## 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.