

## Hand Fantasy · Gerda S. Norvig

I followed the ink-blue water of the glove.  
The water of the glove had run out to the sea.  
The ocean rolled like a lioness receiving her cubs,  
and her white caps shed abundant milk  
into the ink-blue water of the glove.

Two tall white brood mares came down to the surf  
and I in my bare feet and ragged pants  
led them, then let them go  
watching them run off, run out  
into the blue and over the water of the glove.

Admiring the lions and the horses,  
merging with them, I too rode the waters.  
And on the other side, an island with a tiny pool  
of tiny horseshoe crabs rose up before me  
containing the transparent, ink-blue water of the glove  
in the shape of its crabby fingers.