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My Father's Hands

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My Father's Hands

Andrew James Rocha

His hands are on the steering wheel
as he drives me to class,
from preschool
all the way to my
second year of college.

His hands made me breakfast
until I learned
how to pour myself a bowl of cereal,
lunch until he taught me
how to make Top Ramen,
and dinner whenever I'm not eating out
with a friend at Denny's.

His hands disciplined me,
teaching me right from wrong,
and how to be honest,
until I was big enough that
his words carried more weight.

His hands are rough and calloused
with a tattoo next to his thumb
while my own are still soft and clean.
My father's hands protected
and sacrificed for me
so that my own hands could
tell stories and write.