

ARTHUR SZE

Cloud Hands

A woman moves through a *Cloud Hands* position,
holding and rotating

an invisible globe—thud, shattering glass, moan,
horn blast—so many

worlds to this world—two men dipnet
sockeye salmon

at the mouth of a river—from a rooftop, a seagull
cries and cries;

a woman moves through *Grasp the Bird's Tail*—
someone on a stretcher

is wheeled past glass doors—a desert fivespot
rises in a wash—

and, pressing her tongue to the roof
of her mouth,

she focuses, in the near distance, on the music
of sycamore leaves.