

Calabash

A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Volume 2, Number 2: Summer/Fall 2003

Information about this work:

Imagining

By: C.M. HARCLYDE WALCOTT

Start Page: 168

URL: <http://library.nyu.edu/calabash/vol2iss2/0202168.pdf>

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

Calabash is published by New York University. Please contact the publisher for further permissions regarding the use of this work. Publisher information may be obtained at: <http://library.nyu.edu/calabash/about.html>

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters

© 2003 New York University

C.M. Harclyde Walcott

IMAGINING

• • •

i sit, in this chair
of wicker and of wood,
outside on the open gallery
of this rented house, two months
behind, from that cheerless night
she left,
with a “cohiba” alight,
and read walcott, our poet, late into the night.
there is no rum the match of “el dorado”, gold,
the amber spirit from that country
where the coast lies, below the level of the sea,
guyana. alone
my choice on this night
in the half full moon, light
facing
the distant ocean, - we keep calling the caribbean sea - ,

shimmering
bright reflection shadowing the night
sky, no mere silver halide negative
this starry positive, unframed. here

i call her love, and
summon her from the blue, erzulie,
erzulie frida
“please come to join me, back ”
and in the coiling cloud of my cohiba
smoke, i see her form
smoke into memory,
memory into smoke, memory is
smoke. i see her wet,
from the water. dripping ringlets, dark
skin smooth, a woman full
lips in perfect pout, and a nose from distant
ancestry, as distant as those eyes
now close, that smile and see
deep
into my soul. clear
as this bird cloud i watch
form at the fancy of the wind, and stay,
wings now spreading
out in flight

against the cobalt blue, gliding
with the gentle current, softly
slow, and in a moment gone. flown
to another feathery band, nearby
little cottony puffs remain to drift, and later
no trace, but memory. smoke
burnt in. memory.
as a ship silhouetted against the night
sails by. and from the verandah i go,
in to bed
my dream.