

April 2015

## Hands

Hands.

Impressive start, I know.

Hands are amazing things, Infinitely complex tools crafted by nature.

Built to grab, twist and manipulate.

Versatile and intricate, able to craft works of love, happiness, but able to destroy and hurt as well.

Hands for creating stories or drawing pictures. Catalysts of love, and of purpose.

Hands to wave in greeting later collide in friendship, wave again to say goodbye and hold our faces together in times of grief and despair.

Where should I go from here?

Most believe laughter is the best medicine and if that is true than hands are a pharmaceutical miracle.

Where is the comedian without his pen and his paper, without his hands he may be unable to spread good cheer.

Without hands the mind cannot bend and see, causing the Artist to see new ideas and a friend to understand a friend in need.

Hands are responsive. Hands keep us busy.

Constantly twitching and twirling, reaching inside pockets for glossy sheets of plastic, and metal, our fingers pinching stiffly a tool to bring us closer together often results in feeling more alone than ever.

When we are connected through a screen there are no eyes to see, no faces to know, no mouths to speak, with no hands to read our hands become lonely.

However, This is not another call to action on your news feed,

With a sharp dressed man in his twenty-something's.

This is simply a reminder of a life more meaningful to lead.

Because even with these devices of distraction

With no fear of rejection, we can be open and honest through our silent interaction

Because Hands, and the words they make, are honest.

While Eyes may dart from side to side

hands remain where they are, in the gaze of someone you fancy,

Nervously.

With my hands I have written in the pages of dozens of notebooks

Hundreds of love poems of short-lived, breathtaking romances

That have helped me learn and understand myself better

My hands can write, and create, and inspire.  
Just as the works of stranger's hands have inspired me,

Hands are reflexive. Hands fly up in applause or reach out to a friend in need  
So often Hands fly out angrily striking the face of your enemy  
A passionate and well-intentioned attack to bring a fellow man to his knees,  
and yet we forget so often that our hands are just as capable of hurting as healing.  
The same hands that create works of love and of beauty  
Have also shown hate and jealousy.  
Letters between lovers scribbled hastily  
Those same fingers tie together strings to break the other's heart,  
A noose on our moral capacity.

So we run. We run away into the arms of those who choose to care, the arms attached to the  
Hands that will heal and create stories and drawings, and Poems and songs.

Hands that will find one another. Hands that will hold each other.  
Hands that will one day be connected by the comfort of love, tied together by the finger,  
with a ring,  
will grow and grow until new, smaller hands become.  
Hands, twitching with excitement, reach into pockets for glossy sheets of plastic, and metal, to  
send the good news to friends far, far away.  
Devices that once brought us apart, bring us together when we use our hands correctly.  
Nature's most intricate and amazing tool, creates love and hate, heals and destroys, and as for  
mine, they wrote themselves this biography.