

# The Mystery of His Hands

The mystery of his hands continues until now,  
when they are no longer hands at all, but ash.  
Ash and bone occupy the space where he used to be,  
yet the space his hands occupy is with me still.

So big they were, or so they appeared to me.  
Maybe to my little eyes they were illusory.  
How can anyone's hands appear so enormous, so powerful?  
Did the smallness of my eyes make him bigger than he really was?

No, just his hands, oh and also his penis;  
There was mystery in that as well.  
I wondered along with my brother as we stare at it,  
"Will mine, will mine ever get that big?"

As a boy, the mysteries of him never ceased,  
and as I grew, I continued to wonder,  
While fighting against her bitter words,  
"Don't you ever grow up to be like your father."

Too late for that mom, should have said something sooner.  
By the way, it didn't make any difference.  
Those words of impediment served to reinforce the mystery -  
of him, his hands, his ash and bone bits.

Paul Henri  
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