

*Dana Gilkes*

FOR KAMAU BRATHWAITE



## Cricketing

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Those words were written under the stars  
To the tune of crickets  
That are voices of the stars  
To the kisses of dew-fall  
That are teardrops of the stars

So that,  
If in this island yard  
Where the very thistles grace stars  
These words mean nothing at all  
And my only accolade the wind –  
Still that is exceptional ...

And with the tip of a pencil  
So hungry for the dry gist of words  
It skitters across the page  
So edge of the teeth can be heard  
Down this island road

Down this hard island road  
Where darkness is coloured  
By the excruciating composure  
Of soft words

I will call out  
My little black nothings  
I will scrawl out  
These little black nothings  
Till they expose a nerve  
And the stars cry out in silver shrieks  
Everywhere dark grows

