the sea--  
Or sheer espionage.

Now I simply rise up  
With a Gouzenko smile,  
Being far from it--  
    without anxiety.