

# Hand

*Reed Richards*

Cup of secrets at the mouth,  
 gate of astonishment, flag of denial,  
 register of deeds, cradle of arithmetic,  
 ledger of greetings and good-byes,

catch of trust;

parchment

the palmist opens for a dollar in her dark tent  
 and discovers in its plains and spaces,  
 its map of furrowed earth, its sky

with trails of clouds and stars,

its hieroglyphs,

a puzzle reading across

and down:

so hand will extend voice into silence,  
 mediate need, weave from the light

and dark of the heart an intricate basket

for kindness and pain.

At end, wing of worms,

squatters in abandoned tenements of spirit,

blind seamsters threading the sinews

of their brother fingers to an ancient, clay-bound,

hemless, secret sleep.

When even they

are soil, unturned, unmourned, what hand may still

with the haste of angels lift every-

thing that's ever breathed to houses of light,  
hectic silken pavilions in trees  
where history hurts and dissolves

astonishment!

in a cup of secrets at the mouth of God?

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