

Writing on my hand

by [Clare Bryden](#) in the [January 2025](#) issue

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Stepping forward to receive the host,
I spread out my palms before
I remember these aide memoires
inscribed in black biro, blots
not quite scrubbed away. The left

now sat awkwardly in right recalls
things to buy, people to catch,
a reference, a superscription—
Of the Sons of Korah. A Psalm.
A Song. Too late to change,

I commit. The minister holds up
for brief eternity the wafer stamped
with crosses—*the body of Christ*—
then consigns it to my waiting
hands, become a palimpsest.