



# Midsummer, Tobago

Broad sun-stoned beaches.

White heat.  
A green river.

A bridge,  
scorched yellow palms

from the Summer-sleeping house  
drowsing though August.

Days I have held,  
days I have lost,

days that outgrow, like daughters,  
my harbouring arms.

*Derek Walcott (b. 1930)*

*from "Sea Grapes," 1976, published by Jonathan Cape. Reproduced by kind permission of the publisher.*

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