

## THE STILL HAND

Among the wood shavings  
And the bleached picture frames,  
We lie folded into each other  
Like the rings around the fingers  
Of a still hand.

Light shimmers through us  
Like tin fish and silver cans  
Caught in a current and  
Does not tell us where it begins . . .

Mistakes of the sunlight,  
Some rare incandescence,  
A synapse in the eyes.

The clouds roll open like a cold  
Muscle. There are thorns  
In my bed and the tangled vines  
Of shadows fence the windows.

If we leave now, there will be  
No echo behind us. Just a rush  
Of blue darkness like a river  
Pouring its guts into the sea

And midnight resounding  
Like an empty pair of shoes  
Walking away.