The loss of her occupation

She remembers
  winding the gramophone
  him in his civvies -
  her summer skirt twirl
  wooden shoes tap-tapping on
  the frayed carpet ...

  *swing band's*

  *rhythmic-sway*

  hands entwined
  that gunrough callous on his right thumb

  Sky-blue eyes      ocean smile
  hair the colour of corn

Behind blackout curtains
  they share a bartered cigarette
  his silver lighter   a dancing yellow-blue flame

  She inhales his smoke
  beetroot stained lips steal his kiss ...

  ... and how she mimicked his accent ...

  *'it's Water, not Vater,'*

  - teased

  *'you're my scent from Cologne.'*

But she carried no flag on Liberation Day -
  her brave unwave on St. Aubin’s beach,
  iced stomach *'Auf Wiedersehen.'*

The herding    a sea of grey and field green
  onto landing craft -
  POW 9678 couldn't look back.
Now ‘Jerrybag’ tar scrawled on her window -
she's a ‘Slagbag, Traitor, Collaboratrice horizontale’

\textit{My tongue's a bed of sharp foreign vowels}
\textit{Tainted, tasted under cover of curfew ...}

* * * * * * *

Maggie said "don't worry m'luv I've done loads before,
I'll get you a cuppa after ..."

The bed towel-layered
the chipped bone-white enamel basin carbolic soap

invasive fingers - her screams
as she clutches the silver lighter
traces his initials
\textit{KS...}

Somewhere in a camp in England a soldier's heart quickens ...

\textbf{Sharon Champion}