

# There is a feeling in my hands,

*by* Chelsea Wood

There is a feeling in my hands,  
fingers,  
a restive, potential energy,  
drawing inward, reaching  
for the words tangled  
like heartworms in the core of my body  
infectious parasites unwilling to transform  
to complete the metamorphosis from abstract, ugly sensation  
to coherent dialogue, plot, symbolism, metaphor;  
unwilling to release the strangling hold,  
to take apart the twisting nest they have formed around my heart.

There is a cut-off, a disconnect,  
preventing the tendrils of feeling from penetrating  
from translating.  
Impotent waves  
that rush back to my fingers,  
hands.

