

"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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