

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.

