

The Upstart Apprentice of Golden Mean

by Angela Kubinec

It is my turn now, so kneel
then cup my hand in yours and kiss my palm

I have your thumbs to guide me
they push me by my pulse and I am taut
my ankles ache
my limbs the spokes of a soft wheel, spinning

Master, you watch too close
and scratch your book with ink too long
until my skin becomes the air

