Hands Make Their Movements

You want to pour cold water in a copper basin, dip a cloth, place it, wet, on his forehead where your own hand is sure to burn. His fever is rising.

You have been warned: Don’t Touch! As if you were a child about to finger a hive of honey, because you want to know how bees make their sweetness.

White gloves have no place in a place where water runs like a neglected river, dogged by a clog of natural stink.

You cannot breathe in time to his un-measurably slow eye movements, thin trickling red streams that cannot stop. Not until your hands, re-covered, raise to praise a new blue sky.