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This Hand (Loss of a Privilege)

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Without Evidence

Linda Elaine

Rain beats like tympani against dry earth
day after day after day, shadowless, gray
no sign or glint of sun
to heal a heart arpeggiated by betrayal.
“This too shall pass,” wise choruses harmonize,
and the melody sours against ears
desperate for songs of hope.
The only parade passing here is my life,
marching to the beat of a stormy drummer.
I sit on, staring through a tear-stained glass,
letting nature do my crying,
hugging hot knees against my chest,
wanting them to be you.
What else is left to do?
And now, the silence.
No point in complaining,
internal mind chatter only masks the truth:
I don’t control things here.
So, without evidence, I turn my thoughts to love,
and wait for what I want most,
but least expect.

This Hand (Loss of a Privilege)

Heather Peters

This hand, once a student
of your face,
trembled along the curves
of your splendor.

Now, it drums a rhythm
on lesser surfaces—
aching to return to the
land it loves.