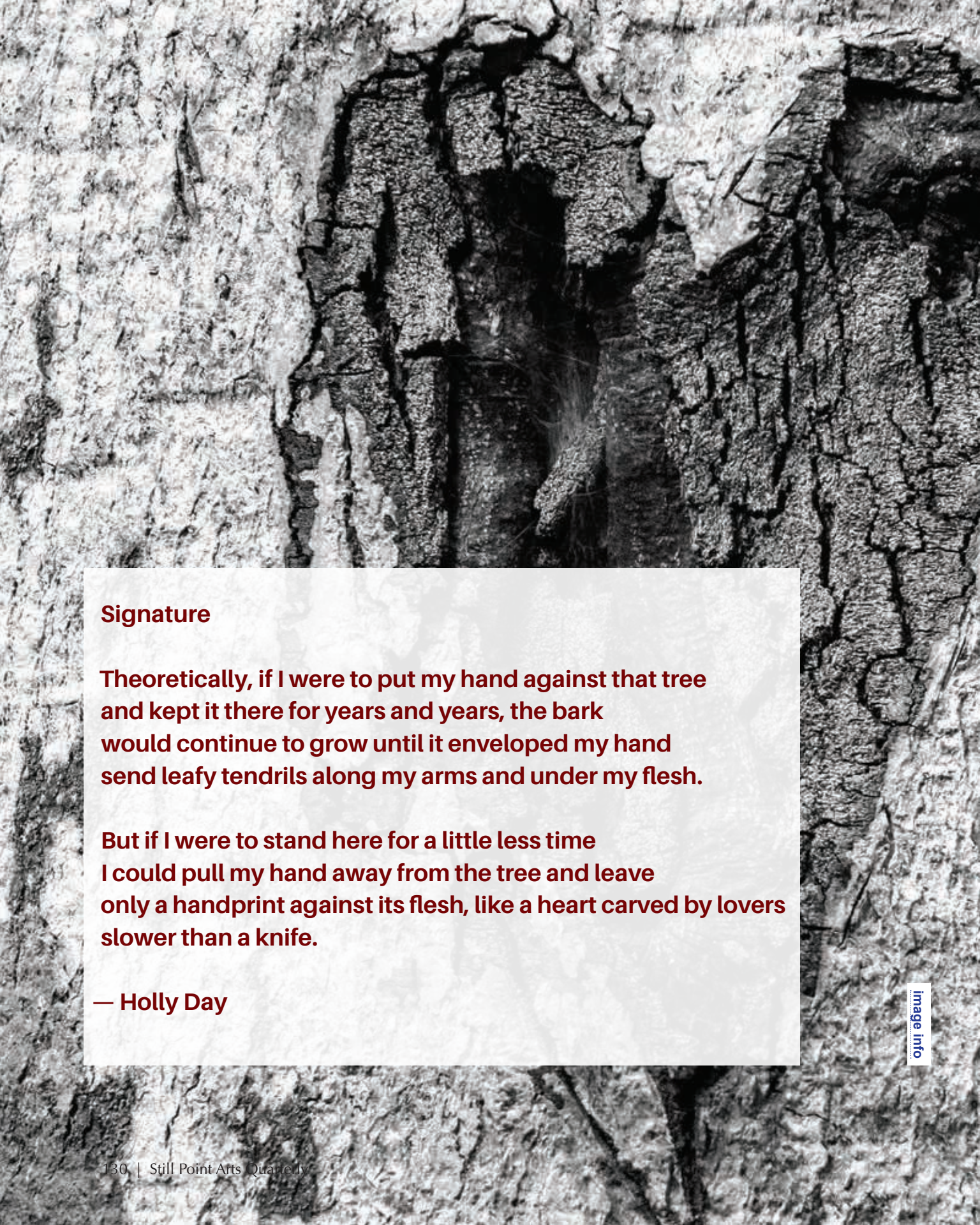




Signature

Theoretically, if I were to put my hand against that tree
and kept it there for years and years, the bark
would continue to grow until it enveloped my hand
and leafy tendrils along my arms and under my flesh.

But if I were to stand here for a little less time
I could pull my hand away from the tree and leave
only a handprint against its flesh, like a heart carved by lovers
slower than a knife.

— Holly Day