

ON WORDSWORTH'S *THE DAFFODILS*

In Trinidad we don't have daffodils, he said,
And it is wrong to write of foreign things.
But it dawned on me, the poet's sadness,
How only a man pensive and weary
Would prefer flowers to people,
Would retreat, every now and then,
To remember that day on the hill
When even the clouds were lonely.
Isn't that the same country?