Open Hand

Heart inside

With a sword to protect.

Open hand, the fingers, valves, aortas

Between. Open hand & the whole palm

Multi-chambered with secrets whispering

Outright. They have no deceit.

Open hand, the pulse not to sabotage,

The heart all for passing

In cornucopia curves,

The tumbling ripe fruit

To receive, give…

Take, eat & your soul shall open

Sun-grateful. So we all hope,

The gladness for its own sake,

The returns, the surprising miracle

 Of a bud which ripened through

 Frost & dark tidal moons…

So we all hope, deeply, but a sword

To warn just in case.