Maggie Harris

‘...The night-time put on flesh and blackness ...’
Zora Neale Hurston,
Their eyes were watching God

... wearing two-tone shoes and new cotton
he filters an aroma singed with incense and
  cardamoms
through Demerara shutters
sealed tight against his breath.

Inside, the young widow fastens locks
checks under the bed
pats four small heads
kisses the cold cross round her neck.

He’s on the front-steps, tapping
a soft-shoe shuffle into perfumed oleander
and a Lighthouse cigarette. With a step-and
change
the guard- dog’s breath snuffs into a blue moon.