

*The
Shadow
of
Turning*



words by Hannah Hall

art by Hannah Charlton

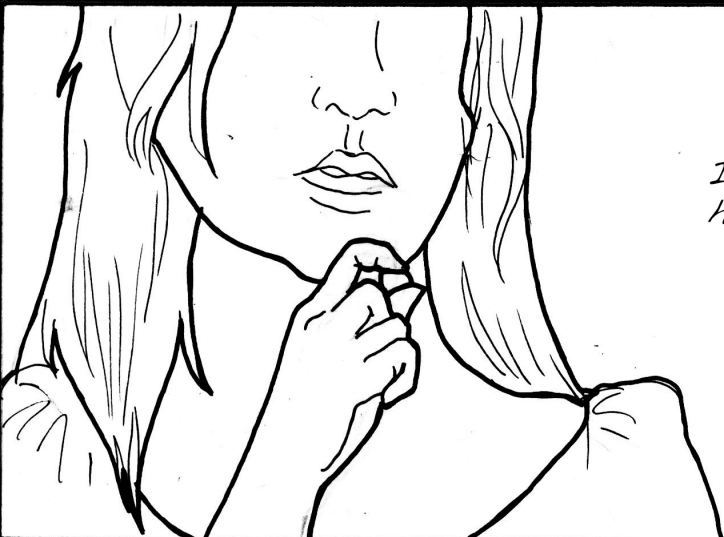
the SKIDNIP of TURNING



*The sharp sweetness of the
bread and the wine*



*throw me back to a time before
habit*



*I wonder if this is the true taste of
human flesh.*

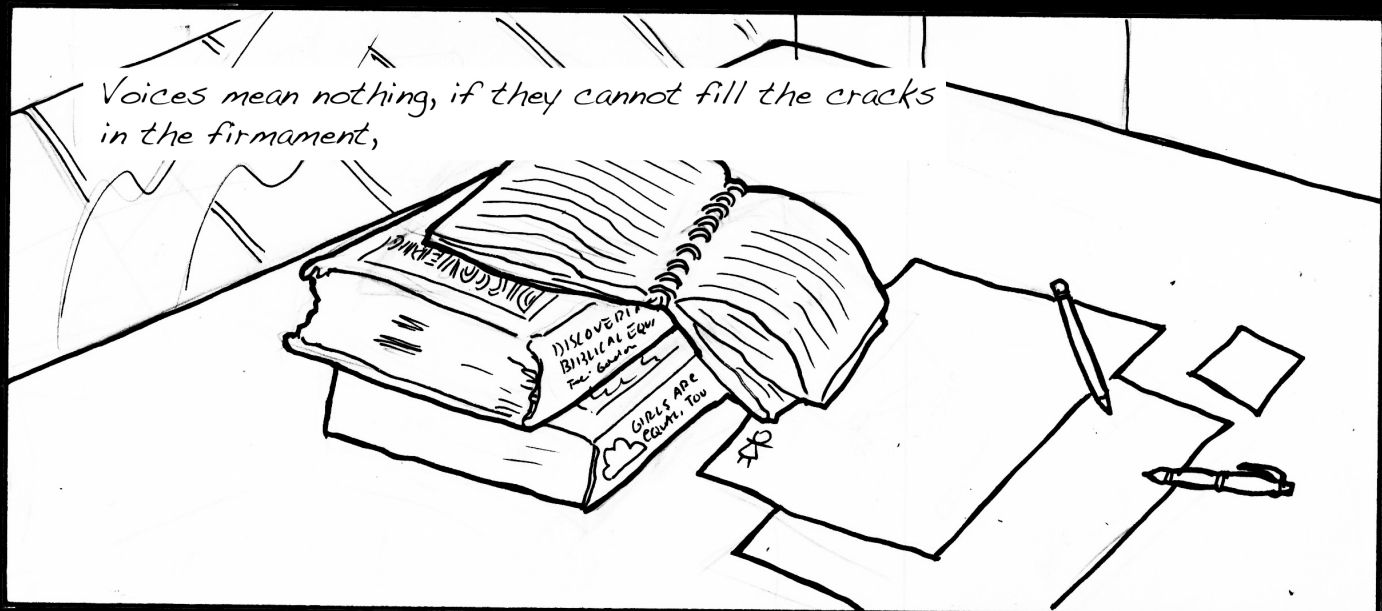
*But it is later, in the
heat of the night,
that the*

deepness

inside me awakens--



I look for it in vain.

