

## **Field**

*for her*

Take me back to that first blush  
Trace it  
like a slow fingertip along the lengthy warmth of my collarbone  
trace it back for me.

I'll pick up my skirts, reveal my thick ankled boots  
and march through the dirt  
and dust of us

back to the first,  
where the brown of the ground  
seeped up  
into the brown of my dress  
skin brown leather triangles  
buttoned down

you stared.

and I asked  
“...what?”

the boyish imp of your smile digging into the soft of your cheek  
like a poke in a pillow

you replied  
“...ah, it's nothing”

my curiosity lifted its head  
like a sudden-sunflower at the sun

I ventured again  
“no. ...what?”

you replied  
“it's just”  
[a pause]  
“youlooksobeautiful”

.....  
I was this curved canvas. for you  
to leave strokes of momentary  
desire clean your brush on the  
inside and pretend to paint...  
surprised at the abstract grace  
that your colour left on my  
stretches. convinced now of  
beauty. accidental.  
.....

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