

## **Portrait of a man on holiday**

The sun makes a mirror  
of the page, blinding the reader.  
He concentrates, breath shallow  
as a ghost-whisper. He wears  
a striped shirt, open at the neck,  
rimless spectacles, sweat.  
His head is a peeled chestnut,  
fringe of hair fine as spiderwebs,  
each strand gleaming. I reach out  
to touch, one finger's worth.  
He looks up smiling, lays a  
warm wide hand on my back.

Moira Andrew  
September 1990

(Found and rewritten in August 2005)