

Skeletal

Cassidy Lewis

Please note, this piece contains content related to intimate partner violence.

Knowing you is to be reminded of the duality of a hand:

how it can trace the dimples of my back

before meeting my bedroom walls and how it both sows

and steadies the fall. Let me remind you what it means

to be nineteen and suddenly afraid of the dark.

There is no gentleness in being coaxed out of closets

and no relief in promises made to be nice. This is an ode

to the design of a finger: nail to joint to

wrist—which is sometimes held tighter than a hand.

Your hands do not mold piano keys, rather they

reside in the bone of a mountain, sitting in power,

as the dust of the drywall settles on the floor,

finally still.