

HANDS

By Danelle Eubion

Tell me, love,
where do I put my hands now that you're gone?

These days I find them clasped together, praying
to everything I've already lost faith in
and sometimes I ask to feel whole again
and sometimes I ask for you;
how both are one and the same

And some evenings my mind can't help but wander—
Do you still crack your knuckles every night?
(you used to do that for me, do you remember?)
Are your nails still bitten down to the skin?
(do you still bite them as often as I think of you?)
Have the scars on your thumbs healed?
I used to rub at them as if casting a spell
As if to say, "I love you, wounds and all
(but I would rid you of them if you desired)."

Would you still recognize the shape of my hands
out of a hundred others, like you swore?
(I still would, if you gave me the chance.)

I hold myself again and watch my bedside lights flicker
and I guess I'll just expect your presence until
it becomes more of a delusion than a memory

So tell me, love,
where do I put my hands until then?