Cloud Hands

A woman moves through a *Cloud Hands* position, holding and rotating

an invisible globe—thud, shattering glass, moan, horn blast—so many

worlds to this world—two men dipnet sockeye salmon

at the mouth of a river—from a rooftop, a seagull cries and cries;

a woman moves through *Grasp the Bird’s Tail*—someone on a stretcher

is wheeled past glass doors—a desert fivespot rises in a wash—

and, pressing her tongue to the roof of her mouth,

she focuses, in the near distance, on the music of sycamore leaves.