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# Tangibility

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## tangibility jami hodgins



Sometimes I don't have enough hands  
to do all the things my mind tells me I  
should;  
sometimes there are too many hands  
reaching and gripping and pulling.

When I think about all the hands I've  
touched  
and all the hands that have touched me—

Those that were raised against me  
in anger, clenched as fists,  
groping at my pride.

Some hands have held mine,  
but all of them have let go.

I can still feel the tips of their fingers  
brushing against mine.

And in the s p a c e s between my  
own,  
there is a pronounced bareness  
akin to that which one might experience  
after removing a ring  
that's been worn for eight years.

My hands have been stripped naked,  
and when I wash them,  
I think about the blood that was once on  
them  
and the inescapable germs that must have  
clung to them and infected the masses I've  
touched.

The three hands on the clock indicate  
seconds, minutes, hours,  
slipping out of my reach.

And my hands are empty,  
so I lift them up  
and try to catch the rain,  
wondering if it falls or jumps.

The world reaches back  
and asks me to dance.