**Please Can I have a Man...**

**after Selima Hill**

Please can I have a man...

tall and carved,

so I can clamber up him

to blue skies painted with coloured clouds;

a sculptured work of art,

cast with grandeur and humility,

all his limbs intact for me to touch,

whose stomach ripples with giggles,

who loves so much

to hear me rant and rave

watch me misbehave,

who adores my feminine intuition,

gives me looks of admiration

when I make particularly insightful remarks

on politics, the weather, poems, art.

Please can I have a man

who can move with rhythm,

and bend his body to fit mine

when I dance

in the kitchen

A man with long tapered fingers

dressed in a dark sharp suit

who stirs a wooden spoon

through my swirling steaming pans of soup

made with spices, peppers, garlic, ginger,

who sticks out his tongue,

pokes fun,

who will grin and bear it.

A man engorged with the scent

and headiness of it all

And, please can I have a man

who will be different tomorrow because I’m likely to change my mind.