

In This Issue

Lorna Goodison, Michael Gilkes, Jennifer Rahim,
Cyril & David Dabydeen, Stewart Brown, Mark McWatt,
Fred D'Aguiar, Ian McDonald, Jane King, Rachel Hadas

ATLANTA



**ATLANTA
REVIEW**

REVIEW

C A R I B B E A N

With Nobel Prize Winner

DEREK WALCOTT

WILSON HARRIS & DENISE HARRIS

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Welcome to ATLANTA REVIEW

What is it like to live in paradise? The question has occurred to many of us, refugees from frozen homelands, briefly warming our toes—and our hearts—in the friendly surf of the Caribbean. Everyone is familiar with the picture postcard view, with its pure turquoise waters and waving palms. In this issue, we'll turn that postcard over and read the writing on the back.

From the masterful voice of Derek Walcott to the warm Creole portraits of Rohan Preston, from the slums of Trinidad to the mountains of St. Lucia, you'll discover a variety of life as dazzling as any coral reef. Where tourists snorkle in the shallows, we'll plunge into the real Caribbean, into the deep blue waters of the heart.

Dan Veach
Editor & Publisher

From the Issue Editor:

Since it's been my privilege to bring together the graceful poetic frame that surrounds this issue's Caribbean feature, I'd like to share a few thoughts that may help bridge the gap between the usually very separate sections of our magazine. As a literary subject, the Caribbean naturally brings to mind famous pronouncements in our language about islands and about the human condition. The most famous is surely John Donne's "No man is an island" from the *Devotions*. My favorite pre-modernist answer to Donne's hopeful proclamation is from Matthew Arnold's "To Marguerite":

Yes! In the sea of life enisled,
With the echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.

As a world view, Arnold's poem speaks more tellingly to a contemporary audience than does Donne's prose. Certainly, many of

the poets in our issue explore the "enised" isolation of modern man, which Arnold remarks and laments. Not unexpectedly, many of the poems herein concern themselves with loneliness of one kind or another, because this is familiar territory for the contemporary poet. Whether loneliness is a matter of emotional separation, as in "The Weather," or geographical and cultural, as in "Out of Achill into Georgia" and "At the E1 Vado Motel," these poems invite us to consider a stark truth about life in our putative global village. As small as our world has become in many ways, it is still vast enough for us to feel very lost at times.

Our poets confront not merely physical aloneness but the isolation created by sex and race, as in "White, Middle-class, Male" and its powerful flip-side "Taurus." Then again, there is the alienation inherent in our workaday world, explored in "The Mechanics" and "Making History," poems about the loneliness of the lousy job and the joyless commute. More seriously, there is the mental loneliness of those who have been set apart, either through the tragedy of our own mortality ("The Winter She Lies Dying," "Joy Ride") or through the special insight that sets the creator, the discoverer apart—see "Terza Rima," "Christopher's Map," "Rembrandt Remaindered."

But if our poets look hard at the contemporary isolation we all experience to some degree, they also exult in the feeling of connectedness that redeems us all. Perhaps that connectedness is simply a matter of finding our own way in a world that doesn't always engage us on our own terms. This is true in "The Cost" and "Christopher's Map," which tell us as well how dangerous it is sometimes to be a pioneer. Perhaps connectedness is a matter of coming to terms with a past that gives us, no matter how tenuously, a rootedness in the present. Consider "Out of Achill."

Some of our poets even imagine what ties we have to the world before birth ("Eym(bi)ology") and beyond the grave ("His Poems"). Indeed finally, it is through the imagination and memory—those Janus-like faculties of our nature—that we find the connections we need to stake our claim on the world. As our poets who explore the realms of memory and the imagination tell us, in order to make the connections that will finally bring us home, we must first "let go the boundaries," set out on the journey that will take us into our "own visionary kingdom" (Diane Wald, "Acupuncture").

Lee Passarella
Issue Editor

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The Insistent Lover

Woodblock print, Sugimura Jehei (ca. 1680)

He is old and on his knees, collapsed
at her feet in a frenzied tangle of scarves
and kimonos, like one who has lost his keys
and cannot find his glasses. His topknot, askew,
turns like a faucet handle to "Cold" when it is
"Hot" he wants.

She is young, pudding
soft, round as a dumpling and bored.

She had hoped to learn something of value from him—
the puzzling details of desire, of giving
and taking pleasure by turns.

Now she gazes beyond him as if
she has forgotten to mail
a letter, put out the trash.

The insistent lover pleads, his passion
throbs like a broken tooth. Soon
he will leave unsatisfied, like a guest
whose dinner is snatched away
by an impatient hostess
before he tastes a morsel.

Green apples fill a bowl
on the table at their side,
her tart indifference, his bitterness.

Shulamith Wechter Caine

Etym(bi)ology II

It's like you know a language when asleep
you un-know when you wake.
"There was a woman winding like a snake"
doesn't say the sweet, deep
feeling of being known that she means.
Awake, you can think: Kundalini,
spine, how the umbilical serpentines
mother body to child body,
the ache in her breasts that woke her
seconds before you woke and cried,
your fierce and wordless hunger
sending its winding pleasure deep inside
you both. Of such awakenings come
the dream's forked tongue.

Liz Waldner

Weather

Gentle trickling that spots the pane;
the sky's strange power to let itself run down;
the lost one at the window looking in;

longing remembered as a sudden storm
undoes a tree whose leaves
sporadically gleam, illuminate

the give and take, the un-
predictable. For which was weather's true
face: the one that shone

electric in the night
in interludes of rain,
or daily fare, the ordinary scene

habit has faded to a passive green?
Confronted with the one,
I see the other. Then

faced with that other, I recall the first.
The world could use renaming.
Names deceive us: nothing is undone,

nothing is lost, changed, nothing's really new.
A stab of light on the horizon
reminds me of the storm. I think of you.

Rachel Hadas

Widow's Quilt

North from Boston with her
Galway shawl and accent, echoes
of Owen's rosewood fiddle, her
sad heart swelling, she settles
under Snowshoe Mountain to say
her "Hail Mary" softly and keep
his family farm alone. Calico,
russet, flint-blue—she stitches
the scraps to a hawk's-eye view
of fields gone fallow. Rats maze
the grain bin. Nearby cliffs
soften to fall. She can follow
the needle along her patchwork
map, feel the cotton batting, hear
the last flies dying on the floor.
Ice in the trough, wolf haunting
the door. Wind sweeps down
the dry streambed like a scythe.
She listens to the rafters, ache
of cradlewood in the attic, night's
owlwing and antler, crabapple
flowering too early. Deadwood,
well rust, potatoes moonwhite
in the white basin. She works
in every image, then pulls
her thread like fiddle gut tuned
perfect, the quilt cross-hemmed
snug against the banshee, safe
as churchcloth, twice as warm.

