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<td><strong>Authors(s)</strong></td>
<td>Williams, Nerys</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Publication date</strong></td>
<td>2015-03</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Link to online version</strong></td>
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HANDS
(after Geta Bratescu)

The personality of the hand moves without charm. between here and there.
The sudden space

Mindful of nothing except the eyes’ frame. an unoccupied table
notes to the future.

This tunnel, the making of paper to a ball. The hand tattoos itself
with a black marker

Pulling a wedding ring up and down – making sure the digits
retain their splay.

The hand thinks of little except its cigarette. Remember: a hand can move
against the memory of autograph

A camera eye marking the distance refusing to sign
papers of release.

Born in Carmarthenshire and a Welsh speaker, Nerys Williams has published poems and critical essays widely (including Poetry Wales and Poetry Ireland). Her first volume Sound Archive (Seren, 2011) was shortlisted for the Felix Dennis prize and won the Rupert and Eithne Strong first volume prize in 2012. Her work has recently been critically examined as part of the Devolved Voices project and in Alice Entwistle’s In Her Own Words: Women Talking Poetry and Wales (Seren, 2014.) Nerys lectures in American Literature at University College, Dublin.