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Four Poems

Anthony Vahni Capildeo, English and Related Literature, kpldv10@gmail.com

Four new poems by Anthony Vahni Capildeo.

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In a Waxed Jacket

Man tones with landscape.
Near us, the scraped place
where paragliders
run and launch; over
there, no signage, no
amenities, none
recently in air
that cannot freshen
precipices glib
to their own granite.
Stones slowfight landscape.
I have never worn
boots like these before.
Must everything be
broken in? I didn't –
Closequarter blisters
execute designs.
Find a talent for
scrambling, poet.
Your loss to follow
one who won't look back.
Spoil the ending.
Keep walking after.
Keep walking away.

Casting Off

The dancing master,
his red-ribboned shoes!
I tell lies to him.

The dancing-master,
seven feet high,
six inches wide!

Fierce and concerned,
deerlike he steps,
and I tell him lies,
the dancing-master!

O it is fine,
everything is fine,
red-ribboned dancing-master!

You saw me stop,
not the man lay hands
on me, dancing-master.

He wanted to lead.
The whole set stopped.
There is heat on my back,
dancing-master!

Dirty Glass: A Coastal Score

agility
washing machine
tram clang

capped stone
established ivy
salt

fisherman
musical instruments
child bride

mouse
terrace
house

dog
dog hair
storm cloud

brewed coffee
instant coffee
bloodstain

frenchman
trapdoor
port of grace

As You Fly Over

You will drop their names into the water
As you fly over the Irish sea
l over
There is flowing water and a kettle
No longer a man with broken glass in his shoes
over
You will forget them in the water
I am praying for you to forget their names
o h
Watch for them to come back as if nothing happened
Be no wraparound of sheep no compound noun
l over s
As you fly over the Irish sea
Let your ears be attentive
I'll drown you if you mention them again

Competing Interests

The author has no competing interests to declare.