

Windrush

As the Windrush ship approached,
docking on British shores,
many dreamed of a better life.
The opportunity to achieve much more.
They excitedly rushed down the steps,
with their suitcases in hand.
Ready to embark on a journey,
in this assumed prestigious land.

They left the Caribbean,
in search of prospects and gold,
but it was not the promise,
of which they had been told.
Believing they would be welcomed,
with warm inviting hands,
arriving to their sovereign's home.
A supposed prosperous land.

Welcomed by a bitter wind.
A coldness so unknown.
They longed to see the sunshine,
and yearned to go back home.
Prejudice and discrimination,
surrounded them everywhere.
Only the brave could survive.
Only the brave would dare.

Signs were openly posted,
in order to segregate.
NO blacks! NO dogs! NO Irish!
Used to discriminate.
Life was not easy.
Equality was simply a word.
This was not the land they expected,
to which they had been lured.

Imported for their labour.
A mass wave of immigration.
Paving the way for their children.
The brave Windrush generation.