

# Hands

by Philip F. Clark

In the dream I woke up hearing two voices:  
my father and I were speaking --  
I had grown older and he with me,  
rather than the way it turned out. As I rose  
from the bed, the bed was empty and ice clear.  
But he was there, a cold breath, turning to me,  
holding something like fire, and his touch --  
    I keep touching,  
    I keep touching --  
as if my hands being touched could become  
fire too. And then the conversation died.

"Remember what I said," and then he was gone.

I wanted to speak, but I had no tongue  
and no touch and no fire. I wake up now  
some mornings,  
    touching,  
    touching,  
pressing my hands into the voice in the bed,  
and I rise reaching towards him,  
the tongue of my hands in my head.

"I will, I will," I said.

