Butterskin Girl

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Verano de España

Hot farenheit degrees
And glowing warm lights
Control the Madrid night people;
Speaking of this not that
In the cafe
Dark hair and mustaches
Sprinkled with sweat.
And at the table a rose
Warm and old
And probably imported.
The table dirty and the patio cracked
And the red neon blinks blurry on
And off 'til dawn
Red and hot.

Peter J. Duffy

Butterskin Girl

In ivory pink mood, I am a butterskin girl,
Awash in a sea of freckles appearing like stars,
As the sun sinks and the moon climbs into clouds.
Blonde curls on his chest reflect horizontal sunlight.
Blue eyes speak to me without words, describing
Secluded sands, warm rocks, ankles kissed by the surf.
Sudden waves wash away the sun
As constellations tilt into the suede sky
And navy clouds melt 'round a smouldering moon.
All day I've worn his white oxford.
Tonight, I slice lemons and squeeze sticky juice
Into five glass pitchers.
Confused by the silent game, my neck aches
For index fingers, thumbs, and palms
To press out knots, stretch sinews.
Breezes play in my hair, sending a caress
Down my shoulders. Calypso music sways my hips.
I pour lemonade, some splashes onto his shirt.

Kathy Murphy

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