

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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