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The Relayers

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The Relayers

Author Bio

Hannah! Evans is a writer, a tutor, and a Gettysburg College Junior from Fredericksburg, Virginia. She's fascinated by the sway that words can hold, and by the magic in the extraordinary and ordinary alike. Hannah! has been signing her name with an exclamation point whenever she can since she was in first grade. She believes firmly in the small things, little intermittent acts of joy, wherever they may be found. She can be found at @hannahexclamation on instagram and @hannahex on twitch.

The Relayers

HANNAH! EVANS

*"Some people are relayers,
Running back and forth between destinations, people,
Focused on the sacred practice of passing and receiving."*

-N. Abergone

I. Some people are relayers;
Not gossipers, but of the like,
They get some sort of joy in sharing,
Mundanity to whomever will hear it.
Not I, I tire quickly of
The telling, the practiced repetition.
I never tell a story the same way twice.

II. I can't quite figure her out;
She gets a certain something
When she spins the same story like a skipping record,
Like the broken air conditioner
Or how she kept her boyfriend's pajama pants,
The rules she read twice, just to tell us with certainty,
And how she celebrated, just to list the ways how, and in what way,
And order. Again and again,
I've been laid witness to her practice.
She's gotten good, I give her that; refined her great work,
But I don't know where it comes from
 its origination point
 its ritualistic significance.

She's your acquaintance, she's your coworker,
She's the one you can't quite seem to ditch,
Because you're just too nice for that,
She's your brother's friend and your brother,
Constantly talking over each other
On either side of your ear, She's a metaphor,
She's everyone you know who's like this,
She's the cashier at the corner store
Who thinks of you as a morning comrade,

She's your chatty aunt, and friend, and enemy.

III. I turn to her and say:

Is it the telling of life?

I want to know,

Are you proving yourself,

Showing me you know how to do it?

Are you telling me without doubt

That you know how life works,

Are you recording a journal

curating an archive

fitting the pieces together,

Are you giving me instructions?

I don't know what to do with your newspaper clippings

And abandoned relay batons

But I guess I'll pick them up

And hold them for you.

Does this count as holding you in my hands?