

Here

Ice breaks into silk
and the sun spins
its strands, light-
handed as an old woman
at her loom. The sun
closes my eyes.

And without sight it is sound
that brings story. Sound
that pulls reeds up
through ripples, stretches arms out
until fingers touch sky, stars—*sitars*,
instruments whose strings
weave night
and day

together.

Pluck, and the moth-glow moon
hums, hovers in air.
Pluck, and up leap grasshoppers, up
leaps whistle from tongue.

Twigs bend. A blue jay's weight?
Calls resonate in the cold.

hee-u.

hee-u.

akee aquí.

akee aquí.

In my eardrums:

hum whistle leap

crack split spool

In my mouth the words:

here. i'm here.