

Luke Beesley

MY COMPLIMENT IS NOT A TULIP

-What type of truck?

-A fire truck.

The taper of a cup
sitting pretty in a circle—

there are shapes everywhere

The shape of the sunlight cutting up your arm
The shape of stone
The shape of things to come
an owls rug-coloured call

It's just I cannot cope
with the sway of your dress,
this soft surveillance

the cup
it reminds me of a small duck

I sip it near the gallery
run my fingers along the
cutlery

It is good to meet you

as rain begins and umbrellas
open at once across the city

20