

*Ian McBryde*

## MISSIONARY DREAMING

The wet season.  
A damp and languid heat  
prowls the floorboards.

His fingers flutter, his  
knees stirring in circles,  
aglow. There is no going

home. Asleep, he makes  
for the first country,  
stripped, burning, reason

behind him, steeled in vain  
against his nightly plunge  
into sexual africa.

20