

# *Hands That Drew Them As They Are*

UNITY DURIEUX

These hands have delved in ruin,  
plumbed lovers' pockets, availed  
themselves of coldcuts, goodbooks,  
dogheads, catbacks, doorknobs and,  
best of all, stroked the sea  
to lift me from drowning. These

hands of fool & pilgrim found  
the shapes of nakedness, of word,  
music, paint: the perfect equipoise  
of apple-eating while signing excites  
my hands, driving bores them, and  
tea-drinking, typing, and cards;

I give them prawns to peel, raspberry  
picking, and any reason to finger-  
whistle loud, rude manlike; old veneer  
to soothe with oil, guitar always-  
I lug it everywhere in a pear-shaped  
papoose-and I like to row. I rowed

Drummond's Pond at midnight in the  
Great Dismal Swamp with a Marine  
from Quantico drunk and hollering  
"Laissez les bon temps rouler!" but  
he had stamina, young, sweaty, bug-  
bitten; red flashlight shadowing

a clutch of newly hatched gators:  
hands down the best scene my hands  
have heeded from the smorgasbord  
of sight, from an eldritch night,  
stars smearing the cave-ceiling  
darkness like druse, cutwater slurping.