



Poeti

Cave Hill Literary Annual

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Contributors

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Michelle Barrow: is a Theatre Artist/Educator who has been writing for the 18 years. Her work has been anthologised in *So Much Poetry in We People, Voices 1, An anthology of Barbadian Writing*, and *Incantations and Utterances*. She was the winner of the Inaugural Poetry Month's poetry competition organized by the Commission for Pan African Affairs. She has performed her work throughout the Caribbean, Canada, and South Africa. Michelle is also a playwright and a member of the *Voices Writers Collective*.

Susan Brown: a graduate of Goddard College and the Pratt Institute, New York, she has published her poems in *Poui and Crescendo - South Florida Writers Journal*, and fiction in *The Caribbean Writer*. Susan has also published a volume of poetry, *Frederiksted Gingerbread*.

Christian Campbell: a Bahamian-Trinidadian poet, studies and teaches at Duke University, where he is a PhD Candidate in English. His work has been published in journals and anthologies throughout the Caribbean and the US. He is a 2002 Commonwealth Caribbean Rhodes Scholar and is currently completing his first collection of poetry entitled *The Biggest Sound*.

Merle Collins: Grenadian author of two novels, *Angel* (1987) and *The Colour of Forgetting* (1995); a collection of short stories, *Rain Darling* (1990), and a collection of poems, *Rotten Pomerac* (1992); her work has also been widely anthologized. Merle teaches Caribbean Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Maryland. She led the poetry workshop at Cave Hill in 2001.

Winston Farrell: has extensive experience as an actor and dub poet, and has performed in many countries, notably Canada, where he is well known. Winston has published poems in journals such as *Race Today*, *Kyk-over-al*, *Trinidadian New Voices*, and the anthology *Crossing Water* (1991). He has recently released his first CD, *Rhythum an' Words-song*. He is the Cultural Arts Officer at the Barbados Youth Service.

Carol Fonseca: born in Belize, is a graduate student at the University of the West Indies, Cave Hill, Barbados, where she is working towards a PhD. on women writers of the English-speaking Caribbean, with a primary focus on Belize. Her

poems have appeared in various anthologies, most recently *SHE: Belizean Women Poets*. In 1991 and 2000 she won the Belize National Poetry contest.

Dana Gilkes: received her MA in English and Comparative Literature from the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Columbia University. A recipient of the Frank Collymore Literary Endowment Award (1999), and the Commonwealth Short Story Prize (1997), her publication credits include: *CALABASH A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters*.

Maggie Harris: was born in Guyana and has lived in England since 1971. A teacher and reader development worker, she also runs writing workshops for all age groups. She has won numerous awards including a research award at UWI, Barbados, in 1999 to study contemporary poetry, and the Guyana Prize for Literature 2000 with her first collection, *Limbolands*, (Mango Publishing).

Kendel Hippolyte: St. Lucian poet who lived for some years in Jamaica, he has published four books of poetry, the most recent being *Birthright* (1997). Kendel's writing ranges from Standard English through varieties of Caribbean English to Kweyol. His poetry has appeared in journals such as *The Greenfield Review*, *The Massachusetts Review* and numerous anthologies. He led the poetry workshop at Cave Hill in 2001.

Dee Horne: writes fiction and poetry and lives in Prince George, British Columbia. She is an Associate Professor in English at the University of Northern British Columbia. She has co-authored *Images of First Nations in Books Children Read*, and written *Contemporary American Indian Literature: Unsettling Literature*, articles, interviews, and book reviews.

Tara Inniss: was born in Canada to parents of Barbadian/Trinidadian extraction. She is currently an MPhil/PhD. student in the Department of History at U.W.I., Cave Hill Campus. Her research interests concentrate on the health and welfare of children in the 19th and 20th century Caribbean.

Chip Livingston: is a visiting professor of writing at the University of the Virgin Islands on St. Thomas. His prose and poetry have appeared recently in *Ploughshares*, *Crazyhorse*, *Cimarron Review*, *Art & Understanding* and other journals.

Phelan Lowe: is a student of Harrison College, studying English, Geography and Biology in the Cambridge programme. He draws his inspiration from the experiences of his own life, his mother, his friends and other poets whom he looks up to as role models. He received the 1998 Irvin Burgie Award for Creative Writing and the Literary Award from Harrison College.

