

The watcher

by [Melissa Weaver](#) in the [July 25, 2012](#) issue

Between His thumb and fingers  
worlds rise—  
symphony spun walls  
where once was mud.  
His palms press wet.

Head against the yes of His chest,  
her fingers play over patterns,  
trace lines worn in place by a  
whirring wheel.

Tucked between His knees,  
her fingers press echoes,  
watching as He turns  
cistern from chaos.