

my mother's hands are full

sometimes she doesn't know where the skin is  
I cannot see what she holds but I've seen her shift in panic  
searching  
she can't find her hands  
without them she worries  
about clay and she cannot create

the screen doors rip off the siding when  
she explodes into the night  
we have to go searching for her  
I find her in the trenches  
the ones she dug into the woods with her teeth and toes  
when her hands are lost  
to her

she lays there  
panting breath escaping from her  
so it may dive  
like an Olympus straight back in  
in the lapis blue night  
she stares up camouflaged to the ground she is brick clay  
only her eyes remain  
and thank heavens they are brighter than the stars or I would never find her  
lying there

I grab her hands  
she gasps tears wash away the red clay  
and we crawl through the wood  
her fingers are cut and full of blood under the golden glow of a lamp  
her smile wakes the neighbors when we bandage the stinging wounds  
she feels

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