

Woven Hand

"In A Sweater, Poorly Knit"

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In a sweater poorly knit, and an unsuspecting smile
Little Moses drifts downstream in the Nile
A fumbling reply -- an awkward, rigid laugh
I'm carried helpless by my floating basket raft

Your flavor in my mind swings back and forth between
sweeter than any wine, and bitter as mustard greens
Light and dark as honeydew and pumpernickle bread

The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg
instead

As you plow some other field and try and forget my
name, see what harvest yields, and, supposing I'd do
the same
I planted rows of peas, but by the first week of July --
they should have come up to my knees but they were
maybe ankle high

Take the fingers from your flute to weave your colored
yarns, and boil down your fruit to preserves in mason
jars

But now books are overdue and the goats are
underfed... the trap I set for you seems to have caught
my leg instead

You're a door-without-a-key, a field-without-a-fence
You made a holy fool of me, and I've thanked you ever
since
If she comes circling back, we'll end where we'd begun
Like two pennies on the train track the train crushed
into one

Or if I'm a crown without a king, if I'm a broken, open
seed
If I come without a thing, I come with all I need
No boat out in the blue, no place to rest your head
The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg
instead

I
do
not
exist
only
YOU
exist

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