On cold days the scars on my hands become more pronounced, darker. So often these days I imagine what my mother must have thought when she came upon me on the floor, lightbulbs in each of my fists, smacked against one another as if in breaking them I could make a kind of music—private, imperfect, but sound. For a while I thought to know anything you had to touch it. The skin reopened for years in the same places. I wanted to be something: a boxer, a musician. Positioning myself around things I’d play, or break. What I’ve found is the act matters less than what it leaves.