

* * * * THESE HANDS * * * *

You see these hands
they are not bent
yet strong n' gentle
They're quick to write
still asthetic and right.

Feel these hands
they're at times precise,
maybe sensible and tense
they held the gorgeous woman
her hands, soft and tight.

Hear these hands
they clapped at ovation.
They can be limp;
they turn to fists clamped,
and labored day-out, and day-in

Smell these hands
bathed in men's cologne.
They carry tools, of all kinds;
and can construct the home,
which many lovers call home

Follow these hands
Pointing with the index-
the Stars, the Moon, Space,
which the Lord has made;
can navigate to explore these.

Watch these hands
They're made for handshakes,
vital for Peace and greetings.
Folding a fist hard enough
to knock a man off his feet;
instead swept a woman off her feet.

Behold these hands
Cling to them with your hands
feel the warmth they generate,
to give a woman her innate-security;
and a man, in his core surety.
Behold these hands...