

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.