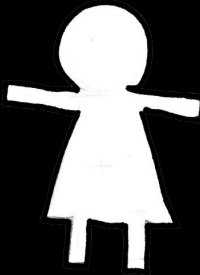
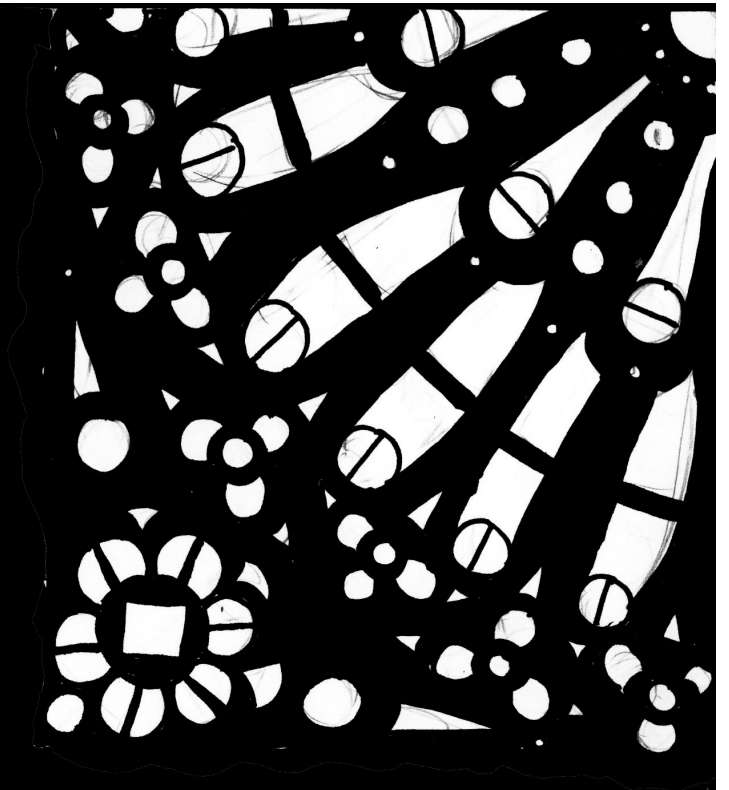




