Hold Hands

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We were in the trees. White curtains opened. Your shoulders in my hands then your knees drew upward. Rain like petals there. Rain like breeze. Now the birds were in the trees two stories up, our window, where blowing leaves were level with our sheets. We were in the street. We were holding hands as hands were holding us. What hands there were were where we were. In trees. Our children there as songbirds were. The hands where we were in the trees were holding us there. Where we were in the street. Please the rain to please the petals in the breeze like rain. Please to draw your hair along my hands your hands are holding us. Lines along the window lane are holding us like songs. As now the songs the sirens in the trees. Lines along the window lane. Your hair in feathers where the children are. Whose curtains singing. Whose hands are holding us who cry like birds. Hold hands. The birds are in the trees. The birds our children there in cages singing in the trees.