

*Maggie Harris*

## PANCHO VILLA'S DAUGHTER

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Pancho Villa's daughter  
fresh from a continent  
where blood dries quickly on the plains  
young as a suckling spruce  
old as Mayans

scatters Euros now  
stacks them neatly in numerical order  
behind a glass window  
through eyes as grey as the rain.

You'd never know it,  
behind that glass partition  
with its beech trim  
and bronzed name-plate

sits a daughter of the plains  
trading dollars for escudos  
efficiently advising on Tessas, ISAs  
blue chip files and overseas investments.

The South London accent  
wavers on a trade-wind  
ushered briskly through the swing doors,  
as dry as the yucca straining

for a square of blue.  
But, don't talk to her of open spaces  
of savannahs rippling  
like land eels in the heat;

don't talk to her of  
vaqueros voiceless as vagrants  
with 1969 on a movie screen.  
Her face will shut as swiftly  
as a time-lock,  
will look past you  
as cold as morning rain.