

## Sorting Furs

The furs rich women wear  
Are filth in the ship's hold  
A clot of rancid hair.

Yet are they priced and sold  
And in Great Trinity Street  
Make profits manifold.

The merchants there smell sweet.  
Their shirts are gleaming white,  
Their food is fit to eat.

With fur in mouth and ears  
And stink inside his head  
And only his heart sweet

My uncle who is dead  
Spent forty poisoned years  
Sorting furs for bread.

JACK BEECHING.

## Reading Nicholas Guillen in Translation

Came  
he from the West Indies speaking  
many tongues — all tongues  
in his manhood speaking all  
Spanish German  
Creole all spoken  
and sign languages  
Came  
he from Cuba  
Came  
he the hero  
dark of his world's shadow  
lithe of the rumba  
broad-browed of his Africa his Spain  
his American his Ocean  
bright-eyed of his sun  
Came  
he from his Cuba

NICHOLAS GUILLEN

Came  
he man-tongued  
woman-winning tearing  
down the town advertisement  
the New York coloured photo  
the Balance Sheet  
of the Big White Company  
Came  
he from his singing Cuba

Came  
*he* and sang:  
Our sugar is bitter  
hunger is sweeter  
easier to win  
easy as sin  
for an empty man

But the lights of town  
are hard as stone  
as a body of bone  
when-mind grows brighter  
and fist tighter

Sang  
he as I sat and he  
came and with his hand  
covered hand and book  
Listen  
said he  
and sure his song  
rose all over the place  
all-tongu'ed with the grand  
accompaniment of Cuban band  
balalaika zither cello  
mouth-organ penny-whistle  
drum drum drum  
West-Indian wise  
Smiles  
he as I hum sing  
Shakes hands Danke  
Gracias Thanks  
says  
Cuba

HAROLD SILVER.