

by: David Clink • for your 2017 Aurora Award consideration (Poem/Song category)

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Thoughts Become Arms Become Hands

Thoughts of the Perseids at the August cottage,
your arms rotating like paddle wheels
as you raced me to the raft.

Later, at the campfire, hands holding twigs
peeled for roasting marshmallows.

Thoughts of your arms shaking me awake
the night we watched a lunar eclipse,
the Earth's shadow passing,
the discoloured moon,
hands of the grandfather clock
in the still hallway.

Thoughts of the day mom called,
not able to get you out of the tub.
You were dead weight as I finally pulled you out,
my arms holding you close,
my hands lifting you.

The thought of you at the funeral home,
your arms folded inside a coffin.

Thoughts become arms become hands:
the thought of you traversing
the spiral arms of the Milky Way,
clinging to a comet's tail
by your hands.