

Flirtation

Claude McKay

Upon thy purple mat thy body bare

Is fine and limber like a tender tree.

The motion of thy supple form is rare,

Like a lithe panther lolling languidly,

5 Toying and turning slowly in her lair.

Oh, I would never ask for more of thee,

Thou art so clean in passion and so fair.

Enough! if thou wilt ask no more of me!

Textual Note

This poem also appeared in *The Liberator* (August, 1921).