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My Mother's Hands

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My Mother's Hands

Livy Simms

my mother's hands
have always reminded me
of a skeleton's
I know there is one
inside of her
there is one
in all of us
I never thought I would see
those bones so soon
some skin has managed to
grow back over time
it grows back thicker
and stronger only to be
torn away again
every few months

my mother's hands
that anxiously
pick away at
chipping nail polish
yet somehow they manage
to stay clean
my hands never feel clean
my hands make mistakes
they fumble
they ache
despite my youth
I didn't receive
my mother's hands
and I hope I never do
my hands should be my own

my mother's hands
know how to be caring
they also know
how to hurt