

Hands Dreaming the Dreaming of Hands

How do I dream with your hands?

(from the wrists or the forearms?

shoulders or chest?)

Or is it your hands dreaming me?

(they appear)

And how do these shapes become?

Movements of rivers and birds

of wind, of winter,

they're working:

even if they do not hold me,

or pray for me,

reach me, or touch;

And what is a dream?

I'm awake,

they are there,

waist too,

hips and crotch,

thighs and knees,

and

the ankles and shins,

feet, calves, and bottom,

up through the spine-current, neck under hair over skull into eyes down the back round the belly

to heart, then the breast...

...and always the hands,

at work.

Taste the tongue in the throat of your lips,

the song comes,

we are barely inside, have hardly begun,

sweet siren,

these dreams,

- your handiwork.