

i hate Hands.

not what they are:
unique tide pools swirling on each fingertip
filled with sentient currents
and hidden layers the deeper you dive,
but how they make me feel.
i hate my Hands.

touching, feeling—
a harpoon piercing my heart, being caught in a net unable to see the surface—
unspoken words transmitting secret emotions.
too intimate.
my Hands:
cold and clammy: nervous
blue and chipped: disgusting
do people notice the freckle on my palm?
or are they too busy yelling,
“eww! YOU'RE gross! don't touch me!”
i didn't ask you to offer me a high five.
now that you've touched my tainted waters
you can't help but to compare your starfish studded nails
with my slimy sea slug appendages.

don't touch me.
don't touch my Hands.
because when you capture what little seashells
i have left
after i allowed you to take a swim
it makes me never want to open up
my tide pool to yours.

i can't handle someone holding My hand.