

This poem was written by Le Flambeau Scholar Rachelle Mathurin during the Spring of 2009. In Rachelle's words...

"Through my creative writing class, I discovered my passion for writing, especially for poetry. I dedicate "Caribbean Woman" to Le Flambeau. It talks about the hidden and the manifest beauty of our dear Haiti"

Caribbean Woman

By the dancing waves I was walking,
On the warm sands, under the coconut trees I was strolling
When I heard the waves calling, the voice of a woman
The daughter of the Caribbean Sea, a voice different from many

The movements of the waves murmured the tales of her highs and lows.
She has the graciousness of the majestic sea,
and the gentleness of the still breezes.
Just like the sea maintains its turquoise blue
no matter how much sand it lets in,
She embraces diversity, and welcomes many in
While maintaining her identity,
the very essence of her being.

At the beach, from inside the hut, I smelled fresh coffee brewing.
A scent of purity, courage, and passion,
The passion of the West Indies, a scent that can't help but expand.
She is as dark as her coffee,
and leaves her imprints behind,
Like the coffee ingrains its smell,
With strength and love combined.
For, she is the strong taste found in every sip
of this savory and warm delight.

Down on the island, I heard a music from afar.
I heard the music of the mountains,
it was close and yet very far.
It was a rhythm like no other.
It was the sounds of tom-toms, sambas.
Of Indigenous bamboo flutes,
and many others that just kept me mute.

It was a blend of Creole tunes, French classics,
Reggae, and Spanish meringue,
All mixed with the sounds of nature-
The spirit of the mountains, and the rushing of the waves.
It was the sound of her music, a mixture which can't be defined;
Just like she is a melody, whose harmony is sassy and mild.