

## **Marty Willson-Piper**

# **"The Width And The Height"**

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Squeezed in decided ground  
Squarely the distance goes round and round  
Overly shown in a drowned patchy place  
The lock on the dreamy door is a waste  
Open and down the sheltered steps  
You'll find new places where thoughts are kept  
Make sure you're small, make sure you're thin  
Where the width and the height begin  
Fake is a state, tears on a cake  
Where the width and the height take shape  
Escaped in a train to somewhere green  
Where window cleaners clean and cream  
Taste this unusual crop that I've picked  
Find future in things to say  
Grown some taste and go away  
Love's in your pocket so don't kiss the air  
The make-up room it isn't real  
Belts drape chairs, wet clothes reveal  
Out from this book  
There's a picture you can peel  
But felty walls won't mean the pool is smooth

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