

Hands

by Jowell Tan

the moment he started walking
my hands were given new tasks to do:

gripping his hand as we walk the streets
to make sure he doesn't run too far from me

holding his feet in the air
as i wipe his bum & change his diapers

pinching his face with my fingers
as i play with him before he goes to bed

and wrapping my arms around him
to comfort him when he wakes in the mornings.

i keep thinking of the old things
i had in my palms and held in my grasp
but then i remind myself:

*"i'll have plenty of time for all of that
when he's all grown up
and will have no need for my hands."*

