At the Writer’s (Maybe) Hands

by Donna Olivia Sprauer

Sitting on the beach-
I draw right
finger in sand

a circle
around

woman

and another
lovingly over
lapping
with

mother

and a third ring
the same over
lapping both
just a little

wife

and a fourth quadrant
like to complete
the set of four
four identifiable
viable circles
four now
and
juggler

A great juggler
_at least maybe some day_
I won’t blunder
won’t drop

won’t let the balls

fall

like I do

over Upper
under lower
Upper over
lower

each circle mildly over
lapping over Upper
lower under
onto
the next
Upper over
under lower
into a darker shade

lower over
each grey
Upper over
each part
Upper over
each identifiable
circle circling
into
the darker
gray

lost
each fraction
a whole
of its own
fallen

fallen
atop
the other one a
nother
too many
balls perhaps
for these two jugglers’
imagined hands

and they have marked
themselves onto
a sandy face soon
washed over as soon
as I move

a
way
gone

no one will re
member this dark
grey piece
ME the stunt
completed with
out fail

maybe sometime

Upper case
lower case
Upper case
lower case
in any
Case

I’ll etch round
silhouettes
of these fumbling
mumbling
hands
juggling ideas
into other shapes
too
visible
hands
shaped

on paper.