

Ode to Manolo

By Mags Webster

O Manolo, do my naughty feet deserve
your satin grasp, your lilac sheath
each lick of flesh and leather?
How you make me plot and plant

in calculated steps, the kiss
of sole to floor. So intimate
with my arches, I cannot help
but sway from hip to heel
(though everybody's looking),

the power is in your subtle grip,
the cunning of your sculpture.

You are my ciphers of desire
I am pitch-perfect on your cusp,
more than ready to strut

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