

BLACK GIRL*James Ballowe*

Yesterday as if free
you shrieked across the open space
to fleeting forms,
rendering a child's dark soul.
Know me!
you cried.
For I am invisible.

Today you pretend to such a calm
as befits the blondest nymphet
astride the public path
and reserve your cry for the intimacy of contempt.

Within this fearful enormity
whiteness is expelled
upon a syncopated tongue.
Y'know?

And even then you pale with knowing
that the albatross comes in black and white.