

**horizon of body
by Caleb Femi**

here is the horizon of a body
laid on a soil that would not have it

a 10pm dew settles a glitter on its tar skin
you almost want to touch it

you are watching its silhouette like you know
it is in the path of a comet

from your angle you feel like an astronomer

the neck calls out to you in shivers
it is made of cathedrals

no, it is made of cathedral roofs
you almost want to call back to it

if you used the name given to this body by the father of the father,
do you think this body would breathe again?

I would forgive you
to think this body was already was breathing,

sometimes when the wind is strong,
men show off the beasts they can be
and this body will run,
like a dog yet to know it has become a stray

to stay breathing
for a mother

expecting to see her skyline creep in after
its played out in the afternoon shine

i would forgive you if you do not know
how this story began

i know you know how it ends
i know you see bodies like this on your phones

the horizon of this body seldom changes
i know you see a body like this die before its died

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