Those Hands I Have Not Familiarized With

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Those Hands I Have Not Familiarized With
Carolyn Lee

My father’s hands are coarse.
They’re ash-black as if night
never met day, and if blackouts
were the norm.
My father’s hands are dry,
dry from the work he does lifting
heavy boxes and scanning barcodes
that don’t come with moisturizer.
My father’s hands are wrinkly.
Those lines that outstretch
outline a timeline that is beyond me.
My father’s hands I have not
touched—my place, robbed,
by money and unrealistic,
realistic priorities.
My father’s hands do not need more
hand sanitizer, but the vacation
of a marble sink paired with the lather
of a foam soap and scented with
the sweet suds of a family meal.
My father’s hands don’t tell time,
but enforce it:
time to leave home and time to work,
only to darken those pairs once more.
My father’s hands need lightening,
and the touch
of a longing daughter’s

Nevelson Box
Professor DeBoer’s Sculpture I class