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Between Bikini and Burka

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Between bikini and burka
What is there?
Millions of women and men
Soldiers in uniforms
Women at work in trousers and jacket
Flowing evening gowns
And colourful
Shoes and gloves
Scarves hugging necks
Focus on the face
Workmen in overalls
And the white uniform of nurses
Of doctors
Of cricketers on the green
Of bawdy sailors
Of beauty therapists
Of elegant sheikhs
Focus on the aesthetics
Focus on the face
Clothed in pink
Sallow or beige
Clothed in brown
Clothed in black
Black of widows
Black of dinner parties
Black of Black Shirts
Black of black souls
Black of undertakers
On the radio or phone
Clothed in the voice alone

Don't wear the bikini in the classroom
Don't wear the bikini in the supermarket
Don't wear the bikini in the boardroom
People might think you are psychotic
Don't wear the burka on the beach
Don't wear the burka in a beauty contest
Don't wear the burka in the swimming pool
People might think you are psychotic
With the bikini
Cool black bikini
Don't forget the razor
Pubic hairs are supererotic
With the burka
Hot black burka
—with black hijab and black niqab—
Don't forget the dark glasses
Eyes are supererotic.

Evening Light

From the road
Into the bridle path
Through the thicket
Into the opening
Behind me the womb of the valley
Further on a bustling city
Ahead the featureless sky
The path is petering out
Not far the brow of the hill
Evening light
Surprisingly soft evening light.

Headstone

No silent and sightless helmsman
Floating in a fog-enshrouded boat
No heavenly host of angels singing
No welcoming tunnel light
Only a staring owl calling
-A ghoulish enigmatic note-
In the unsounded emptiness of the night.

Looking Forward

The moon was full over the Alpujarras
The breeze refreshed our spirits
For the New Year
In Negril the maroon sunset
Promised a vibrant sunrise
The beach virgin-white again
Baptized again by pure healing waters
My grandmother and her crony
Creaked back and forth
In rocking chairs
Waiting to welcome the freshening breeze of
New Year
On this terrace now, a late staging post
I sit quietly, resting, savouring
The freshening breeze
And for now
Say amen.