

A Handful Of Water

Once you've learned to still
its quick mercuriality - what then?

A palm of water shows you
nothing of your hand you didn't know before

is neither lens nor prism. It refracts –
a slight adjustment of perspective –

but it does not clarify the furrows, ridges, scars,
teaches only that a liquid finds a level.

Once you've found the way
of keeping it unspilled

how soon before your curiosity
your warmth, evaporate

or the saucer tilts, lets loose the wriggle-slip
makes aqueducts of heart, head, fate, life;

the skin and flesh are drained. What then
for the water that you held –

for all the water you have dirtied
with your hand?

*(A Handful of Water is the title of Rebecca Gethin's
poetry collection published 2013, Cinnamon Press)*