

Hourglass
By Rachel Edmonds

I wish I had more pictures
of my hands. Before
they were misplaced
in the hands of old ladies.

My fingers
looping rabbit ears
on my sons sneakers
the first day of school.

My hands gently lifting and
separating my daughter's hair,
weaving in and out

until a French braid hugged
her head tightly. Pictures
of clapping hands, holding
hands, and hands deep

in dirt, the coolness embedded
under fingernails, planting
food that would feed us.
When did they change?

Was it the many sinks of dishes?
The bubbles crawling up my arms.
Did I spend too much time in the tub

searching for solitude?
Now dirt settles in creases,
next to raised river veins
that run through my body.

I wish I had more pictures.
My hands fumble now.
Rings circle loosely and fall
into the washing machine.