

Sources

by

Sandra Cox

*("An Ashanti woman tilts the flattened  
basin on her head to let the water slide  
downward: I am that woman, that water.")*

In a corner of the lorry park  
she unwraps her middle cloth  
bends forward  
to place her clay-reddened child  
on her back.  
Her stomach  
a bared vault of softness  
so smooth from a distance.

Nut bared heaven when she arched over Geb  
as this woman  
the dark world of her body  
uncovered  
stoops over her child.

Sunlight ordered  
arrayed in country cloth  
she is the black pivot  
the spiralling source  
begetting greater blacknesses.



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