

Joanna Preston

## MRS WINSLOW'S DEFORMED LEFT ANKLE

It hung over her shoe  
like a stockinged haggis.

'I used to be a dancer,' she told me  
when I dragged my eyes to her face.  
Her hands flitted sideways, 'a dancer ...'

she steps forward *sur la pointe*, arching  
into an arabesque,  
grizzled hair gleaming black  
against a beaded satin headdress,  
her stained woollen skirt  
twitching into a tutu;

Odette  
caught in a shaft of sunlight,  
in the supermarket carpark.

A car honked. She dropped her hands  
to her sides, nodded, hobbled away  
pendulous with her shopping bags  
and her swan's foot.

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