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## I Wore My Mother's Hand

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I WORE MY MOTHER'S HAND

It was like wearing leaky dishwashing gloves  
and fumbling in scrambled-egg water

I wore her dead flesh, a reverse  
pleasure like farts, or if you have ever  
sunk your hand in warm blueberry pie  
I wiggled my fingers in the mush of it

until brined and puffy my hand in hers  
inflated full and rose like a balloon

up there waving absurd like a fiddler crab's one giant claw except his  
is not absurd for courtship and dominance  
doubt I'll court or dominate in a hand like this

couldn't weave or sort grain  
if I gripped the rough bark to climb trees  
her wet flesh would tear

I could swirl white fog and watch the designs  
could open her hand, soundless mouth  
could close it but not all the way  
and pat things in place but not arrange them precisely

I'd feel a jolt when her finger would stop  
at a surface my own couldn't feel, descending  
through her flesh a half-inch more until it too  
felt something hard

falling apart her hand offered  
no protection, or, perhaps from the cold, so warm  
inside but that was my own  
hand's heat given back

don't know why I didn't take it off  
could keep it with my dishwashing gloves  
upright on bottles, orange or green,  
still life at the sink, the bright foreground fingers,  
beyond, out the window, the garden

my other hand small and dark  
dry as the crumb of a tea-leaf  
flew up of its own weightlessness, like a bat