My Pitch
(Arthur Wharton was the world’s first black professional footballer)

Let Arthur Wharton come back from the dead
To see the man in black blow the final whistle,
Let the game of two halves be beautiful instead,
Not years ahead. Let every kissing of the badge,
Every cultured pass, every lad and lass,
Every uttered thought, every chant and rant,
Every strip and stripe – be free of it.

Then football would have truly played a blinder,
And Arthur returned to something kinder,
Let the man in black call time on all this.
And Arthur will sing out on the wings,
Our presiding spirit – the first black blade.
Imagine having everything to play for.
This is our pitch. Now hear us roar.

Jackie Kay