

What Is Love

Hawa Allan

This was how
you played: chin
up, arms splayed—

grass, tree and
sky, whirls
of blue and green.

Your body was
a planet; from
crown to toe,

you drew an
imaginary line
and spun

around your
own axis. All
even smaller

than you—snails,
bugs, dew—crushed
under rotating feet,

as you did deeply
dig the depth
of hula groove.

You fell,
ear to ground;
a mini-verse of

green blades bearing
drops of cosmos
moved and mixed,

pitched and
twitched in
the temple

of your mind,
so you wondered
whether you were

in the world
or the world
was in you,

Dee-Lite

*Sampladelic Relics &
Dancefloor Oddities*

10/1996

Elektra Records

though, even
then, you knew
it was all

depending on
how you see
a thing.

As stars spun
circles round
your head,

you lay still,
self-soothed,
and said

I think I know what love is
I think I know
I think
I'll never stop—

until you do
or it does,
and you're

a lost soul
found in
grown form.

But to be
an adult is
just a game

of dress up.
So hold my
will and pass

me a suit
that drips in
sequins,

dig my swirl—
I'll send fractals
of you whipping

across the walls.
It will all be so—
how do you say

—delicious,
the mirror
between

you and me.
Call me
crazy,

but I keep
the hope
spinning.