

Black Tudors: New Narratives



Meeting the Black Tudors

a poem by Amanda Hemmings

Embroidered into vast patterns of pastures green
are the unremembered threads that bind book pages
of Britain's historical stories
these intricate stitches were sewn into industries
by the many voices of the Tudor minorities
that voyaged across seas from faraway countries
that lived and worked across England's counties.

These global pioneers painted British landscapes
with brushstrokes of unwavering strength.

John Blanke seasoned the atmosphere
at the coronation and the possession in Westminster,
Along a stroll of the Tournament Roll you'll hear
the proclaims and the blares and the fanfares of this trumpeter.

Cattelena enriched the ingredients
for those residing in the villages in Gloucestershire,
At the site where she sat beside her stock you'll absorb
the Almondsbury aromas of dairy being churned into cheese and butter.
Jacques Francis stirred the murky water
at the Mary Rose wreckage to salvage fallen ornaments near Portsmouth,
Along the ripples of this mighty sea you'll hear
the twists and turns and expeditions and explorations of this deep diver.

These fibres are embedded into the spectrum of the Tudor emblem,
they formed the stalks and the soil and the fragrances
within this floral garden.

These fibres are embedded into the timber of the Tudor houses,
they have formed part of the black and white structure,
they are part of the architecture.