May 2004

On the Way to Georgia

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Recommended Citation
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Closer to leveled Arctic and its vast tundra than anywhere else are these cells asleep in the corium. The last wind of summer will not send a wave or waft a change over mindless surfaces, such as are these in International Drive in Rye Brook and the man-made pond over which a dragonfly hovers, its wings flickering invisibly like some hallucination, while artificial geysers in the still water remain silent, not uttering their vertical language of spouting syllables. A brown muck sags on the surface, floating bits of grass and leaves, finger-thin ends of branches, surrounded by the feces of geese clearing blade by blade with their beaks, the only evidence of some visible occurrence. In this minute, a bee’s precision would be most welcomed, finer than the aim currently attempted in which the stance is always an imitation, sometimes even absurd, and actions can only qualify as machines, oh the monotony! Sidewalks, no matter where, appearing to support the same stench, an immense field of concrete whose angles murder all light which attempts to erode their vulgar announcements, incinerators being the only fountains, their freshness hovering over an infinite repetition of images. So I looked to the South for ancestral floods, comfort in its wrought iron vistas and familiar soil, ivy growing on walls, even the mosquito’s mission. I aimed to be a prisoner of easeful flow, bold in strokes and sibilant curves, warm and clinging to color - those deep greens, also asphalt smells reminiscent of Beetham Highway. But this current stretch of asphalt is another country spreading farther away, leaving the mind as white as that tundra, freezing it from possessing the mandatory motion desired, like that of littoral movements, cargo, hulls, cranes lifting the imagination from Baltimore
flowing into Atlantic brine. The sea shapes islands, like Monos, a fish stilted in flight, its back arched in rocky boundary. And as close as possible to sanguinary traditions as these acres could allow, the free-flowing ivy, the avuncular indulgence, even with an appearance of Tobago in the clouds, fidelity was not in this landscape. Too much the absence of the hibiscus cupping its thirst. Roots are rattled underground, but unable to fulfill their positions. Where is my citizenship?

I cannot claim any culture, nor attempt any genuine affect. Impossible to confess the knowledge of Lord Blakey, or a rhythm as defined in a cuatro calypso whose words are without sham, displaying a sincere dialect. For years now, I have resembled, more and more, an immediate and endless shore of ice whose cracks are ever a stammering irritation. Reach into the past for something to instruct what occurs from this moment for absolute direction. Instead of this disloyal lineage whose words sometimes attract, pulling one away into the curves of a wrought iron structure still sought after. That is why abandonment, at times, appeals. These days, Alaska is where my blood calls. August transforms smoothly into September and after, our shoulders becoming less defined shuddering beneath layers of borrowed fleece after we have we stolen their feathered habits, proving that nothing of our own is original, even our migrations, and we squawk like them.

This white will appear again, violently intimate, yet leaving one to feel divorced; then, each state entered will become acquainted, their names all pronounced in one word: “past.” This habitual position is resumed, our hands imitating our predecessors as we crouch before a god’s hearth to escape the atmosphere petitioning for warmth, braced with the familiarity of manners entrenched in the sea-shaped silhouette of Monos.