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.