



Offhand Song

I do not dare compare your hand
with those of a woman or boy
or with the closed wing of a bird

at rest on the table. I do
not dare compare it there even
with my own so open here as

we talk it could hold or cover
yours up. Your hand has the power just
by touching your chest to slow

or suspend the beat of your heart.
What need then would it have of touch,
of a nest or father or man?

I hold on to my cup, hold off
finishing the coffee up, not
wanting to dare the hand to hand

comparison of goodbye. There
I might be taken by the need
to embrace or follow or fly.

DANIEL DAVID MOSES