

These Hands

WHY?

i wear the customary clothes of my time,
like jesus did, with no reason not to die
facing history, with little to no irony
like i'm some forgotten southern city Sherman razed
still hid under thick smoke after all these years

these hands, are my father's hands but smaller
soaked in paint thinner,
until they're so dry coming together,
they make the sound of resisting each other
a shrill squeal like two moving rubber, tires touching
hide nothing, hide nothing