

# What you

*Written by Hasan Abir*

First, an outburst.  
Then, those legs of your great hands...

What hands  
With which you  
Tiptoed across from my thighs to my head  
Blew these lashes open anew wide, read  
The lines of these well-sewn palms, and  
Aligned me just perfect between

The fragrance of your greater hugs...

*...The rest of this poem should be published elsewhere  
(This note is not part of the poem)*