



how **ART** makes england & england makes **ART**

A Citizen's Tale - John Agard

In the West Country I kept my vowels rolled.
Did my best Walter Raleigh impression.
Keenly blended in with the cream and scones.
Yet always was that foreign son of Devon.

Happy to be one of us and one of them
How else can we build a new Jerusalem?

I moved to Yorkshire's wuthering moors
Mingled my walk with Heathcliff's stride
Drank bitter with cricket village-style
Yet I overheard whispers of Exile

Happy to be one of us and one of them.
How else can we build a new Jerusalem?

So I upped hotfoot for the Sussex downs.
Rambled past Albion's chalk. Poppies rippling.
Minded my hedgerow while I read my Kipling
Yet neighbours took my arrival for asylum

Happy to be one of us and one of them
How else can we build a new Jerusalem?

So will this sceptered isle of Sunday roast
forever see itself as imperial host?
Or will some green and pleasant spot for home
await me between Land's End and John O'Groats?

Happy to be one of us and one of them.
How else can we build a new Jerusalem?

While flag-lovers wave their tribal banner,
a nation salutes chicken tikka massala.
I too salute spicy foods of red, white and blue
and render my dues to the proverbial brew.



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