



Seven Ways of Looking at Hands

I know I would be nowhere
with no hands, no lifelines to reveal
futures, life's expressions invisible
No incredible, articulate movements.

Essential, responsible, hands matter
Men, women, children, babies
rejoice when hands hold, caress and direct an orchestra,
drive cars, buses, trains; fly helicopters and planes.

Hands – a pair with eight fingers, two thumbs
to adorn with jewels to signify status
Act as an invitation; as an exit strategy
are diamonds really a girl's best friend?

How is it that hands are enclosed
In a 'protective' skin
So as to keep out evil
And let good in

Oh but hands can slap, punch and kill
Swear and curse with such dramatic appeal
that 'war' is the outcome;
Peace the calm after the storm.

The artist, the pianist, the writer
The musician, the singer, the dancer
Would turn mad, bad and dangerous to know
Without their hands, they'd have no place to go.

Hands are perfect; each finger print unique
to keep a trace; a pattern
There is no escape
If you've abused their powers.

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