**In Praise of Summer Dresses**

Roger Camp

Lying in the zebra light,

Californian not African,

a succession of long-ago lovers,

women not girls,

clad in summarily shed

summer dresses, not pants,

whereas the air that flourishes

inside skirts

is scented with suggestion,

the hand exploring that weighted space

is tentative, not certain,

a lip reading

calling for a deft touch

and a divine breech.