

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.