

THE SILK SMITH

His hands are not together,
But you think of them that way.
They are the cocoon.
Inside, all the threads are pulsing.
He worries the knuckles into fires.

You have brought him
Whatever you would have him touch.
You hope he will bless it,
Will make it fine and strong,

Will make for it a place where no one dies,
Where no one whispers that anyone
Is dying. He can do this,
You tell him, and he seems to hear you,
For you see that his hands

Are not together. They are at his sides.
You can see the backs of them.
You have watched him for a long time.
His hands are at his sides.