

GIMLET EYE

Cyril Dabydeen

Ways of reckoning in another
look-around, and about
where I said I've come from.

She flutters her eyes, and it's
laughter, or just a whim--
a remonstrance I will bear

Breathing harder, the body's own
way: what I bring to you,
turning in another direction.

Now again waving to you--
believe me, coming to grips
with reality, nothing less.

Being defenseless from the start,
I must let you know--
turning around once again.