**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**