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.