R. T. Smith

Out of Achill into Georgia

I had been saying my poems for too long;
now I was grateful for the haunted bass-
saxophone music of wolves in the hills,

for the alert and fire-red body of a deer
watching me from the pines; in Georgia
you can sit out all night on the deck and

rock to the pulsing by of the stars,
hear tree-frogs, barred owls, cicadas
fill the silence with a comfortable strangeness;

in Georgia, in a pin-oak wood, I came upon
a cemetery: the dead of Watkinsville, soldiers—
Tom Hinesly, conscript, one William Saxony—

a small confederate flag still drooping at an angle;
and Emma, child Emma, Emma Eugenia Elder,
dead at the age of 4, in 1883; I had come

searching, unsure, from an island
thousands of miles and more than a century distant
to set a fallen stone upright and to say a name—

Emma, child Emma, Emma Eugenia Elder—
found words, familiar as tears, stirring in me
and was at home again, belonging, necessity's child.

John F. Deane

Terza Rima

après Gautier

When Michelangelo turned to descend
the subliminal/sublime scaffold
down to the Roman streets, he found
he could not lower his eyes, & held
his arms upward, no longer knew
how to manage earth after the cold
vaults of heaven. He was a true
angel ecstatic, having viewed
the golden Trinity, aglow
with mystery. He understood.
For several months afterwards
he retained this austere attitude.

That, brother, is why our bards
often stumble at every pass
as they wander, eyes heavenwards,
why Angels endeavor to kiss
them as they falter haphazardly
—each step more disastrous.
They walk headlong into passersby,
throw themselves under passing cars
& fall into pits they do not see.
What are pavement & onlookers
to them as they pursue an allure,
faces colored with desires?

They know nothing but obscure
chapel-ceilings, which once spent,
they abandon. An investiture,
however, of Accomplishment
attaches itself to their person,
their faces shining, radiant

with paradises they have seen.
Palaces crumble. Even day-
light dims beside their vision
of the Work-in-Progress. Then stay
locked in that holy embrace, which
spirits all but the body away.

Like Michelangelo they reach
forever for fresco's facade,
for marble sky they all but touch.

Sublimely blind. Superbly flawed.

M. Alexander

White, Middle-Class, Male

Today, I'm tired of hating myself—
all those lethal words that hiss:
racist, capitalist, chauvinist, misogynist
as if you could puncture a man
and let the evil rush out:
masochist, sadist, narcissist, opportunist
Already, I'm diminished.
My knees buckle and my arms shrink.
Already I'm in danger of shedding my clothes:
sentimentalist, moralist, romanticist, idealist
I'm like the wicked witch in Oz,
disappearing into a pile of laundry:
hedonist, sensualist, onanist, exhibitionist
I'm down to a pygmy, the size of a doll
purged of all those toxins,
as if growth were nothing but compressed hate
and the body a blister of wickedness.

Now the hissing stops:
I'm a child again, pure ingot of virtue,
model of original love.
Until the world hisses, the world coos
pretty baby, pliant one
And I reach out once more to take it in.

Kurt Brown

Taurus

My grandfather ballyhooed that he was born
under the sign of the bull; It made him strong
so that, even though he was colored, he could
tell a kid how to shove around the land
of the brave. He'd pretend to paw like a bull
seeing red, to lower his head and to charge

the seven Indian brothers which the Golden Book
Encyclopedia called Pleiades. They are jewels
in the winter sky, which he never pointed out
to me, and never the red eye of Taurus,
Aldebaran, though a fiery giant, only a speck

in my grandfather's universe. He said never
trust them Japs, and them Russians ought to be
bombed—Jews? Nice people. Got a nose for money—
which *is* the American way—Pull yourself up
by your bootstraps, son, and kick ass

because nobody gives a colored man the time
of day. My grandfather grew as tough as jerky
and when he was old, his arteries turned crummy.
I found him staring off into the scintillant
sky, as if dreaming, only he mumbled about
the lot he had been given, and how he had lived in it.

Anthony Grooms

The Mechanics

The mechanics
coming from the garage strip mine
have a purposeful walk,
their arms swinging with muscles still tense from the day,
fists tightened
clenched on the boss's throat
and the steering wheel.
The smell of grease
is itself another memory not soluble in water,
a memory of all day in compressed air,
life loosening by the bolts,
but the walk is thirty yards to the evening,
away from the drugged dream of someone else's motion
and the daily bread of oil.

Tom Williams

Gnosticism Made Simple

*"If the world were not evil, every choice would not
constitute a loss."*

—Gnostic saying

If the world were not evil, orange juice with chocolate
fudge wouldn't feel like cars colliding on my tongue.
I could fly to Kauai and Jamaica for the same money—
the identical bills. I could buy a Corvette and a Bronco
on my pay, and drive them by Deb's house at the same time.
I could have my angelsfood and eat it too—simultaneously
a guitar hero, Hall of Fame shortstop, mafia don,
and Nobel Laureate in Physics and Chemistry.

True,

I might have married Pam as well as Natalie, and had to watch
her die one organ at a time. I might have been a poet-
trapeze artist, crippled in a triple-dactylic fall.

Still,

I would've picked enough winners to live well.
I wouldn't second-guess myself with *True* or *Still*.
I wouldn't be, this instant, wondering if these loud knocks
mean my new fly rod has arrived, or if someone
wants to serve me a pizza or a summons, or if the hammering
is in my skull, and means some cerebral malfunction
will soon cost me the only life I've got.

Charles H. Webb

In the Ruins of Rievaulx Abbey

Where does love go in a ruin if not
into the dead? What but their devotion
is resisting gravity?

They appear as clover, as a cool breeze
at dusk in early summer, holding me
in a matrix of violence,

which begins when the love of a child
is twisted and God may arrive
as pain or loss.

Where does passion go
after it is cloistered and divided
into cells, frozen, starved and sleep-

deprived, chanted to at intervals,
as if it could be contained, domesticated,
or remain in a ruin as light.

In tier upon gutted tier
like husks of mating cicadas
still stuck together, where is sex?

Sky films its empty sockets as vestigial
eyes of creatures too deep
in the ocean to see.

In a sacristy of darkness,
where sacred vessels were kept,
wings of bats are folded vestments.

