

Thoughts of my Hands

By Ann Salmonson

A handed gift, gifts of hands, hands of women
Hands trained and practiced, hours spent leaning over the table
What is in my head moves to my hands
Thoughts and imperceptible movement
Embroidery, poetry, social transformation
A world that could be so removed from my own
Held dearly in my heart and lightly in my hands
I sit in it and think and sew
Stabbing my needle through the fabric
A pierced finger so close to the surface
My blood wicks and unwanted flower
The carefully prepared fabric marred by my carelessness
But my saliva can dissolve my blood
And I'm not sure if it's habit or contempt
As I spit on my work
It comes from my mouth and removes evidence of myself
But the impressions of my body remain
Speared in even stitches
Held down with silky threads
Each movement filling the peaceful emptiness

Creating monsters with large eyes and golden teeth

A bite much softer than my needle