

SENIORS 1991

THUMBPRINT

Eve Merriam

In the heel of my thumb
are whorls, whirls, wheels
in a unique design:
mine alone.

What a treasure to own!
My own flesh, my own feelings.
No other, however grand or base,
can ever contain the same.

My signature,
thumbing the pages of my time.
My universe key,
my singularity.
Impress, implant.
I am myself,

of all my atom parts I am the sum.
And out of my blood and my brain
I make my own interior weather,
my own sun and rain.
Imprint my mark upon the world,
whatever I shall become.

