

hands by Sara Hall

They pluck eyelashes
Off cheeks to be blown
Like dandelions, make
A wish, blow a kiss, gone.

They rest on stomachs
And trace arms like a child
Running a crayon around
A maze in a coloring book.

They touch lips,
Feel the breaths of another
And the twitch of a smile
Growing, or tears tumbling.

They crave. They don't
Feel whole on their own,
Like a magnet they require
Their mate, their opposite.

Once they've had the taste
Of warm skin, cool skin,
Sweaty skin, finger-
Tips, they want that palm

Smashed against their face
Like the ocean wants
The shore. Like a kite
Wants the air. They need.

They skirt the tops of buzz
Cuts and push through brambles
Of untamed curls, adventure
Through dandruff and oil

And come out feeling new
And fresh and wanting more,
Always wanting more. Hands
Are greedy. They don't apologize.

They take first and ask
Questions next Tuesday,
When the memory of what
They'd done is melted.

They pull down shirts

And touch breasts and make
A boy turn into a man as
A nightlight bursts at dusk.

They hold cheeks,
Shoulders, and slide down
Too far and shoot back up
To hip-bones saying 'sorry'.

They tap Morse code
On glasses and noses
And spines, they feel
Foreign and lovely at once.

They cling to waists,
Caress necks, pin wrists
To beds, to laps. They
Win at thumb wrestling.

They hold onto shaking
Backs. They wipe water
From eyelids. They whisper
Across ears and cover mouths.

They hide faces. They hold
cell phones. They rub the bruise
of a memory until it is raw.
They cling. They let go.

Hands wave hello.
And hands wave goodbye.