What My Hands Hold Now

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**Description**
"What My Hands Hold Now" symbolizes the changing of seasons, written at a time when my life was in transition.

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**About the Contributor**
I am a senior technical and professional communication major. Writing for me is often an escape, a way of stepping outside of my life for a moment and examining other worlds.

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What My Hands Hold Now

Eli Pyles

The grey feather that rests
in the rough of my palm
is losing its barbules—
they flake, fall, and call back a goodbye
that means you’ve felt me for the last time.
The crossed and fading lines will hold
until only the shaft remains
and then that to will descend to broken blades.
Another feather will dance down
and my hand will rise
to catch and to hold and to someday let go.