


JOAN BOND

In Our Hands

it is always these things we hold
in the skin of our fingers
white hairs of the face of a beloved
tissue of a may petal
cool nubbles of an antique glass jar
the perforated edge of a stamp on a foreign letter
or even a duo sepia photograph
glossy in our palms...

Each person enters the world called.*

these things we as memory
these things keep us

*James Hillman.

Joan Bond's work has been published in a number of Canadian literary journals. She resides in Steinbach, Manitoba.