Louisa Nurse: has been published in anthologies, cyberspace and Barbados' newspapers. A winner of several awards, she is an active member of VOICES: Barbados Writers' Collective.

Debra Providence: was born in St. Vincent and is a student of the University of the West Indies, Cave Hill.

Mark McWatt: was born in Guyana and is currently Professor of West Indian Literature at the University of the West Indies, Cave Hill, where, in addition to literature courses, he teaches a course in Creative Writing (Poetry). He has been publishing poems in anthologies and periodicals for many years and has two published collections: *Interiors* (1989) and *The Language of Eldorado* (1994). He is working on a new volume of poetry and a first collection of short stories.

Lelawattee Manoo-Rahming: was born in Trinidad in 1960, married to a Bahamian, she makes her home in Nassau, Bahamas. A self-employed Mechanical Building Services Engineer and part-time University of the West Indies Lecturer, she expresses her creativity and seeks enlightenment through poetry, short stories, essays, sculpture and drawing.

Sandra Morris: is a freelance journalist and editor, and Co-ordinator and Webmistress of VOICES: Barbados Writers Collective. Her work has been published locally and internationally, including in *Calabash*, New York University's literary annual. Performances include Poetry & Jazz 2000 (piece to be included on compilation CD)

Philip Nanton: is a Vincentian who has recently returned to the Caribbean after many years in England. He is engaged in editing an introduction to the work of Frank Collymore for the Literary Endowment fund of the Barbados Central Bank, named after Collymore. His poetry has been published in a number of journals and Caribbean anthologies in Britain, and he has made radio programmes on aspects of Caribbean culture for the BBC.

Krishna Ramsumair: was born in Trinidad and studied in the United States before returning to take up a position at UWI, St. Augustine. He is a teacher and medical researcher, and was awarded a fellowship for creative fiction by the Creative Arts Centre UWI / Cropper Foundation.

Robert Edison Sandiford: is the author of *Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall: Stories* and two collections of comic-book erotica, *Attractive Forces* and the forthcoming *Stray Moonbeams*. His articles have appeared in *The Globe and Mail*,

Calabash, *SkyWritings*, *The Antigoniish Review*, and *The Comics Journal*, among other publications. He recently completed his first novel, *Squirrels*.

A-dZiko Simba: is a writer, performer and storyteller. Her work has appeared in a number of anthologies. She is a member of Plenty Plenty Yac Ya Ya, Montserrat's alternative theatre company. She is currently working on a collection of poetry and short stories - *Crazy Lady Days*.

Brenda Simmons: was born in St. Lucia, attended college in London, and now lives in California. She began writing poetry in 1990, and reads and publishes locally, as well as in *Poui*. She also writes in Spanish.

Obediah Michael Smith: Bahamian author and Fisk University drama graduate; has attended writers' workshops at UWI, Cave Hill and University of Miami. He has published 7 books of verse, a short novel and a recording of his poems. He now lives in New Providence where he conducts The Verse Place, a weekly poetry competition.

June E. Stoute: was born in Barbados and is an active member of Voices Writers' Collective. She won a NIFCA bronze in 2000 and placed second in the Miller Cutting Edge Competition 2001.

C.M. Harclyde Walcott: has among other occupations, worked as a Theatre Director, Film-maker and Photo-journalist. His creative writing has appeared in "*The New Voices*" "*Arts Review*" and "*Bim*".

M. Jason Welch: was inspired to write by his early reading of fairy-tales.

Nick Whittle started reading his poetry at VOICES in 1999 and has received NIFCA Bronze Awards in 1999, 2000 and 2001. He was featured in the CBC television series *Bajan Griots* in 2000 and participated in the UWI Poetry Summer Workshop led by Kendel Hippolyte in 2001. He is also a visual artist and exhibits regularly.

Brenda Simmons

**The Sky Went Fishing Today
Return from Asilomar**

The Sky went fishing today.
From the Sea's blue
She drew her lines
Dropped them in her garden
Along with frilled things,
Fished things.

They fell onto her blue
And blanched
At how far they'd flown.

But,
The voice of the singing wind
Teased them.
Intrigued, they followed,
Changing fin and cased leg
For feather and tracery,
Then lay, strangely at home,
Among the tangled, pale lines
Of the Sky's fishing.

Sea's blue, Sky's blue,
In between
Well-schooled gulls,
As hands,
above and below flew,
Joined in a mirrored clasp.

