

when i dance on my hands
Jenny Forslund

who are you,
what do you sing,
soft and foreign?
what woman, whose angel
are you?

your song floats me
from rooftops: landing
on downstream flows,
I Know the hum
of the water
is you.

i'm leaves and buds
that quiver
with each note
from you: and
your tiny hands
reach inside me
take everything out
shine it up
put it back
and make me whole.

the world and i
are in stillness
in your womb
when you sing.