

## The Post-Colonialist

The Post-colonialist  
seizes my brain  
with wires.  
I hardly know  
what I'm about,  
if to accept the other  
or balk  
at deconstruction

Committing myself  
to familiar angst,  
I succumb . . .  
and let literary theorists  
and philosophers —  
Derrida or Foucault,  
Bhaktin or Barthes —  
have their say.

Being still or silent,  
my senses intact,  
the syllables of intellect  
or the imagination no less  
capturing rhythms arcane  
I aim only for the perfect line.

My muse's voice is yet quiet  
as I take stock of memory,  
a short cut to aesthetic enquiry —  
distilling emotions through my veins  
while I strike out with a hurrah  
at this intellectual game  
or past-time discourse.

Given to another country  
without a European name,  
I still consider origins,  
muttering on about conquest  
or simply pretending  
with a buccaneer's spirit,  
chasing after silver and gold;  
my words salt-tongued,  
and before a wavering plank,  
I step along with a nerve,  
or determined will all my own.

Yet theory will somehow  
endure like hieroglyphics,  
or last longer as I pretend  
to answer questions about myself  
with love or blandishment,  
or what I've never known before:  
truths too magnanimous,  
or still more precious  
though never really abstract.

Now I again balk at meaning  
as emotions swirl at the limits,  
and I say: Let's pretend  
to make feelings always real.  
Do I outlast  
the dross of critical theory?

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