

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DEBBY'S BAD HAND TO BLOOD TO FLY TO DANCE ON A SWAN NECK GATE

R
o
se
run
crash

c I fell clutching on a glass jelly jar when Debby was seven
u It broke. I sliced a *m* mouth on my palm a sand ditch of blood.
t My long lovely lifeli *ne* turned to a red desert railroad stitch
 Down *m*y palm to my *rock* wrist. The ruby run scar stopped
 solid and *the* doctors and all the *teach* ers and the brothers and all
 the sisters a *nd* the mothers a *nd* the f *e* athers would always look at me
 startling to b *e* sad and sigh, "Now do *n't* yo u use Debby's bad wing.
 Here are few *millon* crayon rainb ows *now* use your pink good claw.
 Draw with yo *ur* left. To blow your beak. So iron preen your clothes.
 Wash your you *know* what with goo *d* wing." Debby chirped. Cried.
 Debby tried. Mo *rtified* She curled her *arm* like the hit back neck of
 a swan like the head of a sleep tuck *wren* ben t her plume to me.
 One day Debby woke up with litt *le* bloo d red rub in head
 pressed in her ear. "O. It's you" *To* me. S he said,
 "Fly away and hide" she said. *Her* eyes g ot red.
 "Dance" I said. I began to fl *y* up night i n gale
 crying ruby rose in its *heart* on its b reast.
 Debby's bad hand *is* a blood red r ose
 That cries on the *neck* of a swan a r m.
 Debby's bad ha *nd* is a swan hea d
 to hot stars abov *e* a gentle wet bed.
 Debby's bad hand *is* a flying star
 That flies to forever longing far.
 "This is why I dance. Sigh.
 I'll show you how when
 you ever ask me why
 I never did die. Dance."
 I sing. "Dance. Dance.
 Dance. Dance. High
 in a low belly fly
 eye ● touch
 to lip sky
 rain lick
 quick
 lig
 ht
 ;

*Stars shine
 Bright on shatter
 Light. I moon to be
 Debby's bad hand to
 Night. Thee. The. The.
 That's in the soon
 Light, folks,*