

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.