The Sky's fished things
Sailed on gaily,
'til drunk with wind-song
They drowned
In her infinite blue.

Palm

Prehistoric vegetation
bivalve fronds fold
towards each other,
never touching,
opening and closing;
fragile land anemone
re-memories ancient seas.

Green survivor, reminder
Time immemorial
past dances present
skeletal hull
embraces air, wind
whips and whistles.
Fronds withstand;
each fragile alone,
attaches and shares
a common vein.

Maggie Harris

Sheet Music (for my father)

I didn't think you could read music
even now when i reach out to you
after all these years, there is more there is more
to the realms of you
the ceaseless unravelling of you

again my fingers tremble, lift the case
where music sheets lay hidden under strings
the slide, the polished gleam of your guitar

and i say, daddy, here i am again
walking into limbo
entering the quiver of vibrations
steel on soul, Louis and the blues
and you a maestro

again I call up neighbours, long since dead
gather them at our frontsteps where they wait
sit down, here's a glass of beer
listen, while he plays

listen, this is the sound of a riverman
playing the blues
listen, to the fall of waters in the strings
the slice of a coral on a sandbank
the coarseness of his thumbs on my small face

So, you say
you didn't think I could read music?

forgive me, I only heard you play

Night Vision

i.

It's hard to see anything without history.
Days leave their residue, a film over the eyes,
far more the centuries. We see by memory
and the memories of generations become cataracts
occluding the child-clear visioning of Eden.
Because we see with history,
it is difficult to see through it. And yet we must
or we become it, become nothing else but history.

ii.

But how to see, yet see beyond:
three caravels whose keels severed the horizon line
between the worlds,
Columbus' abscessive dreams rupturing, blood on the
white sand of centuries
clotting into countries of a new map of the world;
to see beyond:
canoe-eyed warriors women children beautiful as
pottery,
their red-earth bodies pitted from insidious arrows of
plague,
their glazing eyes holding the dimming stare of their
last zemis;
how to see:
the desperate indentured servants, scarecrow tobacco
farmers
fleeing from hungering Ireland, the hardening bound-
aries of England,
chewed to white trash in the grinding maws of sugar
factories;
beyond:
millions of Africans contorted into writhings of black
coral on the sea-floor,
and the survivors living the other death, from the first
lash of sunlight

till the cool, blessed dark dried out the whip and
while they unburied, nightly, the stillwarm, holy,
undying dream.

How
to see yet see beyond?

iii.

To see through history, you have to journey back
not so much into time as into self.

Reading, late night, the pages furl past like waves
and you are following the compass point of the imagi-
nation.

Scanning centuries, you scry for traces, the glyphs of
who you were.

On such journeys, you may sail the coast of a whole
era

and not once make landfall. But sometimes, following
true north,

you leave the sea, walk inland, then further inland,
deep

to the interior of one moment:

Cape Coast. Outside a barracoon. John Newton and
an African slaver

haggle over the bowed head of a man kneeling
between them.

They do not know him or the trade would end.

But why your feet are stiffening to stone, your mind
to ice

as the third man looks up, you know.

The jerk of recognition is a body blow. It doubles you.

And then your feet are raging, your arms are sorrow-
ing out

toward yourself

toward the shock as, eye for eye,
you are stood stock-still by the straight stares of the
other two.

And locked now eye to eye, you see
again, and then again, your face.

Which self do you save?

On the journeys inland, you retrace
the inner lineaments of ancestry.
Late night. You close the book
of history.

iv.

Let them go, gently. All of them:

Columbus and his frightened crew of felons; the Carib
warriors of Sauteurs cliff who leaped to meet
themselves; Hawkins, D'Esnambuc, the swarm of bar-
racuda privateers; Makandal, Bussa and all of the
enslaved who never became slaves; the great-house
masters, the rebels, the informants, the runaways, the
broken at the wheel, the sad infanticidal mothers ...
Let them all rest.

Let them fall into a welcoming of sunlit water to a
deep, final settling.

Now the loud rodomontade and dazzlingblind dingolay of
history's carnival parade
stutters toward silence, dims to a dwindled glimpse
of you closing a book in the frame of a lit window.

Even that will go.

The window blind will draw down like an eyelid closing,
leaving

your self in the illumination that discovers you
only in darkness.