

A lonely Londoner

Moses migrated to London from Trinidad 10 years ago. He often meets new arrivals from the Caribbean and helps them when he can with his knowledge of living and working in England.

"Sometimes I look back at all the years I spend in Brit'n"

Moses say, "and I surprise that so many years gone by. Looking at things in general, life really hard for the boys in London. This is a lonely miserable city, if it was that we didn't s get together now and then to talk about things back home, we would suffer like hell. Here is not like home where you have friends all about. In the beginning you would think that is a good thing, that nobody minding your business, but after a while you want to get in company, you want to go to somebody house and eat a meal, you want to go on excursion to the sea, you want to go and play football and cricket. Nobody in London does really accept you. They tolerate you, yes, but you can't go in their house and eat or sit down and talk. It ain't have no sort of family life for us here. Look at Joseph. He married to a English girl and they have four children, and they living in two rooms in Paddington. He apply to the LCC for a flat, but it look like he would never get one. Now the children big enough to go to school, and what you think? Is big fight everyday because the other children calling him darkie." [...]

The changing of the seasons, the cold slicing winds, the falling leaves, sunlight on green grass, snow on the land, London particular. Oh what it is and where it is and why it is, no one knows, but to have said: "I walked on Waterloo Bridge," "I rendezvoused at Charing Cross," "Piccadilly Circus is my playground," to say these things, to have lived these things, to have lived in the great city of London, centre of the world. To one day lean against the wind walking up Bayswater Road (destination unknown), to see the leaves swirl and dance and spin on the pavement (sight unseeing), to write a casual letter home beginning: "Last night in 30 Trafalgar Square..." [...]

One night of any night, **liming** on the Embankment near to Chelsea, **he** stand on the bank of the river, watching the lights of the buildings reflected in the water, thinking what he must do, if he should save up money and go back home, if he should try to make it by next year before as he change his mind again.

Sam SELVON, The Lonely Londoners, 1956

*LLC : London County Council – **liming** : hanging around – **he** : Moses*