

The Black Sea

**Today I come from Trebizond to sell
As much as your imagination buys
Of eucalyptus leaf and bark and smell.
Under the broken water-jar remark
The implacable scorpion sitting in the dark.
Or watch him on the wall, part of the stone
The lizard gently swallowing in the sun.**

**Where clusters of the grape too high
For Dounia's hands to reach
Hang in luxury from the sky
With pomegranate, peach
A fountain glistens in four children's eyes –
Fragments of rainbow memories –
And in that Turkish summer, through rusted iron spout
The sweet waters of Asia trickle out
To slip by tiny falls and processes
Down through the blazing lemon terraces
Into the dark at last, the black and bottled sea.**

By Denis John Uvedale Knight

(Written in the 1940s, remembering childhood in Trebizond in the 1920's)