Hands Shaped Like Flame

I woke and saw the light begin to change-
curtains full of wind and a window pane
pressed by streaming vines in the dense, blue rain.
the cold house filled with shadows and the range
would flare and sputter off. the flame turned orange
or green and trembled from my hand like grain.
the crystal and the knives were bright with pain.
I greased my hand with butter, watched these strange
hurt fingers flutter like thick butterflies.
traced through the flickering veins that feed my palms
I found a clear, unsealing tongue of fire.
in dusted pores that pushed against the glaze
of a white cup trapped pools of light hazed psalms
beat from the sun my fingers blunt and smear.

Glover Davis