

## SIMKI

Billowing bougainvillea pantaloons  
gather into golden hems at her ankles,  
ink black hair smoothed back,  
on her forehead a dot of red.

Hands delicately balanced to convey  
an ancient meaning, fingertips placed just so,  
she stands, a fuchsia flamingo, one knee coyly raised.  
A tantalizing glimpse of her bare foot  
flexed in front of her, reveals an ashen sole.

Parisian wife of Hindu dancer, Uday Shankar,  
Simki imparts her wisdom while Ravi plays sitar.

A corn-fed Iowa lass, who hunted Lakota  
arrowheads in her grandfather's yard,  
keeps the program in her scrapbook,  
next to country club dance tickets  
and gasoline ration cards.

Married and straddled with a colicky first child,  
she names her second after this dignified dancer  
whose face is tilted like a bird in the wild,  
little knowing that names have a way  
of seeking their fate.