## Poetry/ spoken words

The wind brings forth, Caribbean images,

Portraying reality, resembling struggle

From the cotton field to higher mountains

Hard labour brings glamour

Photos taken of livelihoods

People smiling in the neighbourhood

Sounds of Barbados brings strengths

Tobago and Jamaica have great lengths

Predictions from above, looks bright from a

distance

Nostalgic moments, frozen in the past,

Lost in vain in the great archive

The national folder of missing links

Keeps resources of wise skills

Uncovered, relocated like memories deeply

embedded

In the soul, so full of joy and happiness

Running throughout our veins and arteries

Changing the landscape of DNA

Shaking emotions from the alleyway

Hide and seek becomes the game

Like the national lottery, hidden for so long,

Causing trouble instead of fame

Playing fair and square, Awakes the shame

Rusty and done, they open the treasure

Magnificent pictures in black and white

Show contrast of rich and poor

Villages and cities, houses and palaces

Generations of young, embracing the old

We have no time to hold

Let's re-connect and get involved

Filling the gaps left in school

Everything is cool, for the legacy

The ones to come will see the difference

And learn from experience left in the past

Sharing is caring for one another

That's the way to stay put

Like photos and images from the 50's

Saying louder and clear, stay stronger

Our freedom, so well claimed

No more plantations, no more sugar cane

So much misconception, attributed to youngsters

Failed by parents who left the island

For better choices residing in England

Trapped in a cage like big archive

Waiting to come and be seen

A picture is worth a thousand words

Look deep inside, there is harmony

Engulfing moments of great pride

Like a beautiful bride

In the ceremony

Looking at things in great depths

Thinking hard for what to come

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