Karen Zealand

Walking the Autumn Woods

on pine needles
and sponge moss
bronzed by summer
and ivy
blackened by frost

beneath miser maples
clinging to gold
and oaks
flaming claret
with crimson

bending under branches
swagging in sleep
to scoop
in our hands
the bruised largesse
of love and rage
and riches and blood

so certain
death
comes after youth

we never suspected
there may be a place
where all
is not desire

Deanne Bayer

Acupuncture

I trust this lack
of confusion, each point
exquisitely fixed
on a map of expectant
skin. Over
the fireplace, a detailed chart
of a woman's dreaming body
numbered with a web
of possible direct
entries. A man's
dark blueprint
hangs there too, his pose
turning, his scalp
a graph
of sense and wild
circumstance. Here
I come weekly
to lie still and pricked
with a hundred
sweet certainties: music
around me, starting from
within, lifts me
from the table, as if,
out of time,
my soul for once knits
a sweater from my
body. I am warm
here, I am listening, and
a mesh made entirely
out of stars
has caught me. This

is the origin
I missed
at the start. The cure
is the distance
between begging
and beginning. My hands
lie open
on small velvet pillows,
a queen's hands, palms
up, resting: she
lets go
of the region's strange
boundaries,
and receives,
with deep rivers,
her own visionary
kingdom.

Diane Wald

Christopher's Map

All around, the flatness of pictures
closed in books. Water's blue
becomes lapis, ground and spread
in fleck-winged cherubim. Gold leaf tenderly
worked into tiny outlines of stars
on an apostle's robe. All points in heaven
and earth connect in straight lines
to the center. Not the way things look:
the way we need them to look.

Part of me accepts levelness. It is a comfort
to sketch the world on parchment
unrolled across my navigation table. See,
the ships slide geometrically through pointed
waves. Here at the edge are monsters.
I have not seen them,
but I know the stories.

I have seen other pictures
whose space opens up
backward. Vision has lost
its flatness. My eyes swim out of themselves
into triangles that converge
beyond the canvas. Center is a ship that moves.

The stars are stationary for our
purposes, the horizon straight enough
to be reached with stretched
jib. Let us be the ones
who sail through the back of the picture
that hangs ever before us, into another
picture and another, fearless of
heresy, our lost faith.

Jeanette Marie Clough

International Feature Section

THE CARIBBEAN

Edited by

Anthony Kellman

Caribbean Creole

Good literature is created by the successful marriage of language and landscape to convey the experiences of a people. Caribbean literature has always been characterized by this quality. Set against colonial attempts to destroy expression (foremost being the Middle Passage), the imaginative literature of the Caribbean would gain worldwide attention in the 1960's, firmly establishing a tradition that continues today with a plethora of new voices and visions.

The Caribbean islands and territories stretch from as far north as the Bahamas to Guyana in the south. While most of the countries have gained their independence and are no longer colonies, they have retained the languages of the countries that colonized them, namely, English, French, Spanish, and Dutch. There is also Creole language which mixes European and African languages. For over three centuries Europe fought bitterly over these Caribbean territories and, in the end, England gained the monopoly.

Caribbean literature was shaped by the historical and cultural context of Africans forcibly brought to the Caribbean and coerced to adopt imperial language, customs, and values. This rupturing had catastrophic physical, emotional, and spiritual effects on the slaves, who had to rely on the resources of memory in order to survive in spiritual and emotional terms. This mnemonic quality was of paramount importance in the struggle to keep alive their words, incantations, songs, religious practices, drum rhythms, and so on.

While externally they spoke and acted in the style of the master, internally (within themselves and amongst themselves when opportunity allowed), their own cultural systems were being asserted and were interacting with, responding to, and reshaping the face of the adopted imperial culture. A cultural miscegenation took place, and out of this engagement, this cross-fertilization, creolization was born.

This Creole process, plural in its essence, allowed Caribbean people and the Caribbean writer to draw from two traditions at once, European and African. There are, in the English-speaking Caribbean, perhaps no finer examples of this fusion than the poetry of Nobel Laureate Derek Walcott and the fiction of Wilson Harris. It is within this plural racial and cultural dynamic that one finds the angst and optimism of Caribbean writing.

After the full abolition of slavery in 1838, colonists sought to replenish their labor shortage through Asian indentureship. In the nineteenth century, over two million Indians were lured away to work as indentured laborers on the sugar plantations of the West Indies, Fiji, Mauritius, and other parts of the Empire. The Caribbean East Indians, like their African counterparts, experienced creolization as they engaged with European, African, Amerindian and other Asian cultural elements (and as those ethnic groups interacted with them) while simultaneously drawing inspiration from the symbologies of their Mother country India.

This Creole character was a congruous phenomenon throughout all the islands and territories. In a letter to me about French Caribbean literature, Carrol Coates of the State University of New York at Binghamton notes:

Among the first Caribbean francophone poets to achieve international status, Aimé Césaire (Martinique) and Félix Morisseau-Leroy (Haiti) combined knowledge of European cultures with a celebration of their own African heritage and the development of a new and complex Caribbean identity.

It is necessary to recognize that "Caribbean" identities and cultures, like those of Africa, are necessarily transnational. The poets who acquired their baggage of colonial learning have often been exiled or have willingly emigrated to settle on other islands or continents hither and yon, and have developed new concepts of identity and nationality.

This cultural coalescence therefore became an identifying feature of much of the writing, both in terms of style and subject matter. But the kinetics of style did not only reside within immediate geographical frames; they were further stimulated by the physical movement of writers outside of the Caribbean. Several of the writers in this collection (among them Derek Walcott, Lorna Goodison, Wilson Harris, the Dabydeens) have taken up residence outside the Caribbean. This movement has in no way lessened their commitment to Caribbean culture. In fact, it has engendered new angles of vision by placing the Caribbean persona in the wider context of world civilization.

James Davis of Howard University, in a letter to me, names two phenomena that have impacted enormously on the Hispanic Caribbean this century and which have had a significant influence on the literature of those territories: the consequences of the Great Depression of 1929 in the United States and "the surge of interest and scholarly attention to Black culture in the Americas during the first decades of the twentieth century." This interest, he says, "coincided with the negritude movement in the French Caribbean which grew into the Afro-Antillean movement."

The main objective of this Afro-Antillean movement was to forge a national literature, to determine what was authentically Caribbean through an unequivocal acknowledgment and exploration of the African presence. Davis names Nicolás Guillén as perhaps the first "authentic Afro-Hispanic poet." He greatly influenced the new generation of Hispanic poets such as Blas Jiménez from the Dominican Republic, whose primary goal, according to Davis, "is to reconstruct and deconstruct the concept of 'negritude' and racial paradigms in his island country."

