

wes hempel

Emerging

What if you seep out of your hands
spread into the drum of the sky
like a Ryder landscape maple, mist
and fennel along the bank lapping
varnish in the room where you sit
honing verbs into limbs, how
lambent the waves and dissipating sky
ignite in you the dream of sinking
into the body of a carp pinned in
mesh, hands grappling as you fillip
violently twist and surge into air