Simple Complex Shapes
Simple
Complex
Shapes

Vahni Capildeo

Shearsman Books
For Gemma Robinson
enter me
in the dark please
e so only see.
your eyes only.
feel your scars
up against my walls
Take her by the hand,
by the hair,
shut your eyes and lead her
to the sea
for the great ceremony of presentation:
the pinhead
where, if she's to dance,
she'll enjoy horizons.

x

These warm trees,
they have intentions.
Make contact with them,
please, be flexible,
wash out your mouth with
dirt. And bark.

x
eyes

call to find out if to call

lips

don’t touch
upon
the touch
of throats

hands

in hotter climates
trees shed leaves
caravels and barques
They had words.
There were words between them.
They had words with each other.
How they wrote:
  first, without signature;
  then initialled;
names that bring strangeness,
that could bring about vows.
How they wrote to each other.
And these words
overwintered,
the words they had with each other;
these words
forced inwards
hyacinthine earstoppers,
makeless,
a pair.