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### Bleeding Fingers

We use them to grasp our bread  
to grasp the light that leaks from the cracks in our heads  
even to grasp thorny problems  
the dripping blood is the life we face  
if there's any hope, it's that  
the warmth lost along the assembly line  
will light up the stars as it scatters  
and the screams that burst from the chest  
can find an echo in the roaring workshop  
let it tremble there  
we are washing ourselves spotless  
in tears