

# A World

In which the hands of people changed to things like flowers  
for which new, uneasy forms of consideration  
by which that iron-suited man, foolish and careful,  
negotiates crowds, his two wrists bearing red hibiscus  
necessarily bruised, a little raised, a little forwards,  
a rivelled fountain their corollas accompanying him.  
How approach the cockroach-gripped revoker of contracts?  
How approach him whose sand crab hands try running askew?  
How approach him? or how near the one mobbed by seagulls,  
helpless to pull a glove on leaking packets of corn?  
Ah whose iced hands disappear, condense, remade droplets . . .  
instant, lasting blister-silk, should he once touch a heart:

*Vahni Capildeo*