

Junior Division Poetry

**Hands**

Olivia Parsons, St. John's

the first pair of hands I held  
were perfect  
they were large, lean, had long fingers  
soft, even skin that had never been touched  
they had knuckles that squeezed my own cold hand  
as I glanced around the crowded lobby  
with uncertainty  
when they interlocked with my own  
I almost felt embarrassed  
the first pair of hands were the kind of pretty  
I wish mine were.

the second pair of hands  
were honest  
the second pair were passionate  
pale and dry, but always warm  
nails bitten away by years of worry  
but these hands spoke the truth  
they covered a laughing face  
and clutched the blackest cup of coffee  
the steering wheel slid into the left  
while the right turned up my favourite song  
these hands touched my thigh and told me stories  
they shook, but never did they let go  
I wish I hadn't given up on these hands.

the third pair of hands  
were the smartest I ever knew  
beautiful, clean

but I wondered  
what they were washing away with all the  
soap and water  
these hands knew how to handle a situation  
swung open the bathroom door  
and held themselves up to those listening outside-  
Stop.

they spun the lock  
and picked my hands up off the tiles  
they held me, stopped my shaking  
tipped my chin to look up  
tucked my hair back to whisper in my ear  
when the third pair of hands held mine  
our fingers weren't intertwined  
I thanked these hands

but my own  
are still buried inside my pockets.