

COMING HOME

*“The lord never send a bird
without a branch.” – G.L’s mother*

So, love, light here,
now is your homing season.
There’s a cry inside you still
that summoned revolution,
called forth the imagination:
the unconquerable domain.

Now, all across this archipelago
are those no longer daunted
by the world, no longer fearful
of dismantling one history
for another. Ancestral guardians
everywhere open the gates of memory
of origins we recognize at last as ours.

Lonely sea gull crying on the Atlantic,
you must not fear the folding of your wings.
It’s your wide span over the Caribbean
and its diaspora we’ll remember;
how you took the cruel burning,
casting what we feared was only
shadow, until our eyes could bear
the light of sovereignty you dreamt
for us and for our children.

So, love, light here.
Now is your homing season.
You have flown far.

MEETING-POINT

(for George & my grand-daughter, Zoe)

She had shed the “Uncle” at his bidding,
no doubt. “George,” she calls,
sure of her place at the summit of the world,
“may I come in?” The door opens, a glimpse
of white hair, and she runs into the room.

We watch her transition from outright refusal
to, “My George”. First the array of balloons
he bought and blew up himself, her three-year
old laughter artless, bursting free.
This playmate makes the funniest faces,
becomes her willing audience as she reads the stories
she contrives; she sings for him, she dances.

We watch him reading silently. She, eyeing him
all the while, waits with the rarest patience.
Perhaps this book will teach him how to answer
all the “Whys?” she’s heaping up,
or prompt him to another round of games.

Time, too, is playing its peculiar game:
old age recedes, philosophy declines, all titles bow.
Inside this room he is a child again, and she,
unwise as yet to his burden of years, lifts
it as lightly as the ball they toss between them,
or the yellow balloon floating outside the room.

YOU ANOTHER COUNTRY

You are yourself another country;
your own prime meridian.
“It’s easy,” you said, “ here’s the key.”
So I took courage and entered
thick forests, borders, pathways turning
and turning on themselves.
I tried to track you where your light
seemed brightest: your monument of thought.
Meteors clashed there, time shifted. Black holes
spewed out destinies of a New World.

I searched for calmer spaces.
Somewhere inside these tangled forests
there must be a tract where sunlight falls,
soft rain nurtures green shoots, and the sound
of the wind as it rises is the call of a heart –

Not every journey ends at Heartease.
Another mettle forges some pathways:
an axis underlies each turning
and friction lends its radiance
to the shadowy places. The seeker learns
to shape her own heart’s harbour.

But you are not all forest.
You’re unexpected springs where lines
still intersect. And all along your landscape,
meteor trails lay claim to the imagination,
that sovereign state where kindred souls thrive best –
You are a country worthy of habitation.