

PHOTO

What the photo recalled to me
Is the flight of an orange veil
Flung as I entered
Through the lens of the camera
To the seat of the Victorian chair

I slip out of my coat and buttoned-up boots
Reveal my black dress and the sheerness of pink stockings
Step into the clamour of mothers and fathers
The abundance of food
And more than enough to drink
Silenced by bearded uncles
Laugh out loud aunties
Double-chin thin-lipped grandmothers
I feel naked but for the nature of my pink stockings
Ambiguous political
What do I say as I smile
The greeting