

## *Maggie Harris*

### **'...The night-time put on flesh and blackness ...'**

Zora Neale Hurston,

Their eyes were watching God

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... 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.