

Catalogue

Natalie Simpson

Let's begin with claiming, tethering, trail spent, ludic. Let's claim beginning. Let shallow trenches crisply irrigate. Let flood sunder.

I have antique talons adequately burnished. I have shocked form and illumination.

Saw delicate truncheons, blockades, fumbling. Strip kindling. We furling went perpendicular.

We have shaped erosion, stunted mudslides, roots stuck in escarpment, leaves littering space, a concrete mosaic, a molting testament.

Each fingertip goads its other to triangulate space. Each garrison tanks its conscience. All tokens we have surrendered, voluminous and haunting. Each quarter, each dewing. We timber our outcrops. We have baldly accosted our better instincts, staving flood to gush.

I have calcified relenting, have tendered grace for storage. Mainly spontaneous through indecision. I expire for hoping. I rote savour challenge. I verb and verb accretely.

Mock flame dwindled, the sun caressed the hillside's pitting, the shock red flare, the air funneling in.

We rocket false apparatus to wrap planets in drag tones. We line a flavour with high-notes, spice outcomes, begin again.

We write through clench.

When I have tamed, I have feathered grateful. I have manned an exclusive boundary. My balconies border torque. My turbulent caution. I have taken an arduous lap.

If I have shunned, I have filtered blatantly. If I have trammelled a path through wheat stalks, I have knowingly reversed.

If I have tasted accomplice, I have also tailored ruin. If I have ameliorated anyone, it's my own flippant conclusion.

If I have rued, I have done so bountiful.

I have jewelled and carpeted my solemn square. The brim flaunts surface tension, drips liquid and juices burr. Caution spools a plush humility. A capped sham.

The pleasant none, the grappling room. The blooming vein has spilt its ration.