

We Are Written

Peter Hammill

It was always going to be like this, whatever you bring yourself to say. Why don't you point that thing the other way and telescope this tangled story? You've got the whole thing at your fingertips, already scripted in an alien Braille, snagged up under your fingernails." Oh, so blissful, in ignorance we pin the tail, with smudgy marks we scratch the surface. We are what we were born to be, we are what we become over time, under our own thumbs. We are written in our fingerprints, in everything we do and see; we are written in our fingerprints, so very singular the marks of our destiny. So open the hands: this is a lifespan. I found the future in my grasp, the line of least resistance, naturally; joined up the dots and never thought to ask could I somehow do this differently? In the heat of the moment it's impressed on me what's done is done in understanding. And if I had a choice to make I ignored it as such. So our lifelines accumulate like the dust on the things we've touched. We are written in our fingerprints, all of our virtues, all our vice. We are written in our fingerprints. Once upon a time the story: we won't go through these motions twice. We are written in our fingerprints. We don't get to do this thing twice, so let's play out the hand, unconsciously pre-planned.