**Jay-Z Comes to Coventry**

Jay-Z slips out of a Coventry window,

swaggers down Earlsdon High Street,

nose twitching hungrily at the scent of chip fat.

Smiles are spray-painted on walls

and children sing to puddles -

every language has a word for happiness.

There's a craft market at The Canal Basin,

transactions happen at floating windows,

coins swapped for flavoured cheese and stained-glass keyrings.

The nail technician left early for work,

she wanted to practice new patterns.

If her designs were in the Tate they'd be called 'art'.

Fifty cars pull up in Mantilla Drive,

lollipop men wave stop signs and Irish dancers

twirl their ribbons to Bhangra beats.

Screens beam, tea is poured, we talk:

Community means holding hands because we are the same.

Community means holding hands because we are different.

There's always a speaker set

in the corner of the skatepark,

wheels spin like disco balls

and Jay-Z emerges from between the ramps.

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