KAMAU BRATHWAITE

GUANAHANI, 11

like the beginnings — o odales o adagios — of islands
from under the clouds where I write the first poem
its brown warmth now that we recognize them
even from this thunder’s distance
still w/out sound. so much hope
now around the heart of lightning that I begin to weep
w/such happiness of familiar landscap
such genius of colour. shape of bay. headland
the dark moors of the mountain
ranges. a door opening in the sky
right down into these new blues & sleeping yellows
greens. like a mother’s
embrace like a lover’s
enclosure. like schools
of fish migrating towards homeland. into the bright
light of xpectation. birth
of these long roads along the edge of Eleuthera
now sinking into its memory behind us