

Clair de Lune

My hands have not grown, despite spreading and stretching them,
Pulling at each of my fingers until
Knuckles were dented and joints had protested,
'Til every finger felt skinny and still.
I wanted hands like Liszt or like Gershwin had,
Taming their instruments, mastering songs.
I wanted hands that could play *Clair de Lune* for my
Father, the lawyer who died all day long.
Stuffed in an office, paid to pick fights,
That my music might resurrect him each night.
But small hands cannot play the music just right.

i wonder how they think about you & me

shrunk
choirs hum like motor start & motor stall
rattling the gravel in an aquarium lung cut short
riding on the snores of a whiskered breath they're ever
falling like pearls from a string one by one
slow motion

groaning out their gossip behind shadowed blades of grass
silence is the breath they catch like kites between the words
sirens that have come to sing on a sound wave sleep for us
kisses from this chorus could be though absurd
made for us

& all of this about insects?