

OLD MARGARETHA'S HAND ●

Timothy Dodd

grabs me, the right one; a 1661 grip
stopping my stroll. I gaze at execution
of the arms dealer's wife, Van Rijn's
commission in millstone ruff. Motors

fade, footsteps mute, I pass myself
to her. Under the sky roof, clouds
milk the sun, the locus a fragment
of her canvas. That hand, parched

skin running veins like graveled streets
as evening falls, doors following
the last departed; her guards gone,
lights never known. Through the night

I stare, awaiting guidance, a touch
of dark ether. Comes when she rotates
her wrist, shows the palm, and closes
on my heart. Rembrandt's foreclosure.