

*Basil Warner*

## EXILE



Who goes there,  
You ask.

I.  
With hands glued on  
Face sawed off.  
Expression painted  
So when my ship comes in  
I could get  
Through the door  
Even on borrowed feet  
Which should instead  
Be wings,  
Or a way to cross deep waters.  
Done enough of this.  
Told myself  
To let go  
Let go  
Let go  
The going, then, should be easy now,  
But isn't.  
My ill-fitting skin,  
Once thick  
Now's too loose  
From all the jumping in and out  
And living too long under other guises  
And too often missing the boat  
And forcing myself  
To wave  
As it sails past.

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*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.

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