

Bargaining

Here is my hand —
skin relief-mapped over knuckles,
black hairs too sparse to be utilitarian,
one small mole like a burn —
the back of my hand branching into fingers . . .

Like me it is possessive,
reflects anatomy.
Fingers are not graceful, too bony
to be lyrical, never inoculated
against slings and arrows:

antennae of sense, they tend
from the wrest and flex of ape . . .
It's firewood, this one and its mate,
there like all of me for use
at its own cost.

Lewis Horne