

## Earth

Let the day grow on you upward  
through your feet,  
the vegetal knuckles,  
to your knees of stone,  
until by evening you are a black tree;  
feel, with evening,  
the swifts thicken your hair,  
the new moon rising out of your forehead,  
and the moonlit veins of silver  
running from your armpits  
like rivulets under white leaves.  
Sleep, as ants  
cross over your eyelids.  
You have never possessed anything  
as deeply as this.  
This is all you have owned  
from the first outcry  
through forever;  
you can never be dispossessed.

Derek Walcott

*Sea Grapes*

Noonday Press © 1976

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Derek Walcott (1930 – 2017) was born on the Caribbean island of Saint Lucia. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1992. “Earth” is from his collection, *Sea Grapes* (1976).