

## **caterpillar**

in touch with my town  
in sync with my city  
streetwise and road savvy  
knowing how to navigate  
the land scape  
I know where the webs are  
know what's buzzing in the hive  
free as a fly to leave  
but glued to my London leaf  
clued up and tuned in  
out, about and getting down  
I know how my town tastes  
I know how my city smells  
I've seen it's heavens and it's hells  
and all its purgatories as well  
I know what's changing and what's changed  
and know what still remains the same  
I know its witches and its wizards  
all its magic and its spells  
the cauldron boils  
and all my insect friends are sitting in the soup  
spiders in their city suits  
commuters in their tubes  
artists in their studios and students in the groove  
learning London via party spots  
and shops to get tattooed  
the birds are twittering the morning due is  
ripe upon the green  
all the colours come alive  
the insects rush into the streets  
the buses lead the trails  
and snail the southerners to the centre  
busy working with the wasps and butterflies  
from 9 -5, hibernate to come alive at night time in London  
eat the fabric of fair Farringdon with a million moths at morn  
catch the buzz of bustling brixton see what hackney has to offer  
up and down the town there's sights and sounds to stimulate

and know  
invest insects and not in sections give them all a chance to grow  
and pollenate the place they live don't police the way they speak  
teach them options let them know there's more to life than all these streets  
there's opportunities beyond what some of us have come to see  
give the caterpillar wings and let this city come alive

**James Massiah**