

# dovespeak

*by* Angela Kubinec

It stopped raining last night.

Now I will go out into the yard to sit on the ground.

I will feel the remaining damp waft itself into my pelvis. It will  
wet my pants, slow my bones, and then,

Lying on by back with my arms outstretched

Posing as a glyph of a word for me

I will spread my fingers wide and knit a web of a bowl to prop up  
clouds.

If, for just a crystal moment, you will submit to being a dove,  
adrift

I can show you all my spaces in and out.

Then, you can read me in dove words, and spell me to myself.

