

ARIGATOU

My word—
your hard, brittle claw
caught that peppermint wrapper by a whisker;
another sweet sold to someone in the heaven of neglect.
One's grip can only bend so much around a wing seconds before flight.
At some point, the hand will break, yes?

I will hold your broken hand.

I imagine it would get raw,
a caked glove of static on a stirless, skin hand.
A clover's root tip feathering
its way through will
cracks the hand apart.

I'd like to mollify your solid grasp,
sell hard candies for soursop chews,
the ones that send provisions to your eye sockets
with a concern for the waterfalls.

My face can't give up its water:
I hold onto powdered goods
and a single bottle,
and I live with every tear still in my body.

Come pitter-patter in dirt squares on the school blacktop.
The clover's got that passion fruit tang;
the psychic nectar accentuates colors,
draws them forth from the ground.

Someone over our shoulder picking up trash
with a claw
looks at us as if squinting
through a flower petal
and asks
where are you going?