

## **The London Breed**

by Benjamin Zephaniah

I love dis great polluted place  
Where pop stars come to live their dreams  
Here ravers come for drum and bass  
And politicians plan their schemes,  
The music of the world is here  
Dis city can play any song  
They came to here from everywhere  
Tis they that made dis city strong.  
A world of food displayed on streets  
Where all the world can come and dine  
On meals that end with bitter sweets  
And cultures melt and intertwine,  
Two hundred languages give voice  
To fifteen thousand changing years  
And all religions can rejoice  
With exiled souls and pioneers.  
I love dis overcrowded place  
Where old buildings mark men and time  
And new buildings all seem to race  
Up to a cloudy dank skyline,  
Too many cars mean dire air  
Too many guns mean danger  
Too many drugs means be aware  
Of strange gifts from a stranger.  
It's so cool when the heat is on  
And when it's cool it's so wicked  
We just keep melting into one  
Just like the tribes before us did,  
I love dis concrete jungle still  
With all its sirens and its speed  
The people here united will  
Create a kind of London breed.