



# Victor

Malynda Shook

The palimpsest of your body--  
these words I write  
on flesh, parchment made animate  
by hairs erect, follicles attent as lightening rods or  
hands grasping bread from the charity cart.  
I like to think  
they reach for this: an order  
from my second scribe  
scuffing into dust that first mistaken entry  
that claimed you as their own

\* Malynda's poem "Tulips," which appeared in the Fall 2006 issue, was the 2006 winner of the Provost's Prize in Poetry

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