## Hand Made/Home Made

Sunday evenings, the kids all home—all— I love to watch your cool hands knead The pasta dough, coolly take the duram 00 Into the room-warm egg, coolly stretch The lozenge of dough, the tongue depressor Shaped patches, coolly cut the noodles Deftly drape them, coolly on the dowels.

You can't imagine how I suffer walking all morning across the park And down Park Avenue to Bellevue As the fingers and toes shut down, ice blocks Inside my shoes and I know they won't Warm up all day, the vessels of the gates.

Maybe I've been making a ragu—that chicken Liver imitation of wild rabbit, Maybe it's just fried celery and butter And we all sit at the table and the kids Are teasing each other and us and then take Seconds—success. Your fingers on the fork, up to your mouth. Those cool, beautiful things

You can't imagine how I suffer In the winter waiting for the bus at midnight

When the rain has dropped me off And I come up the little hill, the little house Lit, and you're asleep in the lamp light Warm, fornacic in the blankets And I bury my fingers beneath you.