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Capital L

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A new poem by Sarah Lasoye.

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for Jordi

i am very busy trying not to need you too much. you pass through me my
love and i'm like the land at harvest. fine toothed and run ragged. a salted
rim and an xl bully. i'm so sorry but my jaw has simply closed
around the idea of you. i pleat my words together. stitch a skirt to
disguise their weight. one day i'm caught in the rain and can't stand up. you
can't stand it either all those wet words i wear for you around my waist i
arrive home and you crack me open like something crisp and
refreshing. i fizz. yes i do believe that in my life there is an edge and i
can get to it. i fold in my own hands and you fold over my smacked lips. at
the strangest moments i find your hair in my mouth. a chill runs down me
like the slim fingers of a harpist. three tugs equals one shudder and
it's a fact i love! the harp is the most percussive string instrument.
i think about which of us will outlive the other. which is to say i think of the
bright colours of your life frescoed across the ceiling of me. i think of myself
sun printed against the heat and across the surface of you. neither of
us 'last' necessarily. i think what i'm trying to do with you is glove
myself within myself. i think what i'm trying to do is take my heart make
multiple incisions [a million little lashes] and fan it out like an accordion.
play my love on the street corner. you are one of those people who
press the full weight of themselves into the ground. you
sink into yourself like a talon and teach me that
pleasure is as good a guiding principle as any.

Competing Interests

The author has no competing interests to declare.