## Had Wole Soyinka Come to Oxford

Peter J. King

The college stone, that takes its colour from the quality of that day's sun – now gold, now cream, now honeycomb – its carvings blurred by centuries of rain and wind and yet more rain, now goes unnoticed; every back is turned towards the walls, as here, in modest splendour, walks the Smith.

Bull voiced, each shoulder blade an anvil, hammer firmly in his hand, and in his head and heart a flame,

he brings fresh iron to this place of stone, and fire to its banked up embers. How his eight decades rejuvenate the ancient spires! and every hammer blow will shake even these deep foundations.

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