

These Hands

By Gina Fontanesi

Based on "Jonathan with Hands" by Rashid Johnson



My next life will be smooth
I pray. There I am
a shadow of the dark. My forehead bowed
heavy to dreams. Every fold framed on my fingers
tells a story I don't know-
of my ancestors, my parents,
or even my grandchild.
My eyes see her and her shiny skin.
Notice that her life
never need my bowed nails.
She is entirely new, a notion
my eyes will never know.
Touch my face and feel as you will.
These hands hide my cheeks
and not much else.

