"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.

Sandra Cox is a graduate student at the University of Iowa where she hopes to complete her Master's Degree in the Spring, 1973. She spent several months in Ghana on a scholarship from the University of California, Riverside. Her poems have appeared in various journals and anthologies.