

Hands

Suckable clouds in a dreamed field?
The cat's symbolic whiskers congealed
into mobile miniature bears?
At four months, who cares?

Turned this way and that,
opened and waggled and shut
they are first birds in your widening sky,
mouth-bound, straining to fly.

You study them, agog
like a tourist reads a map
or gazes at an artefact –
a pause, then mastery's shrug.

Holding you, I sense how much
of what I say has no importance
how every new arrival is sung to
by instruments of touch.