

i held you in my hand

3/24/2016

i held your larynx... i held your whispers of "i love you" to your newborn baby, your joyful singing in the shower, your screams of grief and pain when your grandpa died.

i held your liver... i held that time you drank too much at your best friends wedding, the remnants of your worn out red blood cells, the time you ate a special brownie in college.

i held your tibial nerve... i held the way you got up on your tiptoes to reach your daddy's neck for a hug, the grip of your toes as you sunk into the sand at the cottage, the feeling of a foot rub.

i held your stomach ... i held those peas your mom made you eat when you were young, the butterflies when you met the man who stole your heart and to whom you would give your hand.

i held your brain... i held your thoughts, your memories, your fears and joys, your consciousness, your wants and desires, all your life experiences.

i held your abdominal wall... i held your insecurity after your C-section, the soreness after those Pilates classes.

i held your fingers... i held the delicate movements as you played your guitar, the strength of your grip that reassured your brother that every thing would be okay, the best way to eat cake icing.

i held your lung... i held the struggle of the last quarter mile of your first marathon, the times you laughed so hard you couldn't catch your breath, your first inhale and your last exhale.... i held your cancer.

Thank you to those who, in death, support learning by gifting their bodies.
Thank you to Dalhousie University for respecting and nurturing them.
Thank you for the opportunity to hold you my hands.