

Friday

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [April 4, 2006](#) issue

I am imagining the soldier
who drove the nails,
clambering around or across
the body, straddling and stretching
to reach the hands,
trying to avoid seeing
the face and eyes,
ignoring the eternal life line
dividing the palms
from fingers down to wrists,
glimpsing the lips
moving silently,
mouthing words not meant
for ears to hear;
And I'm wondering
how many keepers of reliquaries
claim to own those nails,
or perhaps even the letter home
written by the nailer
or some other soldier ordered
later to do his duty
and pull them out.