

## BLACK MARY

MARY, the black gin,  
walks wonderfully.  
She came along the dust-track,  
swinging her body freely, stepping  
lithely and with perfect measure.  
The beautiful rhythm of her body  
flooded my heart with joy as do leaf-calls  
in a place of many birdsongs,  
flooded my heart with joy  
such as must be  
to apprehend perfection.

Superbly swung her supple form  
along the dust-track,  
for she walks wonderfully.

But she saw Tommy, and  
her resentment of yesterday  
rose, instant,  
to tear all harmony to harsh-edged coarseness.  
Suddenly all rhythm died  
and in its place  
was jarring discord of a nagging voice,  
disrupting all the  
vision of her I had.  
Tommy, her husband, fled like a bush-rat  
from her ugly, angular gesticulations.