

to lie beside  
a girl with  
brown skin and black  
hair, hear the slow  
twirling chant of  
a pan flute, break away,  
out of this country's  
vulgar mind frame,  
to someplace where  
emotions and desires can flourish  
unfettered by greasy chains of  
colloquial  
and sociological attitudes me, and  
my dark-skinned  
girl, in truly  
naked  
love

*Matthew Gordon*