

Nancy G. Westerfield

BRINGING IT TO YOU WITH FULL HANDS

Walt, were the old cohesions there  
When you hung by a song's thread  
To life, as last lilacs bloomed  
For you by your open door  
In Camden? Comrade, how we still  
Cohere is by songs' speech:  
I am touching your hand touching  
This book: not the old-man tendons  
Stretched to the heft of your strickeness  
Tied to an old man's chair in Camden  
But the lover's, mechanic's, artist's  
Hand setting the press for a book  
Of America singing.

In this cosmos'  
Divine economy of love, no griefwork  
Of longing is ever wasted, expended,  
But spins for a bridge still between us  
Like the Bridge you never saw spanning  
The Narrows in long swinging scribbles  
Of lines of your own poems, hangs  
For a narrowing thread between us  
Unbroken as lovers', as sleepers', hands  
Touching nightlong in dreamsong cohesion.