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My Hand

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My Hand

Faith Bowman

I've been experiencing a slight tingle in my right hand lately. It started off low and subtle. Kind of like a buzz that you hear right as you screw in a light bulb and the wires spark up with electricity. I had never felt it before, and recently it has been getting stronger. The light buzz has now developed further into a warming sensation. It brings me back to my childhood when I owned a snake. The synthetic sun that came from the heat lamp was now directly over my hand and moving its way up my arm.

When I went outside, the breeze rolled over the peachy hairs. When I closed my eyes, I could feel every hair move with the wind. It calmed me. In that moment, I thought of every moment in my life when I had been touched by the wind. It doesn't ask for permission to graze you. It can be soft, whispering in your ear, kissing your neck, and making every hair rise upon your body. Wind can also be violent. Whipping you in any direction. Pushing and pulling until you are forced to give in.

I sit at my desk, as I have been sitting for the last ten days. I am holding my favorite mug, heated from the sweet, warm, chocolate milk. Wrapping my fingers around the handle, my skin is met with the cool, ceramic handle. I start to take a sip, but find no strength. Before I can even lift the beverage, my arm disappears before me. I am left with a hideous stump. A maze of zig-zagged scars and stitches distorts my false reality. Furious tears bring back the memories of the wind and the sea and the boat, and the rope. I reach for my mug and take a sip. The counterfeit buzzing returns to the limb that I lost to that violent wind.