



# THE HANDS

*Ethan Wedel*

I watched the swelling girl in the wet open  
her umbrella; watched her hands: could see their use: so  
many tips & every, each for pointing and hailing.

She stood in the ice and pointed. The ice stood in her  
eyes. And then she was gone. In a deeper place I saw  
a redworm through the sidewalks' cracks,

and all the covered trees were swinging  
heavy down. a blue man  
walked a yellow dog at the end of a close alley.