

Will You Hold My Secret?

I want to tell you a secret. But I don't want to put my lips to your ears in fear that my words will slip out the other side. So, I will speak it low and hushed into your palm and close it within a fist. I trust that you will not open your hand. My secret is safe, tightly locked. And though time will pass, you will hold it close, allowing your flesh to fuse together and your muscles to stiffen. Although you no longer wave to oncoming companions, you have a *friend* in me. And yes, you may never hold another hand, but you have mine in spirit. Love will be harder to find nowadays, you will always have a fist at the ready. Because people will ask questions. They will ask why you no longer step foot in the water, when you once loved to swim. They don't know that the weight of your left palm would drown you. And years from now, once you have passed, the mortician will uncurl your fingers. She will find my secret laying on your love line and will understand the wetness under your wrinkled eyes. She will wonder how such a big whisper could fit in such a tight fist. Did your hand ever loosen after all those years? Did my secret age with you? Was there a relief in death or did rigamortis only prolong your life? I think there is liberation in confessing a secret. I think there is love in furling your fist so others can be free.