

Calliandra Shade

Ian Anderson

I sit in judgement on the market square.
I have my favourite table and I have my chair.
Natives are friendly and the sun flies high.
All kinds of crazy waiters ? they go drifting by.

Hours last forever in the Calliandra shade.
Conversation going nowhere and yet, everywhere.
Kick off those sad shoes and let the bare toes tingle.
Slip off the shoulder strap: loosen the thick black hair.

Come, sit with me and take decaf designer coffee.
Come, laugh and listen as the ragamuffin children play.
Lame dog and a black cat, now, they shuffle in the shadows.
You got cappuccino lip on a short skirt day.

Electric afternoon and shrill cellphones are mating.
Lame dog is dreaming, dreaming of a better life
Where bed is fluffy pillows, table scraps are filet mignon
Flicked indiscretely by the lazy waiter's knife.

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