

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

Charles Hayes
INDAY

Lowering her kerchief from her face to boldly meet my look, a tinge of amusement on her lips, she commands the little seat her trisikad provides. Long dark hair kisses legs too long to curl. A product of verdant growth and tropical warmth, she gives no chill.

Pumping to keep their space, sensing the herd of traffic all about, her sweaty driver knows his load is fair. Status feeds his legs awhirl and brightens his face, as a sleepy scooter he cuts, for her.

Seen before, walking in the market crowd, eyes ahead, as tall as mine, she is fresh and fit to be all the pretties that she dreams. Health incarnate, her step is light through dusty squares with slippered feet, a move beyond not touched by dirt nor heat.

An old tall white Joe cured to ripe beyond and weathered as a bumpy bitter melon be, among so many brown and bouncy sticks of youth, I wistfully lock my foreign eyes on her, pretty as a bougainvillea bloom.

And forget it all as I smile too.