

His Waiting Hand

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It was waiting for me
when I got up
to sharpen my pencil but

I didn't know.

The crank, crank
of the pencil sharpener

The shuffle, shuffle of my feet
as I made my way back to my desk.

The screech I released
When I felt something
squeeze my 10-year-old buttock.
The warm, prickly sensation.

His cold laughter
when I turned around.

Years later, I had over
seven miscarriages.

Years later, my father
died from dementia.

Years later, my mother
unexpectedly suffered
a major stroke.

Years later, I still hear him
laughing as I turn around.