

Cheryl Boyce-Taylor

ROY
(for Father)



All he had left were his
tamarind polished limbs
gaps between the spaces of his teeth
the sea is a collector of dreams

what I would not give for his browning bark
of fingers
the lives between those sequined bones
his garnet and silver wedding ring
metal beaten flat

what I would not give for the selfish dust
in his laughter
the precious metal of his tongue cracking

morning, the gone moon picks
at these blue-cadmium bones
my porcelain beak of body rises

breath burnt cedar
I become window frame.

Calabash

A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Volume 5, Number 1 / Summer-Fall 2008

Information about this work:

ROY (for Father)

By: Cheryl Boyce-Taylor

Start Page: 12

URL: <http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/vol5no1/0501012.pdf>

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

Calabash is published by New York University. Please contact the publisher for further permissions regarding the use of this work. Publisher information may be obtained at: [**http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/about.html**](http://www.nyu.edu/calabash/about.html)

Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters
© 2008 New York University