

## EMPTY HANDED

Into the woods, into the creek,  
alone, no one could see you.  
You jumped from rock to rock,  
falling into cold water,  
slipping in up to ankles  
to be alone  
wet, skipping, limping, leaping,  
bending over to hunt lizards,  
salamanders, legends.  
Back bent, scurrying the elusive,  
yet once caught in the wet hand,  
alone, squirming to be free:  
alerted to the art of danger,  
ceaselessly wiggling the hands  
of the boy, the larger freed  
in the hands of the smaller freer,  
squirming, just squirming wet land,  
running up the stream and out  
into the woods, empty handed.