**Island Man**
Morning
and island man wakes up
to the sound of blue surf
in his head
the steady breaking and wombing

wild sea birds
and fishermen pushing out to sea
the sun surfacing defiantly
from the east
of his small emerald island
he always comes back groggily groggily

Comes back to sands
of a grey metallic soar
to surge of wheels
to dull north circular roar

muffling muffling
his crumpled pillow waves
island man heaves himslef

Another London day

**Grace Nichols**