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Tiny Hands

Julia Andersen College of DuPage

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Allison Sahs



JULIA ANDERSEN tiny hands

Quick light feet like raindrops on hardwood floors in the night the bathroom light clicks on, blinding bright until the door sweeps shut; the edges leak soft streaks across the hall.

Soft rushing sounds; the water faucet squeaks when she turns it on and off again. The pipes complain, briefly.
The bottom of the cup clacks against the countertop.

O daughter, hidden now behind the bathroom door, you hold so much

in your little handsthis moment, my heart, the cool clear plastic of a water cup. In time I feel you will come to command the seas; you will hold aloft your plastic water cup and with a beautiful battle cry let me know that bath time should be postponed, that rubber sharks and plastic boats are required when the time comes. When the time comes, I feel you will fashion your own raft and push off, send me spinning in the current when you launch yourself, heedless and hopeful and young. Only keep me safe in your mind, and even drowned I will never die. You are infinite to me,

nothing less than a galaxy in girl form; the world should sit in awe in the palm of your hands.

Swish–excess water down the drain. The light clicks off, the door sweeps open. Moonlight tosses soft banners across the hall. Quick light feet like raindrops on hardwood floors in the night—my lovely little future returns to bed.