HOW TO LET GO...

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

the skin was stiff. dried out, and cold. there was a certain softness to it. a softness that whispered the time.

the gentle hairs were familiar to your hands. an old discovery. but for the very first time; it wasn't your hands in

but for the very first time; it wasn't your hands in control.

it was the artificial cylinder of silver solution.

