

On Heartache and Hands

Nicole Montgomery

I picture our hands like a winding road,
bumpy and scarred from a lifetime of work.
In her varicose veins, love's mysteries flowed
hidden, a ghost of our past, quietly lurks
reminding me of summer memories.
Hands intertwine to symbolize one.
It's an act of affection, public decree,
shaky grasp, intimate, old, but newly sprung
like the antiquity of our first time kiss.
An old love's rebirth, fresh air to the lungs.
I wish you could see just how much you're missed,
the impact of your love, there's no greater sum.
What memories we've built, what thoughts of glee.
Yet, I know in the end we will never be.

Nicole Montgomery is a sophomore English teaching major at Northwestern College in Orange City, Iowa. She has been writing poetry since 8th grade, but began getting serious as a poet after an introductory creative writing class. She writes about various topics that give voices to the silent. She hopes that she may write about what matters and shed light on otherwise unnoticed suffering.