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Bulbous Vase

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Sometimes I don’t have enough hands to do all the things my mind tells me I should; sometimes there are too many hands reaching and gripping and pulling.

When I think about all the hands I’ve touched and all the hands that have touched me—

Those that were raised against me in anger, clenched as fists, groping at my pride.

Some hands have held mine, but all of them have let go.

I can still feel the tips of their fingers brushing against mine.

And in the _spaces_ between my own, there is a pronounced bareness akin to that which one might experience after removing a ring that’s been worn for eight years.

My hands have been stripped naked, and when I wash them, I think about the blood that was once on them and the inescapable germs that must have clung to them and infected the masses I’ve touched.

The three hands on the clock indicate seconds, minutes, hours, slipping out of my reach.

And my hands are empty, so I lift them up and try to catch the rain, wondering if it falls or jumps. The world reaches back and asks me to dance.