

# 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.

