

Brisbane, 1993

by Janette Schafer

I am thinking again about the hooker in Brisbane.
I was fascinated by her long, long legs
In her home I drew happy faces on her bony knees.
I didn't mean to fuck her except that her panties

looped so perfectly around my thumbs
and skin, translucent revealing the throbbing purple
of vein, her hands fluttering hummingbirds
Her scent a field of berries and it made me want to taste her.

My nose entered the world of her navel
breath leaving cool goosebumps which I warmed
with my tongue. Her fingers are so much like birds
and they nest in my hair. I find I want to please her,
I ask in broken German if she has been touched by a woman.

Her laugh reveals that I do not know her language
but she seems to understand what I tried so hard to say.
She leans back against a brown steamer trunk
and my heavy breasts, nipples thick with desire
trailing her flesh like sharp pebbles on an ancient footpath
Little dove, I shall make you sing.