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## Gentle Fingers

John A. Mazzoni

Gettysburg College, mazzjo01@cnav.gettysburg.edu

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# Gentle Fingers

## **Keywords**

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## **Author Bio**

John Mazzoni is a sophomore this year from the Bronx. Majoring in history and political philosophy, he plans on graduating and moving back to pursue a career as a professor while continuing his studies. Madame Bovary chooses Arsenic!

## Gentle Fingers

Sitting in the autumnal tide,  
The cool breeze whisks the contours of my face,  
Whisking the abyss of my mind,  
Touching my thoughts with gentle fingers;  
Molding them with subtle hands.

The trees, weeping; stationary in their solitude,  
Void! Themselves of their pride,  
At that moment of most adornment  
The peak of beauty. Yet,  
Caught in God's cruel game,  
As gentle fingers, softly, smoothly,  
Run down their limbs, as their tears fall silently to the ground.

They scatter the land—The Wasteland.  
Careful not to step on them,  
For such disrespect they deserve not.  
Their fallen beauty before my eyes,  
Their colors twist in silence...  
Peace, I thought, endless peace swirling slipping in between  
Gentle fingers.

Why do they weep so? What qualm is theirs?  
If God be the culprit—weep not  
For God will rejoice with them once again,  
Their tears will resurrect.  
Mine will not.

How I envy them.  
None is the promise of resurrection of my pride,  
Whisked away as by gentle fingers...  
But my stationary, solitary weeping is constant,

For God has saved a crueler fate for I.  
My void—endless. My tears—eternal.  
How pitiless is the hand that allows such gentle fingers,  
To strip a tree of splendor—for it returns  
And I watch, naked, in my guilt.

That cruel hand mocks me in the cool autumnal tide,  
How uneven nature is, and I find myself,  
On the shorter side...  
As gentle fingers wipe my tears,  
Silently to the ground.