

# The light of the world

Derek Walcott

Kaya now, got to have kaya now,  
Got to have kaya now,  
For the rain is falling.  
Bob Marley

Marley was rocking on the transport's stereo  
and the beauty was humming the choruses quietly.  
I could see where the lights on the planes of her cheek  
streaked and defined them; if this were a portrait  
you'd leave the highlights for last, these lights  
silkened her black skin; I'd have put in an earring,  
something simple, in good gold, for contrast, but she  
wore no jewelry. I imagined a powerful and sweet  
odour coming from her, as from a still panther,  
and the head was nothing else but heraldic.  
When she looked at me, then away from me politely  
because any staring at strangers is impolite,  
it was like a statue, like a black Delacroix's  
Liberty leading the People, the gently bulging  
whites of her eyes, the carved ebony mouth,  
the heft of the torso solid, and a woman's,  
but gradually even that was going in the dusk,  
except the line of her profile, and the highlit cheek,  
and I thought, O Beauty, you are the light of the world!

It was not the only time I would think of that phrase  
in the sixteen-seater transport that hummed between  
Gros-Islet and the Market, with its grit of charcoal  
and the litter of vegetables after Saturday's sales,  
and the roaring rum shops, outside whose bright doors  
you saw drunk women on pavements, the saddest of all things,  
winding up their week, winding down their week.  
The Market, as it closed on this Saturday night,  
remembered a childhood of wandering gas lanterns

hung on poles at street corners, and the old roar  
of vendors and traffic, when the lamplighter climbed,  
hooked the lantern on its pole and moved on to another,  
and the children turned their faces to its moth, their  
eyes white as their nighties; the Market  
itself was closed in its involved darkness  
and the shadows quarrelled for bread in the shops,  
or quarrelled for the formal custom of quarrelling  
in the electric rum shops. I remember the shadows.

The van was slowly filling in the darkening depot.  
I sat in the front seat, I had no need for time.  
I looked at two girls, one in a yellow bodice  
and yellow shorts, with a flower in her hair,  
and lusted in peace, the other less interesting.  
That evening I had walked the streets of the town  
where I was born and grew up, thinking of my mother  
with her white hair tinted by the dyeing dusk,  
and the tilting box houses that seemed perverse  
in their cramp; I had peered into parlours  
with half-closed jalousies, at the dim furniture,  
Morris chairs, a centre table with wax flowers,  
and the lithograph of Christ of the Sacred Heart,  
vendors still selling to the empty streets-  
sweets, nuts, sodden chocolates, nut cakes, mints.

An old woman with a straw hat over her headkerchief  
hobbled towards us with a basket; somewhere,  
some distance off, was a heavier basket  
that she couldn't carry. She was in a panic.  
She said to the driver: 'Pas quittez moi a terre,'  
which is, in her patois: 'Don't leave me stranded,'  
which is, in her history and that of her people:  
'Don't leave me on earth,' or, by a shift of stress:  
'Don't leave me the earth' (for an inheritance);  
'Pas quittez moi a terre, Heavenly transport,  
Don't leave me on earth, I've had enough of it.'  
The bus filled in the dark with heavy shadows  
that would not be left on earth; no, that would be left

on the earth, and would have to make out.  
Abandonment was something they had grown used to.

And I had abandoned them, I knew that there  
sitting in the transport, in the sea-quiet dusk,  
with men hunched in canoes, and the orange lights  
from the Vigie headland, black boats on the water;  
I, who could never solidify my shadow  
to be one of their shadows, had left them their earth,  
their white rum quarrels, and their coal bags,  
their hatred of corporals, of all authority.  
I was deeply in love with the woman by the window.  
I wanted to be going home with her this evening.  
I wanted her to have the key to our small house  
by the beach at Gros-Ilet; I wanted her to change  
into a smooth white nightie that would pour like water  
over the black rocks of her breasts, to lie  
simply beside her by the ring of a brass lamp  
with a kerosene wick, and tell her in silence  
that her hair was like a hill forest at night,  
that a trickle of rivers was in her armpits,  
that I would buy her Benin if she wanted it,  
and never leave her on earth. But the others, too.

Because I felt a great love that could bring me to tears,  
and a pity that prickled my eyes like a nettle,  
I was afraid I might suddenly start sobbing  
on the public transport with the Marley going,  
and a small boy peering over the shoulders  
of the driver and me at the lights coming,  
at the rush of the road in the country darkness,  
with lamps in the houses on the small hills,  
and thickets of stars; I had abandoned them,  
I had left them on earth, I left them to sing  
Marley's songs of a sadness as real as the smell  
of rain on dry earth, or the smell of damp sand,  
and the bus felt warm with their neighbourliness,  
their consideration, and the polite partings

in the light of its headlamps. In the blare,  
in the thud-sobbing music, the claiming scent  
that came from their bodies. I wanted the transport  
to continue forever, for no one to descend  
and say a good night in the beams of the lamps  
and take the crooked path up to the lit door,  
guided by fireflies; I wanted her beauty  
to come into the warmth of considerate wood,  
to the relieved rattling of enamel plates  
in the kitchen, and the tree in the yard,  
but I came to my stop. Outside the Halcyon Hotel.  
The lounge would be full of transients like myself.  
Then I would walk with the surf up the beach.  
I got off the van without saying good night.  
Good night would be full of inexpressible love.  
They went on in their transport, they left me on earth.

Then, a few yards ahead, the van stopped. A man  
shouted my name from the transport window.  
I walked up towards him. He held out something.  
A pack of cigarettes had dropped from my pocket.  
He gave it to me. I turned, hiding my tears.  
There was nothing they wanted, nothing I could give them  
but this thing I have called 'The Light of the World.'

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Editor's Note: Recorded at Poetry International Festival Rotterdam, 1989.