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A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Nicolette Bethel

THE SCOTSMAN GIVES LILY HER NAME (1904)

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He lay without regret beside a girl whose child was calmed to sleep by breasts of well-rubbed teak, and wet with milk. When Annie filled her daughter's mouth on liquid nights, he suckled too, and chased the shades of boats across the sea. *His* child surprised him, springing wild and undesired in her. Alive despite his fear, she swam insistent for the light.

Malcolm smiled; she looked like him, skin pale as teeth, hair still as water hauled cool from limestone wells. Her lips were pink against the breast his lips had pulled; her hands curled bright against the dark. He dreamed of sails trimmed tight, and fed his face to slapping air.

He named her Lily, for her whiteness, but her eyes held secrets, dark as lakes that swallowed sons beneath their waves. He gathered winds about him. He wrapped her fingers round a ring, and left. Annie held her girls and wept.