Given the economic, cultural and political dimensions of Caribbean history, one finds certain common subjects in the literature. These subjects include racial pride and celebration of indigenous culture and landscape, erotic and agape love, artistic angst and socio-political turmoil, neocolonialism, exile, and expatriate mediation.

Stylistically, the poetry encompasses the full language spectrum from Standard, to juxtapositions of Standard and Creole, to full Creole. Structurally, Caribbean verse ranges from traditional to exploratory form. The three pieces of prose represented here include poetic prose (Denise Harris and Keith Jardim), and the phantasmagoric quantum fiction of Wilson Harris.

Bonne lecteur!

Anthony Kellman
Caribbean Editor

For Clara Rosa

What is this virulence that eats at the cloth on the altar,
riddling its foam like the sea's lace, the space between the holes
or the fibre that knits them, the sound of the turned Psalter
multiplied into beating wings? There is no simile for our souls
if they are winged but insubstantial, there is no sound
like the coveys whirring from grass, silent as the elusive shoals
of mackerel from the brain's coral, shadows racing over sand.
Bright day, rippled morning, breakers and strokes of white sails
and a hymn rising from the morning pews, lace of the altar,
lace of white foam, opening wings of the Psalter,
widening wings of the frigate bird and the tilting gull,
at this very hour, in different islands, are they all one sound,
the mute hymn of glory, the organ groundswell of death, both
beautiful

and one? Rest, Clara Rosa. They all share a common ground.
And no sea is heavier than my heart, which is full
Of salt and the morning and the mourning; it has rained.
Back to earth, clear rose, close the wrinkled petals of your eyes!
The leaves sparkle, the grass is beaded, sorrow dries
from the concrete patches. Now they are taking you where
repetition and process continue, the sea, the blue days,
the fire of our flowers, the seraphic, the infinite air.
Which your red mouth is part of now, with its loud, easy laughter.

Derek Walcott

The Last Sonnet About Slavery

After paintings by Hogarth

Put your hand on my shoulder dear mistress.
Hands as delicate should not hang in the air
But find ample places to pose and rest.
And since my shoulders, my head, the hair
On it, all belong to you, let those hands
Settle anywhere on me; do not let them float
Aimlessly, nor be idle, nor stand
Out as if they had no greater goal.

Hands that don't know the scrubbing brush,
Or weight of any thing, other than a necklace
Or dress, stocking or shift that they adjust,
Are not hands, but butterflies on a leash.
Let them wave and dart if you must, but please,
When they settle, let their good luck fall on me.

Fred D'Aguiar

Manchineel

The sapodilla trees for sitting in
the mangoes and siwet, however sour
but pretty manchineel's bright
leaves burn
and tiny corrosive green apples kill
Don't ever touch the manchineel

The languid afternoons for rests
fresh bathed children in clean clothes taken for walks
white socks, pennies to spend
tamarind balls, salt prunes, always the sea
the salt, the sour, the sweet

and the awakening

to know
the apple that she gave to him was real
was manchineel

Jane King

Geography for Robert

We return
because we must
to sparkling harbour, Castries dust
the market bright with makambou, pumpkin, lime
seasoning peppers, various mangoes, thyme
the reek of garbage
piled up coconut shells
little dark shops
saltfish and other smells.

Quiet La Toc, which as children we'd comb
discovering tunnels, old guard houses, secret homes
watching the lightning crash on the black sea
as thunder storms raced on to Martinique.

We will return to where we were before
the moulding hands that finalized our shapes
before they fixed us in this potter's field
patterned by our landscapes.

We will return because adult despair
may lighten with a glimpse of what we saw
before we even knew how solitary we were.

In this dark time
as drought devours our land
La Toc, Vigie, the market
help us understand

/in blinding snapshot flashes/
when/
the harbour's suddenly cleaner/
the cruise ship's a Bequia schooner/
heavy bare breasted women squat/
squelching piles of clothes to bleach/
on river rocks
below the bridges
by the bends
in Canaries and Anse la Raye

Jane King

Sweetie Mango Tree

Up the tear-away gravel road
clear past Miss Ivy's clean-swept yard,
round the bend for Miss Gladys' shop
where man and man a draw them card,

beneath the swinging slips and nappy
scare-crowing Miss D's property
that is the best route to get to
Miss Gladys' tall-tall mango tree.

Now, there are other limbs and arms,
other regal trunks on top-ground roots—
star apples, almonds, even palms—
but none could bear such red-ripe fruit.

After we go chop and clear and seed,
plant corn and file down cutlass blade,
after the sun makes our skin want to bleed—
that's where all Burnside comes for shade,

to kotch from the back-break and toil-toil,
lick finger juice and coconut jelly,
to susu susu and labba-labba a while
'bout who keep and who dash 'way belly.

Slap up beside Miss Gladys' house—
where parson often preach etiquette,
though short-manners folks still give each
other the full length of them mouths.

And after school, we children met there
to go draw water from Vida Spring,
we titter, skin teeth and bruck with laughter
where Aunt Aggy plant our navel strings.

That's where we played tennis-ball cricket
(lignum vitae bat if we in luck)
the same clean strokes that you see 'pon TV
whew bring Jamaica the Gold Cup.

Later on, after Papa soaked our heads
with Anglo-Greco-Roman glory,
he made the moonshine dread,
wrapping us up with duppy story.

It may be simple, quite short on pedigree,
but it sweets us for as far as we can go,
our world honeyed, our loves free
under that sweetie mango tree.

Rohan B. Preston

Miss Gladys & Mas' Claudy

Gladys Campbell Holmes and Claude Holmes

I.

As she watched him shimmy-shim,
sharp-sporting with his hat askew,
one degge suit pressed, mustache trimmed,
even the chirruping crickets knew
that she carried feelings for him.

Carried them when him gone a Foreign
to cut some stubborn sugarcane,
carried them when he came back home,
with seeds and soap and iron-comb,
to fling down his fork again.

Carried them when him off to war
fighting Germans over some mud-pile
(no one could tell right Mas' Claudy
that he was not Her Majesty's child),
carried love when the tuppence done
kept on carrying, when news no come.

Was more than pudding in scandal bag,
more than roast breadfruit in her sack,
yes, Miss Gladys, basket-'pon-her-head
full of fritters and fried jack-sprat,
bore more than ripe fruits on her back.

So as simple as you saw her sell
ackee for a quatty, mango a shilling,
you could bet your Granny bible
that she held some 'trong-'trong feelings,
carried them a yard and out a road—
Miss Gladys, boy, her loving proud.

II.

As he slogged through Frenchmen's trenches,
tramped and trudged through weeping bush,
all soggy-cold and sludge-drenched,
his warming thought while carbine barked
was of his dear boonoonoonoos.

