

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.