

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.