

# 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.