

GLASSHEART by Reina Hardy

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There has been— a development.

She touched me.

Here, right here. She said that she did not even see it, and then she touched me on my arm. It seems to me that the flesh glows, that it has been rarefied and is somehow clean.

Yes, here! Don't you understand what this means? She touched me, of her own free will. I am full—full of courage. I look forward and life seems a path I can walk. Doesn't this make you happy?

There is hope.

Hope lives!