

Vivimarie VanderPoorten Medawattegedera

Visiting Giants

On the first outing that summer
To Giant's Causeway
Remnant of an ancient volcanic eruption
Ascending those perfectly octagonal stones
Contemplating precision
Of shape
Full of wonder at the natural world,
I was asked by a
Perfect
family-of-four,
tourists from the US of A
where I was from:
I answered.

"Which part of Africa is that?"
So I explained
That it's the island
Shaped like a teardrop
Off the coast of India: I didn't say
That it has been said
That it has a great past
But no future
That its rich soil
Is soaked in blood
And that there's hopelessness
In the eyes
of its children.
When they asked me
"So what's it like"
I only said
"It's home"