

THE RIGHT HAND FIGHTS THE LEFT

Why should there be a war?
Once there was none.

The left hand sang the rituals,
the right hand answered.

Now, the right hand dips down
into the chemicals of its own blood
and comes up metal.

It arranges the nouns it has killed
in plaza windows,
it is odorless and dry,
it squeezes and apple plasma
drips from its fist.
It oils itself and makes lists
of its enemies, it swivels
on the wrist like a spy, a radar,
a tentacled silver eye.

The left hand, you will observe,
is soft and smaller.

It sleeps during the day
when the right hand is marching,
but that voice you heard at sunset
was the left hand calling:

(BLIND
ASSASSIN
- similar
motif

Arise, O fingers
of the left hand, and outside, in a tangle
of liquid roots and the quick sprawl
of tendrils over the earth,
the forces of the left hand wake
to savage life.

An owl strikes, and mouseblood becomes owl
blood, each fur stomach
extrudes a mouth, snails
rasp against leaves, in the hearts
of purple flowers moth-
eggs multiply, the feral darkness
flickers with cactus teeth.

The right hand turns
in its sleep, moans
like a train, like a wrong turn, like a chain.

In this furious chase,
the war of the body against itself,
there is no winner, only joy
and no joy.

Dawn comes, and the right hand blasts
another tree from its burrow.

The right hand holds the knife,
the left hand dances.

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