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Here My Side

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DEREK HENDERSON

Here My Side

Those who talk
will declare
silence he says

*you're the first man now
now you see those birds
up there is joy to be had
in what they are doing
we have maxed out
physical iterations one
after the other two copies
of moments of speech.*

All that remains of me
is a man who is cold
and again I witness raindrops
the rain, the house
could shield us
from the rain and the lightning
should it strike and flame
flares up like a nave embers
as someone's voice
out of a burning bush.

I carry myself
in a rush of words.
Hollow shell
and bewilderment.
No fellow human
heaves at light
drinks a tincture of I am
enflames under outstretched wings
against the turning metal fan.

Just a minute now
of small denominations.

I am no longer sure where I was when
I was carried into prayer
then let go to vibrate
the purple air of dusk
into my hands cupped and waiting.
From across the field a word
rested here before going
into fellowship
and when I walk home
it is my own
voice touching the world.