

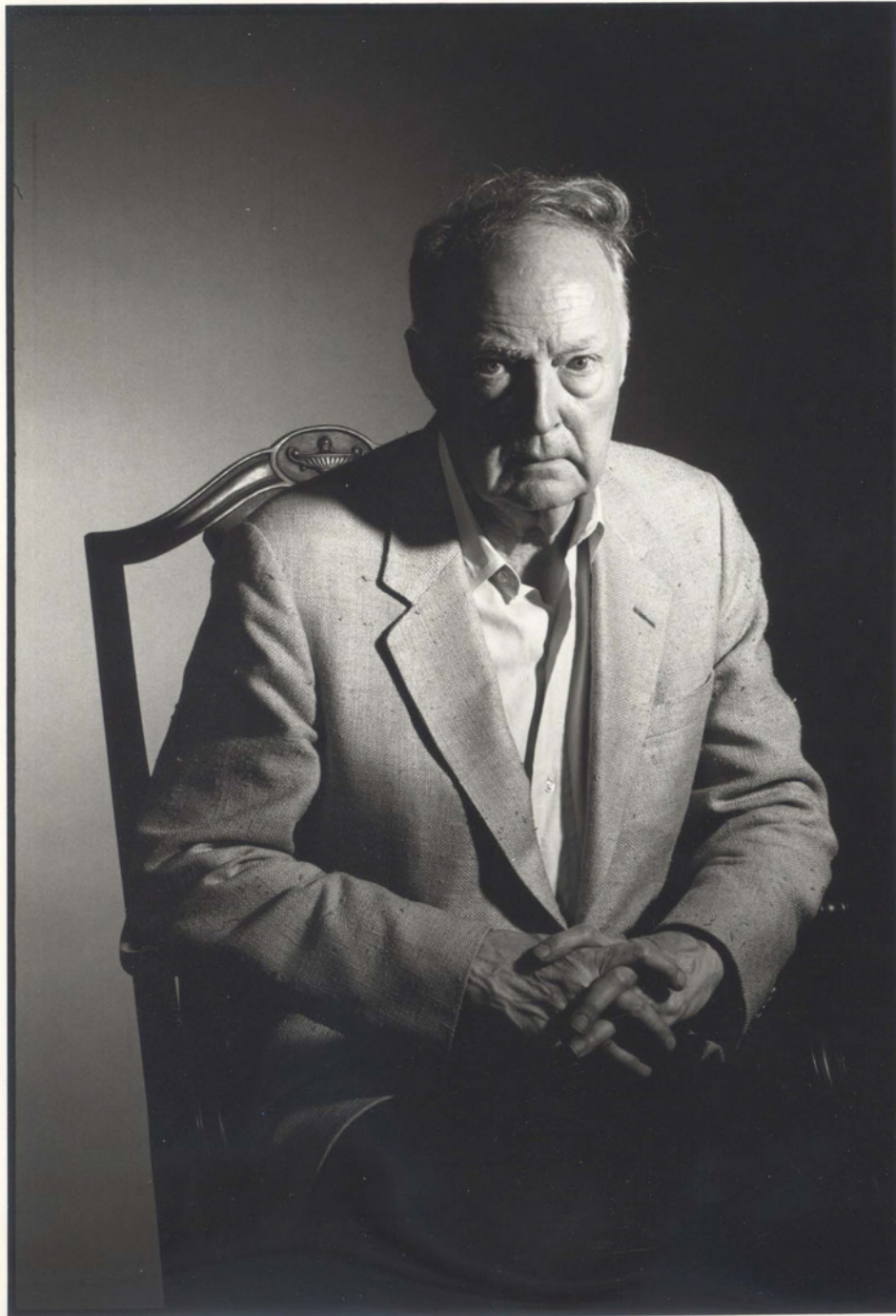
In the Hollow of His Hands

a poem by Fulya Peker

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HYPERION

On the future of aesthetics



In The Hollow of His Hands

by **Fulya Peker**

To his landscape . . .

Incising yet enticing . . .

Blue tears were oozing out
Through the cracks of his gaze.
His eyes,
The horizon waves,
Were contoured by an inner flood
With the high tides of his blood.
His pen was giggling in high altitude
Scratching the scab of a forgotten

Incising yet enticing . . .

Valleys were delicately engraved
Through the crumpled skin of his maze.
His hands,
The stalactites,
Were drawing the landscape of his faces
With the words peeling the fog off of his pages.
His river was dancing the endless waltz
Along his embroidered veins for

Incising yet enticing . . .

Facing Page:
Photograph of James Purdy
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