

Dove

(Translated from Nepali by Constance Wilkinson)

the dove in your hands:
your hand, the dove

I try to touch your hand—
As a dove, it soars high into its sky.
I try to toss that dove into flight—
As your small hand, it remains, not being other than you.

the dove of your hand

gathering up the dove, your small hand has become it.
gathering in your small, soft hand, there is the dove.

into the eyes of the dove I looked
and you were there, looking out at me
into your eyes I looked, amazed,
and saw the dove's eyes, looking back.

and this wound—is it the dove's wound? Your wound?
and this suffering—is it yours or the dove's?

the dove that is your hand
the hand that is the small, soft dove
the dove of your hand,
your hand, that dove,

and the wall, sad, was looking on
and the tall tree, looking on
and the azure sky, looking on
hand. dove.

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