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A.P. Literature and Composition

10 October 2016

Hand Prints

Taking a glimpse, I notice the tiny figure;
So chunky, yet so small.
As the 5 sausages curl around my own pinky,
It becomes so innocent.
The fingers so soft, no scars to recall.
I get a quick whiff of the distinct Johnson's lotion
And my lips begin to curve,

The once soft skin now lathered in dirt.
Greedy, sticky fingers from their Band-Aids
That their mothers wrapped on them from all the falls.
With them, they bring back the frenetic sense of the playground,
And grime encrusted under their nails.
Yet, it never stopped them from tearing up that PB & J.

Now thin and full-grown,
The pompous skin always chilled.
As the boney ligaments ascend,
The quick clicks of the keyboard pierce my ears.
Freshly painted nails are soon chipped;
But the smell still stings my nose.

Exhausted and coarse yet still strong and firm
Protective over their young,
Not willing to let go for anything
The dominating thumb twirls the silver halo
Around and around.
The scars now show,
Revealing their past,
No longer as pure like they once were.

The wrinkly figures are so weary and frail,
Yet as gentle as ever.
The placid hand not so lively anymore.
Once they fall to fate,
The small hands become cold again.
And as I cross them over her chest.
My doleful eyes begin to swell.