

## SUGAR THIEF

He flits in low

bat-shadow a blink could miss,  
sucrologist; pincher finch

slipping through the light's gash.

He knows the confines of this room,  
airborne, negotiates its edges:

ace in a tumbling *Tiger Moth*

slick with sharp manoeuvres;  
a feathered compass.

North is the white prize, its chemistry tattooed on his DNA  
here where the Caribbean polishes the sand to pink.

Where rainforest was hobbled for molasses  
his ancestors sneaked into windmills to scoop cane droplets,  
swooped through bagasse smoke,  
braved boiling houses.

Hollow-boned strongman

he lifts the packet equal to his weight.  
Showing off his blood throat,

with his dangling prize

he is like a stork with a baby,  
bold as rum punch.

The chinagraph skin is easy to pierce, tissue-thin;  
his shiny eyes challenge,

tiny as tamarind seeds.

In short swift jerks, he disembowels his prize

owns the four grams of sweetness  
that have become his birth right.