The wind wove around me,

caressing me like her child as I

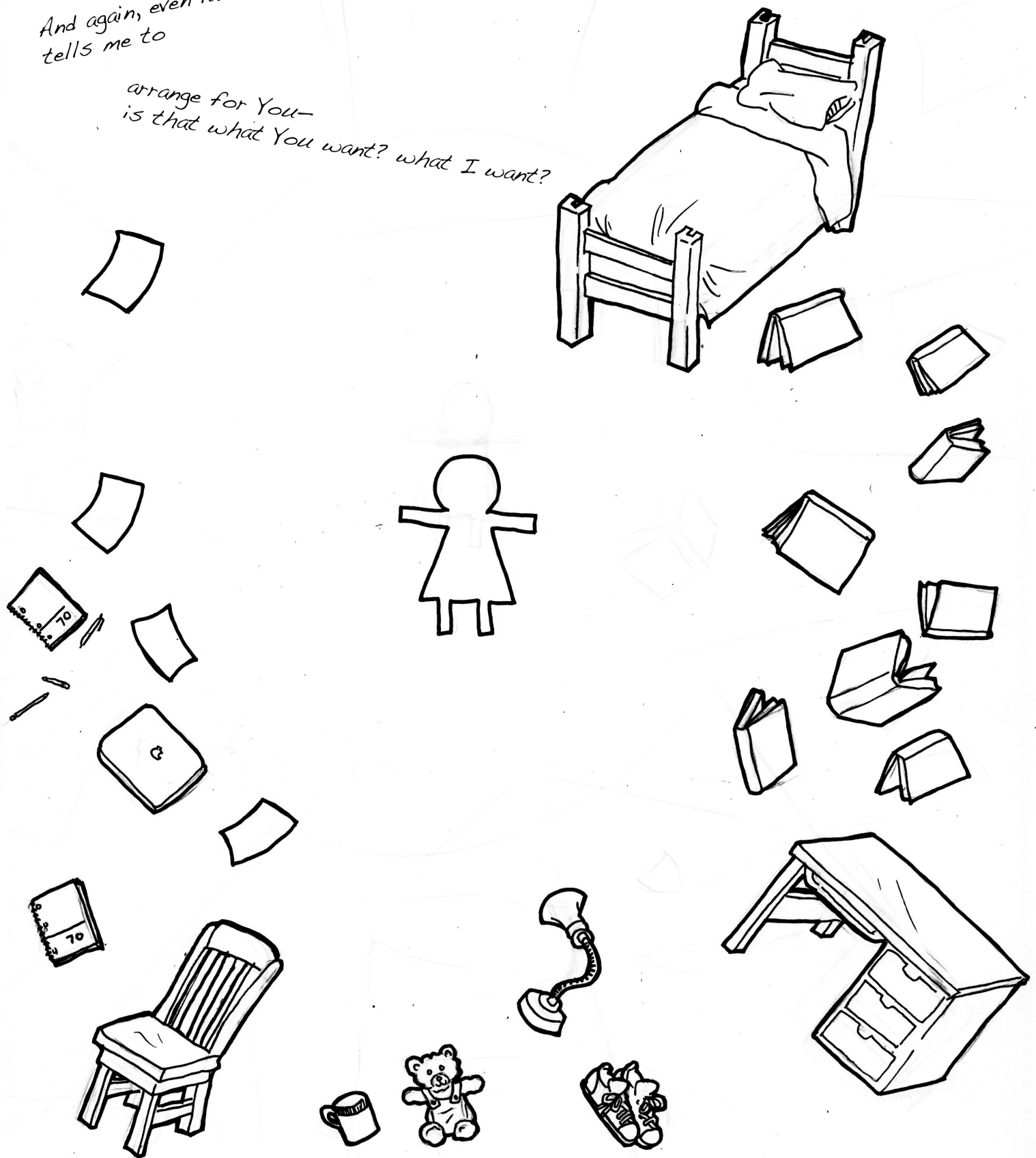
fought on, ignoring the pain.

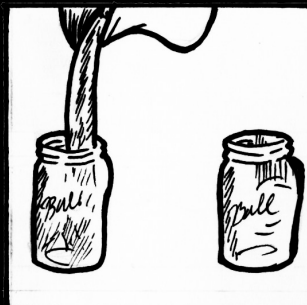


*My time with You is full of questions
and the brief silences which foreshadow my fear
of ignorance*

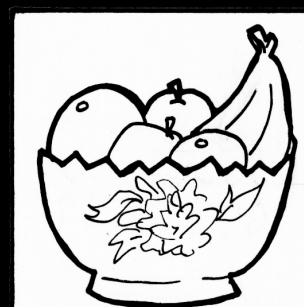
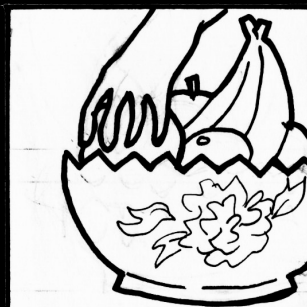
And again, even later, the voice that
tells me to

arrange for You—
is that what You want? what I want?





*I could, if it was true,
pour my sins into little jars,
close them tight
arrange the fruit in a bowl
on the table
while You sit at the counter
and watch
not bothering to correct me,
even gently
But this kitchen
isn't big enough for both of us.*



*I ask You
if it's true that men are a lie.*



I could try, if You needed me to,



*to do it right, to caulk my soul with
only You—*

*but ever beckoning is the question
of worth—*



is there really nothing new under the sun?



it's new to me, but



i am young.

*They say there is no shadow of turning with
thee*



but there is the shadow of my turning to consider

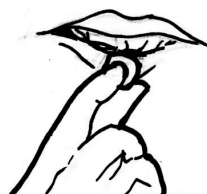
*whether it, like the rain, is swallowed up by the
ocean*



*or if it flies away on the wings of an eagle and
sheds my spirit*



*over the farthest reaches of the seas, where men
fear to tread*



and women



creep



along,



hollow,



waiting.

