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**“Small Hands”**

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Yesterday  
I missed you,  
only as much  
as I did the day before,  
but yesterday was stretched,  
long-ing forever  
like a rubber band  
that a friend once talked about,  
a rubber band that you stretch  
to the point of breaking  
before which it retains its shape,  
no matter how much  
you force it to forget  
before your hands hurt and you get  
the imprints of your cruel coercion  
on your fingers,  
narrow trenches  
dug by your own awful persistence,  
hardened by your violent attempts  
at existence;

Narrow trenches  
deepened by deferred disgust,  
narrow trenches  
made of nothing but lust  
to know more;  
narrow trenches  
of roughness dampened  
and clotted by your blood;  
narrow trenches  
made of the same mud  
as your body;  
narrow trenches  
that you can't rest in  
before you finally do;  
narrow trenches

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meant for no one else but you  
and your inability to sleep,  
as you keep  
s t r e t c h i n g  
the rubber band  
hoping to bend its memory  
to fracture your own  
without breaking it,  
without being unknown  
to the deposits of time  
that make you heavier  
and swell your feet,  
as you repeat  
all your yesterdays  
callously,  
in the presence of nothing  
but the broken bits  
of rubber bands,  
and the dying strength  
of small hands.