

## Windrush Day – We Belong



Equality and Diversity UK

Today we remember, reflect and give praise,  
To those who crossed oceans in hope-filled days.  
Happy Windrush Day, let Britain proclaim,  
The people who answered when Britain called their name.

When war left its scars on the factories and streets,  
And rebuilding a nation seemed no easy feat,  
From islands and continents, far yet near,  
They answered the call and journeyed here.

With British passports held proudly and tight,  
They sailed through the darkness towards opportunity's light.  
Leaving loved ones behind with both sorrow and song,  
Believing that Britain was where they belonged.

From Jamaica's warm sunshine to Barbados' shore,  
From Trinidad's spirit and many lands more,  
From Africa, Asia and Ireland they came,  
Each carrying dreams and a family name.

They worked on the railways, the buses, the docks,  
In factories, hospitals, offices and shops.  
They cared for the sick and they taught in our schools,  
Building communities through sacrifice and toil.

Their labour laid foundations, their vision helped grow,  
Creating the Britain that many now know.  
Street after street and town after town,  
Their fingerprints rest in each city and crown.



And long before Windrush first sailed through the sea,  
Caribbean soldiers fought to keep Britain free.  
Standing shoulder to shoulder through danger and pain,  
Many never returned to their homelands again.

They wore Britain's uniform, answered the call,  
Risking their futures, giving their all.  
Yet some who survived were later denied,  
The welcome they'd earned through the battles they'd survived.

For not every doorway stood open and wide,  
Too often prejudice waited outside.  
In windows and lodging houses, cruel words appeared,  
Messages designed to exclude and demean:

"No Blacks. No Irish. No Dogs." they would say,  
Turning neighbours and citizens harshly away.  
Not whispers in secret, but signs on display,  
A painful reminder of that darker day.

Parents and grandparents carried the strain,  
Enduring injustice again and again.  
Working twice as hard for a fraction of praise,  
Yet still finding dignity through difficult days.

Teddy Boys lurked where the streetlights grew dim,  
Fuelled by hatred and ignorance buried within.  
A simple walk home could become cause for fear,  
As violence and threats followed many each year.



Children sat quietly in classrooms and halls,  
Hearing cruel insults hurled over walls.  
Some counted them daily to help make sense,  
Of prejudice wrapped in mockery's pretence.

Yet even through hardship, resilience would rise,  
Like flowers breaking through concrete to reach for the skies.  
Where hatred sought weakness, they answered with grace,  
Meeting intolerance face to face.

Some became leaders, campaigners and guides,  
Standing for justice with courage and pride.  
Refusing to bend to the hatred they knew,  
Determined to build something stronger and new.

The children of Windrush inherited more,  
Than stories and photographs tucked in a drawer.  
They inherited strength born through struggle and pain,  
And a determination that still shall remain.

British by birth and British by right,  
Yet questioned by strangers in broad daylight.  
"Where are you really from?" many still hear,  
As though being British remains unclear.

But Britain is home, and has always been so,  
For generations who helped this nation grow.  
Our roots may stretch widely across sea and shore,  
Yet Britain is home, forevermore.



Languages faded, traditions displaced,  
Some family histories difficult to trace.  
Yet cultures endured and identities stayed,  
Through every challenge that history made.

For home is not simply the place of your birth,  
But where you have built your belonging and worth.  
The streets where you laughed, the schools where you learned,  
The communities strengthened through all that you've earned.

The Windrush story is Britain's own tale,  
Of courage prevailing when prejudice failed.  
Of nurses and drivers, musicians and friends,  
Whose influence shapes us and never quite ends.

It lives in our accents, our music, our food,  
In literature, fashion and neighbourhoods.  
In every achievement and dream realised,  
Their legacy stands before all our eyes.

And though there is progress still left to achieve,  
The lessons of Windrush must never now leave.  
For equality grows when we choose to unite,  
And challenge injustice wherever in sight.

So let us remember, celebrate and belong,  
Honouring voices once silenced too long.  
For the Windrush generation, their children and more,  
Your legacy shines from shore unto shore.



You came when called.  
You worked with pride.  
You stayed through struggle.  
You did not hide.

You built communities.  
You opened doors.  
You helped shape Britain,  
And so much more.

Because Windrush is not just history's page,  
It lives in each family, each town, every age.  
A story of courage that still carries on  
A reminder to all of where we belong.

And Britain is richer,

stronger,

kinder,

and greater

because you came.

Alyson Malach

21/6/26

