

We're only symmetrical one way.
Don't let that bring you down, he mused,
As he pulled the blanket up. Alone, he began to try to mirror himself.
Sure who else would? And, drawing a deep breath, started with his writing hand.
His righting hand.

Using the only other one available, he began blindly tracing
Cyclopes, Disco Pigs, Borstol Boys, childhood toys
Stoneybatter sessions, maddening recessions.

What kind of hand-show can an other hand show,
'Cept daft tickles behind curtained clues and muffled blinds
Or maybe that was the muse being felt up
Deep down in the dark.
Either way, there were giggles.

...Roll up roll up
Hey, I look like you
-No you don't.
Similarities, you and me..
-No we don't.
pull or pull or...

The left hand,
So determined to copy the right he almost started praying!
They couldn't tell the difference really, but both felt that the other was hell.
Helling and axing around in the dark, he let the space between them grow
And decided that hands can't play with emetic unethical poetry.

Awfully enigmatic extremities,
Appalling appendages found at the end of the human arm.
Useless white wavers.

And with the sound of hummed laughter
emanating from somewhere inside,
The joiner raised his arms above his head,
To smiling slumber.
(*Both hands looked at each other ominously.*)

Ella de Burca April 2014