

## "These Hands"

*She said, "these are lover's hands.  
These hands are beautiful hands.  
So smooth so soft so ... discreet."  
She pressed them against her cheek,  
"These hands, warm, strong, delicate,  
ravenous in their caress."  
She brought them to touch her lips.  
"These hands are," and brushed a kiss  
"these hands are neither corrupt,  
by men, nor callous, nor rough  
"these are poet's hands." She said.  
She touched them to her body  
"These hands," she said in hunger,  
"are the hands of a lover."*

These hands  
take a look at These hands  
these roguish hands  
these currish hands

These hands that are scarred and  
reputed

These hands

These hands that are callused and  
broken

These hands

These hands  
have been hardened with hire  
arthritic and cracked  
deformed and defiled

These hands  
have been tempered from time

These hands  
that have conquered your fears  
conquered your desires  
conquered by love

These hands  
that have felled trees for your bed  
and have splintered rock for your  
sleep

These hands  
that have built for you a cathedral  
and have been often bled in defeat

These hands  
take a look at These hands

These hands that have held you in  
desire

These hands that have touched your  
sanctuary  
fevered damning and alive

These hands that cupped water to your  
lips  
cupped sweat from your breast  
and the child in your arms

These hands numb from pain  
numb from your dismissal  
thick and barbaric

These hands have brushed your tears  
have touched your whisper and  
ignited the warmth of your belly

These hands  
that have felt the sting of your  
cheek

These hands  
forsaken renounced  
have held you in their fervor  
gentle enduring

These hands

These hands  
take a look at These hands

These hands foundry chiseled  
whose joints refrain  
in the burn of molten  
the crush of flesh

These hands with severed tips  
shattered knuckles  
the Braille of tissue and  
telomerase sutures

These hands  
these reformed rake's

These hands  
take a look at These hands

these are the hands

of a man

who l oves you

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