

Reticent Bodies

Poems by Moez Surani



UNTITLED 1

What he loves
are her red polished nails

This remnant
from a night's dancing

And matching beads
that guard her neck

Is this
enough?

A love
for only

red polished nails
against the darkness of his arm

PACKING FOR MONTREAL

In the kitchen fruit basket the apples
wrapped in their red and green dirges
are upset that I am leaving.
They have been ignoring me.

Last night,
how quickly we moved apart.
A handshake, one friend ducking
into a cab that descended like an arrow
down Yonge Street.
We took another one north,
a handshake in my driveway.
With our different universities
we've done this
a hundred times.

Men departing without histrionics.

I leave only absurd
sentimental fruit behind.

(WALKING HOME)

Walking home
across Pin up
Parc no bus the

only traffic rum
running in me
half singing when

shit I cursed a cat
leaped from cover
of leaves shit

shit I thought
and thought it was
over it was all

over. Fall night
good traffic
running in me.

MORNING

for Alessandro Porco

Spring. Back-
yard thaw.

Grass splitting
anxious through soil.

From the kitchen
collecting coffee
spreads its nerves past me
the smell of it
leaning with me against the wooden balcony rail
disrupting
birds

that rise
from fence

into noise
that is neither language nor song

HOW DO YOU IMAGINATE THE FUTURE

Let us buy
a red boat,

you
& I,

and push it
into bluest water.

The colours will be elemental
(‘yellowest sunlight’)

as will the
describers.

You can bring
your swimsuit.

And I will find a barbeque
and my loosest shirt.

Nights together, below
a popcorn moon?

How do you
imagine the future . . .

Let us buy
a red boat,

you
& I,

and push it
into bluest water.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT (II)

*What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he
pursued with so much fervour, with so much self-command?
Let us hear a sympathetic commentator.*

WALTER PATER

I become Boswell around him.

I see him Sundays
when bark closes his face.

He is an unhappy planet disregard the
garrulity of his letters he is something
from Ovid becoming woman or lion
on whim becoming delusion
or child as the bark slams over his stomach
and we sit here complaining of the Paris snow.

I remove my eyes
from him. And he touches

my wrist from across the table.

Smiling, waving a fork.
“Tell me something,” he says.