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Hands

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HANDS

Miller: Hands

Benjamin J. Miller

When was the first time we held hands? Was it a timid and cutesy
experience or a passionate strangle? My memory is so full of
times of togethernesses that they begin to
blur into one overall joyous portrait.

Our first times together - they almost seem lost now, almost nonexistent.
Almost.

I can't recall what we were like, how deeply we felt for one
another. But I remember it happened at one time or another. I
know that once long ago we held hands for the first
Time.

Knowing that is like a permanent ink blot etched onto my brain.

I can see it; so it must be there. The feeling *must* be real.
From such a generically bland and commonplace life, you are
one of my very few truths.