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## 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