And now, for today

The breeze of thought,
Blows through home,
Vague, familiar,
On a ledge over the ocean,
Beating waves,
And twisting pirogues,
Oh to be there and feel taunting life.
Or dappled sun on fields of grass,
Should I recline,
Stretch my back,
Wait till flowers close,
Catch the whisper,
Stay, just here,
In the quieting room?
The starry beckon,
My name,
That I cannot recall,
A vast, dark space,
With twinkling, grinning,
Promise,
Of family past.
Or I could bury my soles,
In dunes,
Flop by the clock,
In time,
For library musk,
And fireflies.
The grand old dance,
The weaving steps,
Was it step-step step, or
One, two, three?
Under crystal lights,
Maybe I’ll twirl the floor again,
Feet light as I pass and reach,
For canapes.
Or perhaps I’ll stay,
Under blanket warmth,
Carpet underfoot,
And stop, just stop,
The choices, caged,
That once resounded,
Now that all is quieting.

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Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

Published Online First 2 March 2017