

B/N Ingram Kenneth

It is a rose-red morning

It is a rose-red morning,
Who are those going down the hills?
Who are those going under the leaves
Under the bamboo awning?

They are the women going to market
With limes and lemons in wicker baskets:
Beautiful tear-shaped limes and lemons
Nestling between the sea-green melons.
I held one cupped within my hand
Full of the fragrance of the land
Pointed and pregnant like a breast
As scented and firm it lay at rest.

The women have passed beyond the trees
But the scent is entangled in the breeze.
Beautiful lime-green lemon drops
That fell at three in the morning.

K. E. INGRAM