He saw her when the bullets hummed
overhead with their angel sails,
he hugged her as thunder rumbled—
hugged her as his mouth turned stale
and water-woozy feet failed him.

Mas' Claudy slumped in twilight, eating sedge,
heard Miss Gladys pray his name,
he teetered on some darkening ledge,
then, with lips loosening, he gripped
hard for her loving just the same,
he bit for her loving just the same.

He came to, strung up in some tent
like a match-stick marionette,
but not bad for wear since putus dear
still a smile in his amulet,
her still smile he can't forget.

So when Mas' Claudy chat 'bout war,
'bout tell-tale cows and how gas poison,
all when Mas' Claudy buy off the bar—
as man a spar and man a reason—
a no France him miss, but lovely Gladys,
Gladys in sweetie mango season.

Rohan B. Preston

Baptism

A small congregation gather on faith's lapping shore.
The pastor robed in black.
Two large umbrellas hover above them like halos,
yellow and blue washes repealing the sun's steady strokes.
The hands that hold them cannot be seen, like those
which steadied Peter before he sank with doubt.
Two female candidates, hands clasped before them, wait
like hesitant doves in pink and green gowns,
plastic bathcaps, and seaborne faith.
Their eyelashes are fluttering hummingbirds' wings.

The choral leader slips away, then turns
with her raised conductor's hand. Choralling melodies
rise and mingle
with the surf's wide-ranging tones. Every voice sustains its song.
Every heart intones some blessing.
The pastor moves toward water,
praying hands stretched over the blue conversion zone.
Little darts of light turn in the salt-heavy breezes
and in the lightly cresting waves around me.

He faces shore like Hannibal his mountain,
summons a candidate with the curve of a hand.
One woman nudges the other to send the seagreen turtle
inching across sand to her destiny.
Confidence swelling, she enters water. The pastor reaches
out, steadies her, readies her
for the touch of eternity. One hand on her forehead,
the other on the neck's nape, he guides her, in one
well-watered movement,
backwards and under, then hoists her up into a new birth
of spirit and fire.

Emboldened, the second candidate strides toward water,
then falters at the last moment.

Alternately cringing and flailing her arms, she totters
before steadying herself. It must be done again.
Full submergence is the necessary salvation.
This time she gives in to the will of the water.
Emerging from the sea's womb,
she feels the scales of worldliness flake from her
she hears the watery applause of all heaven's hosts.

On the shore, singing crests, then breaks into clapping hands
and arms raised in rapturous praise.
The pastor wades towards the shallows
as if heading for shore. Suddenly,
he throws himself face-down in the water,
his robe swelling with airpockets. He rises and falls
two times more.
He is ready to sail. He is ready to fly.
A parakeet, winged with light, lifts into the salt-heavy air.
The surf and the wind whisper Jesus.

Anthony Kellman

Lulu and Seaman

Somnambulistic, reclining on a shore's sandy couch,
I inhale the sea's raw wholeness and its ancestral hum.
Slowly, my eyes open, careful not to disturb nature's hold.
Through eyelids winking with light, I read the black letters
 on her nodding prow,
"Lulu." The Yamaha outboard's already hoisted from the water,
the seaman already wading in the water.
He throws the grappling anchor into the shallows
and returns to her. Yanking out a small net fat with fishes,
he hooks and wraps the net's draw-string
around one oarlock. Undulating water softly rinses
the netted buoyant cargo. Seaman reaches into the boat,
withdraws a short spade. Untying the drawstring that slips
from the boat like an eel, he heads for the shore with his load.

Glancingly, he speaks to me, lays down the net
 like a comma on sand, digs
a deep hole. The dead fishes leap into the crater.
 He garments them with sand,
withdraws a scaling knife with an arc of his hand.
That sandy sheet shields the sun's hardening rays,
 lightens his task.
One by one, cavali, garfish, snapper and eel
 are touched by his blade.
Hills of scales, guts and fins rise around his calm,
 thorough endeavor.
Labour done, he shovels the refuse into the grave,
 fills it in with sand.

In the background, almonds, seagrapes, and casuarinas line
the beach and punctuate a cloudless
blue sky. Under one waving casuarina, a man holds a bike.
Three boisterous young men cut across the scene.
A white pitbull trots before them, leashless, blind
to its own terror. The man drops his bike and scurries up the tree.
The dog doesn't notice him. The loud ones laugh.
Taking no chances, I rise and leap, headlong, into the sea.

Surfacing in a spurting fountain, I shake water from my eyes,
turn toward shore. The man and his bike are gone.
The young men and the dog, gone.
But Seaman's still there examining his finished work.
He calmly places the cleaned fishes into the net.
Workshop tidied, his ready-to-cook catch wrapped
around an arm, he saunters toward the dry sand
 and sheltering trees.

In the shallows, grey hulled "Lulu" nods in eternal agreement,
resting her wood, guarding the beach,
the eight-inch steel propeller an asterisk on the sea's blue page.

Anthony Kellman

from the novel **Web of Secrets**

Denise Harris

Arabella... Arabella... oh Arabella, they're sending me away to America, to Granny Irma's and Grandmother's brother Percival Matthew Robertson... What a long name it is, such a long name. I don't know him... Mind you I've heard of him... He lives in Brooklyn... It's the same place where my father's brains were spattered. It's the same place where a jealous, hate-filled woman blew my father's brains out at the break of dawn, his death the final breaking point for my mother... she who felt she'd received more bad breaks than she'd bargained for... but then he lived at a break-neck speed, Aunt Eileen said, so he got what was coming to him, didn't he? Didn't he get his just deserts? she asked Granny Irma... a man who could not break away from women, who made a habit of having women until it became a habit of mind, a man too good-looking for his own good. I'll be going to Brooklyn, Arabella, a place I've only seen in the movies, to stay at the house of one Percival Matthew Robertson, my great uncle who must be as old as the hills and that's very old, Arabella. I believe you're also as old as the hills, aren't you, Arabella? Older than we can ever imagine, as old as El Dorado... El Dorado, where I've finally decided you really came from. You didn't just come from anywhere, Arabella, not you. Oh no, you're too special for that... Oh yes you are... You came from El Dorado, that faraway, ancient place one only dreams about. You do know about El Dorado, don't you, Arabella? Of course you do. As quiet as you are I've never taken you for granted... no, no... But don't be afraid for me... I can see it in your eyes... You see my great uncle's children say they'll take care of me. They told Granny Irma they'll look after me as if I were their very own. He has three children Granny Irma says... two daughters and a son. I don't know their names but I'll eventually find out. I wonder what I'll call him, Arabella? Will I say, 'Hello, great-uncle. I'm Margaret... the one who's not well... the one who has been acting strangely'? Or should I say, 'Hello, Mr. Robertson. I'm Margaret, the strange one... the one sent to you'? Or maybe, 'It's a pleasure to meet you, Percival. You've been most kind to have me... the lost one... You see, it's said that I can't find myself and because of this I haven't been myself. I hope you'll excuse me, but you see I lost my mother and in losing her I began to lose

myself'? How does that sound, Arabella? Do you like the sound of it? Who knows? Anyway, whatever, Aunt Eileen and Granny Irma called him on the phone last night and spoke with him. I heard them telling him I'm not well and they know this is sudden but something has to be done. Guy will be leaving for University so he will accompany me.

