

**ROY SCRANTON**

**If I Could Move My Hands**

If I could move my hands and snap—  
    all the Marx, all the cell phone towers  
    built to look like trees,  
    all the Charons and rivers of dead.

The minotaur roams the island  
    hunting Ariadne.

There's a place upstate  
we walked in August fog,  
across slopes scarred with red men,  
spartan and metal, like transformers.

She sees what she wants, in clouds,  
financial markets, and press releases,  
she sees the eye of heaven in a one.  
    And me, I rode full tilt.

If I could move my hands and bless—  
    all the Heraclitus, all the slow shifts  
of rose across the blue UN, all the  
    Persephones and Hermes and Thothes.

Fat chance, with this phone.

But still here's something:  
the rust man at 23rd St.  
has all this paperwork to get through.  
Towers slide into water, tessellating black;  
    satellites burn the street.

Whatever it takes to kill  
the mechanical bull.