

No Omeros on the isles!

No difference I tell you
no difference, from the air
all are lines and neat patchwork
on the seats of faded Khaki
school pants; blue shirts and
green scraps always kept
for patches! Here browning grass explodes
another countryside we “cursed”
as needles slipped the hard cloth
into fingers. We knew of thimbles
when there was no use for them—

Ah yes, the difference. This difference
you see in eyes, in touch
in pen on paper imagery, in subjects
we talk about, subjects we avoid
is no difference. The cane sugar
refined crystalline-white and
cured with yet more chemicals is still
My Demerara sugar—though somewhat tasteless.

And you would not like it too
but it will do
here,
except for the fine print—
says the pirate tongue in front:
MADE IN CANADA is followed
minutely at the back

from the finest demerara sugar—

taste in package!
No difference, I tell you
no lies
give you no Omeros on the isles!

SASENARINE PERSAUD