They think it's best I go away for a while, that I'm acting as strangely as my grandmother, that we are two of a kind but whereas she is old, I can still be helped; that I am not myself, have not been myself for a long time; that something is obviously wrong and perhaps America would be the best place. So I thought about it and I thought about you, Arabella, and I thought how you came here without any choice, the same way I am being sent without any choice... You came here from a place called El Dorado that I've only seen in my dreams, but perhaps I'll meet someone in America who'll talk to me the same way I've talked to you. Who knows? Someone to help me come to some kind of understanding... not a whole lot... just some kind... and when I do I'll return one day as you're going to return to El Dorado. You would like to go back to that faraway, ancient place called El Dorado, wouldn't you, Arabella, where all the bright-winged parrots and macaws, looking just like you, dwell with the same charcoal rings around their eyes, just like yours... Oh one day I'll return, I'll return... dressed-up in all my finery...

When I first opened up the cage and called to her... *Arabella...* Arabella... very gently... she didn't seem to understand, but then I reminded her that she was the one who asked me to send her back to El Dorado and I was just following her wishes. I heard her ask me. I'm sure if anyone had been around they'd agree with me. First she asked me, then she said 'El Dorado. It's time for me to return, Margaret,' very distinctly. I heard her, I tell you I heard her... she even called my name. That's why I said to her, 'You've gone with me various places, we played together, but then your wings were clipped, but you can fly now... Come.' At first she just looked at me, at first she seemed to hesitate, as if afraid... So I said again to her, 'Come', and it was only then she put out her bird's foot very tentatively and perched on my hand. I took her out. At first I could see she still thought her wings were clipped for she did nothing, she just remained perched on my hand, then all of a sudden she stretched out her wings and I could see how surprised she was, as if a new kind of feeling soared through her body. I placed my ear against her bird's heart and it was drumming ever so fast. It made a deep throbbing sound as if her bird's chest was the skin of a drum. She stretched out her wings again and again, then she paused... trembled...

then she gave a loud shriek... It rang out in the quiet neighbourhood, sending out echoes like bells, as if she were a bell-bird, her bell-sounds making the quiet neighbourhood throb, making the neighbourhood come alive, making it one big drum, making it her sounding board... It was like no sound I'd ever heard and I liked the sound of it. I could hear Rose and Granny Irma calling out, but then I heard Grandmother. She kept shouting, 'That's it... that's the sound I've been hearing... Sounds to me like something's cracking... Get it, get the piece of crochet, Rose, Rose. Quick, I think I've caught it... that's it, that's the sound... Sounds to me like a sea of voices. Do you hear it... the voices... like bells?' Then Grandmother called out in return to Arabella... loud and clear... and it was as if Grandmother was responding to the drumming sounds, as if she could understand the message of the drum on Arabella's bird-chest, throbbing like the skin of a drum, as if fingers were inside of her bird-body beating out the sounds. Arabella called back to Grandmother... they sounded so alike you couldn't tell the difference, but then they hushed her up, they held my grandmother down on the bed and hushed her up. They slapped her across the mouth because she was acting hysterical, Aunt Eileen said, and only a slap can help hysterics... For, Aunt Eileen said, the way Grandmother sounded, she didn't like the sound of it at all... not at all...

It was then Arabella revealed her plume of glittering colours. She burst into flames. For the first time since I knew her she revealed her true colours... burnt gold... rose petal... vermilion... royal charcoal... glowing charcoal shaped like a ring around her eyes. Oh, I wish you could see her... she is so impressive. I hope it doesn't go to her head this time... But it's as if she's afraid to move, as if she's come to a standstill, as if she's bedazzled by her own colours, struck by her own beauty. And so I struck her like I struck my own mother because I'd wanted her to live, I'd wanted her to burn bright. I struck Arabella. Burn bright, I said to her, burn bright like you've never burned before and in the burning you'll bring her back to life won't you? You'll make my mother live, won't you? It was only then she made a slight movement and turned her charcoal-ringed eyes to me. She turned around and in the turning, for a moment, it was just as if my mother's charcoal arm encircled me, and in the encircling consoled me. Arabella's charcoal-ringed eyes seemed to glow, so I whispered again, 'Burn bright... burn bright, Arabella, like you've never burned before.' She spun around and lifted her wings. Her feathers rippled over my face as if she were caressing it. She tried to pull herself away, she lurched forward, and for a moment I thought her wings had been clipped for too long, she had been caged for too long, she no longer remembered how to fly. But then she steadied herself and

slowly lifted her wings once again and in the lifting rose up... up... into the air, a wheel of colours bedazzling the eyes, making me lurch, a wheel of colours spinning round and round, wheeling round and round and round... her charcoal-ringed eyes now lit up... alight... She is soaring up to the casuarina tree. She has stopped there for a while as if getting her bearings. Now she's coming back, she's come right back and perched onto my shoulder. She is rubbing her beak against my cheek. How she preens and sparkles in all her glory. Oh, she has added so many colours to my life, she has added so many new sounds to my life, sounding me out. You should see her, with her wings flared, a skirt of feathers flowing round about her, all in a swirl, leaving me in a swirl. Now she's soaring up again in her strike for freedom, in her strike to return to El Dorado, a faraway, ancient place as old as the hills, as old as Arabella, where other bright-winged parrots and macaws with charcoal rings around their eyes also dwell. Up... and up... and up... over Mr. Wood's house... over the casuarina trees... up... and up... and up... on the wing... on the swing... on the wheel... wheeling round... and round and round... Oh you should see her... she's a sight for sore eyes...

'The bird has flown. Someone opened the bird's cage and let the macaw out. Where is Margaret? Where's that child? How did that bird get out? How in heaven's name did that bird get out? Come back here. Come back here... Where are you going? Get back here at once... This is a madhouse... a madhouse!' Aunt Eileen shouted as she ran behind my grandmother.

