

After Psalm Eight

by [Richie Hofmann](#) in the [August 23, 2011](#) issue

From the terrace, I can see the work
of your fingers: the constellation Perseus,
his sword, trailing the sea,
fixed against the sky. The masterwork
of light which lingers on the surface
of the sea transfixes me.

The nightfall has blurred the place
where your fingers bind ocean to air.
Stepping off the dock, I shiver
against the water, unmindful of my face,
hushed and pale and unaware.
And, who am I—quivering—

that you would give me heed?
A moon-jelly ribboning beneath my feet
glows faint like a ghost,
its green light tangled in the weeds.