

Her Hands

her hands are the ones that feed me, her hands are the ones that lead me to her
tender love

her hands mended my broken bones, and her hands drove me home

her hands kept encouraged and never discouraged

her hands picked me up when I go down, her hands wipe away my frown.

her hands are the ones I eat from. and the I ate from her navel on the way to her
flower

her hands I caress, and her love I devourer

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