

# One

I cannot feel.

You know – the place between  
loving and healing  
between prayer and kneeling...  
Caught in the unbalance  
of longing and needing.

My bones creak and ache  
like unopened books  
my mind blank pages  
suppressed and overlooked.

I have written my secret across you  
in the architecture of your palm  
in the foundation of your embrace  
the child's hand in wet concrete.

**STACY CATOE**