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My Hand

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see Elaine now lying down on the sidewalk,
binoculars, paper, pen.
That car came back slow, turned right,
who cares. I had to
look. More. The
sharp shape of one oak leaf:
more. Train roar
along unlikely track
in the middle of Hudson River water:
more, more. I

thought of telling it: over water, through night,
a train. Moon
light through
one of its windows, somebody's face,
thinking of telling somebody this,
imagining saying these words:
I HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE

made enough. Made spiderweb touching
my left hand be
the walking home to tell.
Barbara was on the telephone; she made
a face hello.

MY HAND

My hand is like a house to me
Thin, like the rest of me
Small, hard—
It's a perfectly good hand.

When I was a child
I lived in this hand
In the thin, hard light
Of that time

In the fingernails
Drawn down like shades
So inside something
Bad can happen

In perfectly good daylight.

When I come out, I come out the door
Way my hands make for me
Making me
My own bright threshold.

Before I go out
I hold my own hand
I raise the shades
So I can see

A cat
A dog
A horse
A shelter

All perfectly good.