

BY SOFIA

## *String Figures*

A half-dozen worlds fit between my fingers,  
wrapped around these beams of bone,  
twisted rings turn and sling  
loops across my palms.

I find you, me,  
in suspended tension at each cross;  
fibres of the same thread speaking fricticiously with one another  
singing an odd bowstring symphony.

Siamo i capricci, (We are the caprices,)  
l'unico capriccio della natura, (the only whim of nature,)

and how natural it is  
for my fingers to bend,  
for yours to answer,  
comb through,  
trace slack and pull taught irrigid lines of refolded harmonies,  
knocked wrists weaving  
minor chords and fingernail sharps.

Impractice choreographs our metacarpal conversations,  
clumsy webs spun over again;  
all the while time melts and oozes like stickied honey

and ancient encores beg for reprise,  
and the stars relish the songs of worsted work  
our sweet notes of morose joy repulsive, seductive, and heard  
so long as we're singing