

# Dark August

By Derek Walcott

So much rain, so much life like the swollen sky  
of this black August. My sister, the sun,  
broods in her yellow room and won't come out.  
Everything goes to hell; the mountains fume  
like a kettle, rivers over-run, still,  
she will not rise and turn off the rain.

She's in her room, fondling old things,  
my poems, turning her album. Even if thunder falls  
like a crash of plates from the sky,  
she does not come out.  
Don't you know I love you but am hopeless  
at fixing the rain? But I am learning slowly

to love the dark days, the steaming hills,  
the air with gossiping mosquitoes,  
and to sip the medicine of bitterness,

so that when you emerge, my sister,  
parting the beads of the rain,  
with your forehead and eyes of forgiveness,

all will not be as it was, but it will be true,  
(you see they will not let me love as I want), because my sister, then  
I would have learnt to love black days like bright ones,  
the black rain, the white hills, when once  
I loved only my happiness and you.