Grandmother ran to the window, she ran and threw the crocheted web out as if to capture Arabella. 'She's broken out of her cage!' she shouted. 'The beautiful bird is gone... she's rainbow-coloured... Do you see her? There's Margaret... Isn't she beautiful, Margaret? She's broken out, she escaped through the cracks... she's wheeling around... full circle... she's going around in circles. Do you see her, Margaret? It has all come full circle.' Aunt Eileen and Rose grabbed at my grandmother, the three of them wheeling round and round in circles to get to grandmother's bed. 'The bird broke out, Eileen... It was so unhappy in that cage... so it broke out... it broke free, Eileen,' my grandmother said as they finally got her to her bed.

Meanwhile Granny Irma just looked on at the goings-on in sheer amazement. She kept bobbing her head back and forth as if she couldn't believe it... Her head moved like a ball hanging on a neck thread... up and down... up and down... making me quite dizzy... as if she couldn't believe her eyes. 'Look what my sister has come to,' she kept repeating, 'Look what we've all come to. Lord have mercy on us all.'

Morne Fortune

No man's an island (Donne). His creative urge
(Dreamer, rafting the rivers of a continent
with a drowned crew, risking that brown Atlantic surge)
sailed where the collective imagination sent.
When, upriver, his poetic craft got stuck
(that mud sucked men and poems down without a trace)
he figured island life might change his luck:
he'd seek the Antillean Genius of Place.

He got himself a Creative Writer's grant
to live in Lucian hills, find a new slant.
("Bon bagai! My island steep in poetry, boy!"
encouraged a poet friend, St. Lucian born.)
Boarding a minibus, a sudden access of joy.
The bearded driver—Triton blowing his wreathed horn!
That sloe-eyed woman, Greek there, a black Helen of Troy!
The southern hills, shouldering stars above the Morne
thrilled and intimidated him, like Wordsworth's Boy.
That nightride up Morne Fortune left him numb.
His continental brain, like a container lorry
changing gears, changed into first.
At this height would his poems come and stay
until he'd winged them so they could float down?
Next day, at dusk (his poem-time), he'd know the worst.

From his high verandah dawn woke commonplace,
transparent as a housewife in her shift.
Trees in curlers, ravine breaking wind,
the hills still in their peaked mosquito nets of mist,
the valley smoking an early cigarette.
A light rain falling: the Morne washing its face.
It would take genius to spin such flimsy stuff
into a poem worth a second look.
The island, twinned by laureate poetry with Greece,
still wasn't Greek. The cathedral chimes mimicked Big Ben.
No city sign said "Ithaca/Castries."

But if not Lucian landscape, well, what then?
At sundown, when he launched his poetry
the thing took flight across the town
and fell into the sea.
He was old Daedalus watching his son drown.

In town, hoping to find a poem or two
that he'd sent down, he stopped in for a beer
and stayed to hear a poet speak. Eloquent,
sipping a Coke (he'd sworn off liquor for Lent)
swivelling his grey, unfocussed, lion's eyes:
"You guys sit up there on your Pegasses;
you waiting in case fame or fortune calls?
Genius is jus' a man with talent and
a bold attitude. You watch my smoke.
I take life by the balls, keep poetry in
my grip (*Big joke. I don't mean a suitcase.*)
The Muse is a jablesse, as you know well.
You have to take she so (grabbing the bottle)
An' buss she mouth until you taste success.
You can't play noble and win a Nobel.
Gasson, you have to *capay diem* if
you want to write at all. Get off your high horse, man.
You know? Pride goeth before a fall."

That sundown, back on Morne Fortune, he cried
to be unhorsed, envisioned, blinded, like Saul.
Like Walcott.
Even like V.S. Naipaul.

Michael Gilkes

Zodiac Dance

His element was air, his humour melancholy.
Born Saturn in Scorpio, he could not bear the folly
of a commonplace romance.
A sudden blow: O brightening glance!
Love, he saw, could not defy the Fates
or herald a new dawn, unless it boldly go
where other fledgeling loves had never gone!
Taking his cue from the great master, Yeats,
he'd cast his lover as a Leda lost
in feathered blizzards of the Swan.
Winged Jupiter descending, he'd overpower
her ignorant body and mind, enhance
her Spartan love with arcane knowledge, shower
constellations down to make the zodiac dance.

A Capricorn much younger than her years,
goat-born, with the goat's nervous, sidelong glance,
horned by timidity and secret fears,
she yawned at the full moon's radiance.
Her element was water: every dawn she drowned in sleep.
Horoscope-haunter ("an old acquaintance calls
You break a promise you had sworn to keep"),
She longed to give her body to the dance.
But to his mystical music dancing
was difficult for her, and wrong.
The rhythm was strange, metaphysical.
His music roused her *mind*, flung her headlong.
She clung to surer footholds, goatskin drumming
to the steady clamour of a gong.
No soaring melodies for her. No song.
In his terrible, vague fluttering of wings
unutterable things were left to chance.
She could not tell the dancer from the dance.

When, finally, he made the music stop,
she'd put on none of his knowledge or power.
It was with some relief
he let her drop.

Michael Gilkes

About Almonds and Ambergris

There is a perfume rising off the sea today.
A scent of almond top notes and base notes of ambergris.

I think about ambergris, a grieg ball of scent starter
coiled in the stomach of sperm whales or rolling free,

a pomander perfuming the waters of oceans.
Did Jonah know that he was valuable as ambergris

sought after and needed to touch pulse points?
I meditate upon these matters this day as I lie

upon the outer reaches of Lyssons beach.
I think that I shall add the scent of berries now

to the perfume rising off the ocean. Water berries,
bright red such as those which cheered the eyes of Columbus

when he feared the sea would dip under and that he christopher
and his colombo in the Niña the Pinta and the Santa Maria

would be drawn down to the weed clogged sea floor.
O chrisobal Colun set out for Cipangu and China

sweet winds swept his caravelles out to sea,
blessed weather, April month in Andalusia.

Now three ships full of frightened men
who have crossed that fine line of foam

into uncharted waters. Then Christobal sights
carved board horses and green branches

fresh branches bearing berries, life cast upon water.
There is a sweet smell coming off the sea today

of almonds and ambergris and red berries.
I think about Columbus and how he thought at first

these islands would be a source of gold,
of cotton and mastic, aloes, wood, and things invaluable

to him, poor thing. That sweet smell rising off the sea today.
May the perfumed tides wash my people now bright berries.

