

*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.