**Senbazuru**

*one thousand paper cranes*

*Hiroshima, 1955*

Once, a crane was caught

in the creases of a small hand

pale and fluttering under thin sheets

And small hand soothed the bird, smoothing

her wings into proud slices like

cheekbones taut in paper-skin

And fashioned a family from gauze and crepe

who flew away in fading pulses, shedding

shards of a wish whispered only

by clouds passing in and out,

In and out, bearing rain.

Crane stays, and gently folds her hands;

Unfolded, her flesh is blank and

Fresh like the sail of a boat,

A hand for living in.