Lorna Goodison

When Buttercups Chime

i

We have always done this:
baptized our landscape
with our own names like gods,
revelling in the kingdoms
they have fashioned.
Like immigrants, slaves,
natives we have resisted
the imperial fixation to teach
meanings like dogma—
sin that denies Word genesis,
fear that shuns the shadow rising
at noon like a mirror signifying
nothing.

ii

We have always sharpened
phonemes like arrows
brewed sounds like potions
sweetened tongues like sugar
changed meanings like lagahous
borrowed words like neighbours
rifled diction like mid-night robbers
to render us invisible, invincible
against forces that clip wings,
imprison us like coolies in cane-fields,
the Ganges flowing freely
from their lips like libations.
Language has always been gift.

iii

And so what if a child,
who may be a people, a nation,
grew up calling the golden bells
of the Allamanda bush sprawling
in her garden, *buttercups*.
And you wonder,
from your knowing of things,
how she can find shelter
beneath a plant that grows,
in your language, on the ground—
tiny yellow cups held under
the chin like a smear of butter.

iv

Yet, we have always
lived the miracle of language
that flees common circles
like douens to darkness,
changes names like women
who slip from their skin
at night seeking flight.
Haven't we found the deus
in unlikely places? Like the boy
in obscure Tabaquite who,
transfigured past correction,
narrated his day at the *damp*—
dam/n the teacher her diction.
Or Ghanaians who plant crotons
on the graves of their loved ones
and call them Forget-me-nots.

So, it's right that much later
 a poet, now as tall as the shrub
 that roofed her head,
 then too unruly to be housed,
 can stand listening to the music
 that drew the child to those flowers
 and her vocation to transcribe
 their chimes in word and rhythm
 that the islands may hear,
 that she may live her father's wisdom
 that one day she will offer verses
 potent as the Allamanda's milk,
 rich as yellow butter
 down your chin.

Jennifer Rahim

Still Without a History

Check out the fantasies in my mind
 realities that can't be European
 realities that can't be of the Taino Indians
 realities that can't be African....

In a night of the Tam-Tam sound of the drum
 with the characteristic smells
 with a flute made of bamboo
 A strong sounding Tam-Tam
 A strong sounding Tam-Tam
 with a flute made of bamboo

Here
 in the loneliness of a half island
 covered with imported morals
 an empty soul
 head up high...and still without a history
 Here...

Blas R. Jiménez
translated by James J. Davis

The origin of the world

to the mantillas mangroves Mandingos
to the armpits of the wenches
every return laden with spice
seahorses hurling venom
 venial seas
your roucou dawns make peoples' skins iridesce
 Columbus
slow admiral in the loins of Maria
strewn with infamous prayers in the fields of love
beautiful drowned among the tuberoses
the unknown land rolling at their knees

every glimmer muted
on the mimosas the seringas
and the sea soon closed over them naked
the Indies appeared at the sacrum of the beloved
 her doleful ilium
the two of them enshroud themselves
the unknown land abolishes the eddy
 quite pure
infantas offering grief
in the mildew of the ports

.....
from what love as pure as lust
when lust is pure
 perhaps
only fragments will remain
traces raised in deep sweet languor
the gash in your body is a consolation
 let us drink
the water that is in the bodies of lovers
our skins grasp the light
the color of the world rises from our pores
the sun inclines in its branches
 the highest ones
mountains of schist are almost temples

 it happened
that the world grasped
our skins
the sun fell into love
love fell into our bellies

Joël Des Rosiers
translated by Carrol F. Coates



River Witch

Malaika Favorite



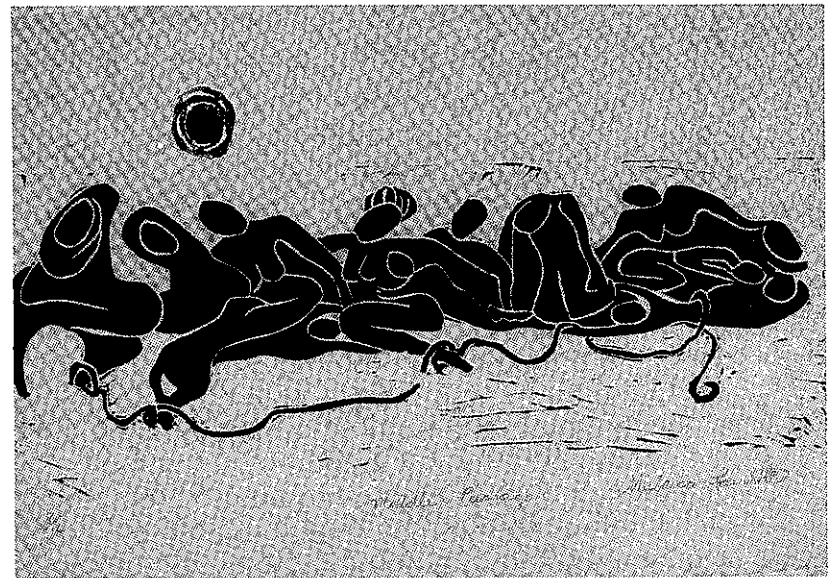
Wind Dance

Malaika Favorite



Joy to the World

Malaika Favorite



Middle Passage

Malaika Favorite



Temples of Gov

One hundred steps back from the harboured sea
which promises every high tide to reclaim its land
these buildings, brittle, megalithic, stand.

Ministries of government, shrines of official sacrifice
where priests and acolytes of an unseen power
in cataleptic ritual serve the devourer,

Gov. These monuments rise in his name.
Within, the hierophants, sleeked in sycophancy,
prepare, from our strangled needs, food for the deity.

Within these walls, always in corridors and ante-chambers, we
wait for a quick signature, a stamp, a word, a one reluctant nod.
Each blank, helpless, waiting hour is our tribute to the god.

While on the inner side of doors that shut without once opening
his ministers enact the private rites by which ancestral lands,
homes, lives, within a sleight-of-handshake, all change hands.

Here the heart's orphan craving for Jerusalem is garroted
at these deaf blocks where children of the heartdream
die bloodlessly, without a scream.

Here are the sanctioned premises of psychic murder.
Here are the halls of bleeding dreams, aborted.
Here toward formica catafalques walk the unknowing dead.

Temples of Gov—where Ovalea's yearning clear-eyed children
are hacked and sacrificed each day by hecatombs
so quietly, in air conditioned rooms.

Temples of Gov—where the dying rule the dead
and the god whose name we do not call,
megalocidal, rules us all.

Temples of Gov—where yet in mutual torturing we hide,
victor and victim, trapped in the ritual, because we're terrified
to stop, to walk alone, dark, to our shrine inside.

Kendel Hippolyte