

Single Form

Cai Draper

after Barbara Hepworth

The sculpture is of me. A monolith
born of London turf. Blue, green,
dun gold teetering. And this curiosity:
its main feature is a perfect circular
space, a lack
where metal was. The words I've flung
through there: fear, shame, rage
shaped in the rank expression
of language to take flight.
If you know the secret to why we sing
and hide our faces, I am listening.