

## **Titanic**

**Vahni Capildeo**

It is terrible – it is like death  
and I do know death how I can know death:  
alive,  
some kinds of death:  
for one,  
putting these hands  
to wet of a hole in this head  
where was expected flesh,  
watching these fingers, red,  
come away with strands,  
blood whose proteins strung a March dusk glittering  
like Shakespeare says.  
I proved his fancydress corpseking  
violent and plain.

It is not love-in-idleness, violet taste,  
violet hour, the grey zone.

Choose a song  
to sink to,  
now the ships are down, the pines are sunk, the fish  
bestride mountains;  
now volcanoes kiss, with surprise, since æons undersea,  
oxygen...