

YOUR OLD HANDS AND I

THOMAS F. LIPINSKI
University of Alberta

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Your old frail hands my love
knarled, and in so much pain.
No longer soft and fresh.
I hardly noticed them change.
The touch is the same, and so warm in my mind.

I still love to hold your hands
cupped between mine, and kiss your wedding band.
My love I am so sorry it is welded
between your swollen knuckles.
It shall be there forever
and so shall I