Surrender to Hallmark
by Cam Watts
Aylmer Baptist Church, Aylmer, ON

We stand before
Your egalitarian commercial intensity hands
Wide open fingers flexing
Not grasping anything.

We run our fingers over the precious metals
Of sentiment warmth and being remembered
Then kneel to the ground and wait

To shoulder a yoke with one whose hands are
coarse and unmanicured
Hands that have embraced wounded
Dug graves pounded on doors of injustice

We are assayed on the touchstone of a rusty
Imperial spike.

We own no hallmark but the nail prints on our
hands.