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Seated Dancer, Head in Hands

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Or if I kneel down on the sidewalk and put my hand inside the imprint of a hand, I am not nearer to touching anyone. As in to touch is to find. I am inside the shape of a person. And my grandmother's leather gloves, sent to me in a box after she died. And the much larger box, which I unwrapped on my knees, contained a globe. More than anything, it is turning around to look for what is lost that creates rotation. Such as being touched lightly on the shoulder forever. I placed my finger on the equator as it spun, like a needle inside the groove of a record. As in to find is to hold still, to close your eyes while the arrow enters the apple balanced on your head.

Or the globe, shot through the center with a wooden axis, revolves in a blur of water and umbrellas. Until the sun surfaced. As in to hold still is to congeal, to take shape again. She stood drenched in the doorway, for instance, and ripped her blue jacket open, top to bottom, for the comfort of hearing the metal buttons unsnap in a series down her chest. As in to take shape is to end, or to end is to need to say I put my hands over the bell in order to feel the dimensions of ringing. A bottomless anatomy—a child lifted up to reach into a cage at a pet store. Near tears with permission, I felt the rabbit peal against my palm.