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The Right Side of the Brain

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THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BRAIN

There are two senses only: right and left
and what is poured between them. Mindful hands
that are kept open in a dream of cupping. One attentive
to its touching by deletion, one that trembles
with the details of amnesia. And what you remember
about water is the way the cold is spelled
across each hand, the letters wet. You learned
the word, the depth-obsessive other
word for water: a specific silence ten blues deep
with cool hands finally surfacing.
You learned the word for water by caressing
all that you could pour between two senses. It runs
into many words. Imagine swans
who come to water, how they bring their swimming
with them. The surface is eventful with reflections,
while the orange feet beneath it
send entire landscapes shoreward in their lazing circles.
And the whirling that implies a shore by repetition,
one wave passed into the same hand over, an arrival
handed dry. There is a painter leaning deep
into his easel: mirror submerging both
its faces. Self-portrait of a man asleep
and picture of what has been looked at calmly:
sky, a left hand wind that blows against the right
and places motion in among the trees across the water.
And the painter’s in there, brush held to the sky, one side
dipped high in the direction
of the cold that we call wind.