

Fingers On

And one uncle in a fat gabardine vest mocked:
And whose little form are *you*?
He talked and ran before he walked.
When he sat up
the family felt itself.

Father studied the lamps,
while he played clothespins on the dusty sill
and counted planets;
Mother worked.

His first to fifth
years
put their fingers on/
what was missing:
in the pitch of his gaze the professors loved,
and kept his foot in the food-chain
while they passed the silent package on —

RON CHARACH