

The Indian girl in the bright green dress from down, down Madras way;
the Indian girl with an overbite, hairy arms, and brassy coins;
the Indian girl who's somewhat tiresome at the zoo
with her "let's-stay-here-till-closing-time" chant
in front of the great sandbox turtles and a rhino call home; oh
the Indian girl whose voice seems worth in the neighborhood
of a dozen waterfalls; and the Indian girl whose omnipresent odor
recalls accounts of panic in the holds of warships ablaze
in some Norwegian harbor long ago—well, she first viewed
the northern lights arm-in-arm with a well-hung Angolan,
his black fingers just under her waistband,
his lips pursed to suck on stuff ripe and citrus.