

Ode to a Hand

This is his hand

No fragments of bone, no glass beneath the skin
I've wandered in without my usual markings
Without my journeyman's compass
These blue highways, these lifelines of yours
The lame do not take passage here

Rather your hand is a buttress, a support
A nest for the bird in me

I've lain in your palm, become a treasure
The secret hoard
Of the child in you

This is the hand

It traces now
The spinal column
Reads it the way an explorer reads a map

Climbs down the steps of my vertebrae
One, two, three

And arrives inside
Through the legs
Through the gates
you've found the place where all life is

Here in my chapel
The hand is king

And with that power
You play my bones
And watch
As this hand
Becomes a fist
And bends time
And in a smaller circle
The hand
Becomes a cradle
In which you fasten a cocoon.

I put on my wings

And your hand becomes a beacon
Signaling to the night

We dream in the place where all life is.