

Black man in a beer-garden

Sipping his beer,
he suddenly broke into a broad smile
and told me
how village girls in his country
danced.

Setting his glass down,
his big hands
(with their startling pink undersides)
began swaying slightly,
so that I too could see
the soft
 swing
 of their fullsome skirts,
as he gazed sadly
beyond my unsatisfactory breasts.

HEATHER CAM