

One flat white, no sugar please

I'm sipping flat white in the Cafe Sound, of Edgware Road, when strikes up a guitar with gentle sway, announces melodies of fame, their rhythms catching as a fever moves. I tap along and hum the bass, flings red glitz robes of shimmering silk, Arabian fashion shown beneath dark rim, a pair of ritzy patent blues, with brilliant stones and glimmers of Paris couture, rocks woman, eyes not seen not hide that flash-splay disco prisms all around, when enters brown a reggae boy, his dreadlocks long, with voice and strum, that swing along to wake in turn the Cuban's tune. Now waves the clientele from east west, north and south and belly dance on tables full by Afro sound, when joins the chazzan's voice with baritone, supported by the muezzin's call, to hand lock Zen kids drumming for a fuller sound, their robes ablaze as orange clouds, joins didgeridoo, a school choir, with nun in tow and orchestra, and heavens open in the dazzling bright of a hundred stars in this melting pot, that shakes out dessert sands from a thousand years, the colours of a million tribes and beats that move to neighbours, join now, swings the whole of England's best, to fire up the world in turn, for me to know that in this fusing moment prayer's divine....

...we're one.