

POETRY

Hands

by Ansel Guarneros



"The Majority of Farm Laborers Are Married With Children" by Tatiana Garmendia

My hands can tell
if someone is doing fine,
or not,
by just touching their face.
It works with everyone
except with me —
I think
that my hands
can tell
exactly what's going on
with my mind
but they don't want me to worry.

I know
they will eventually get tired
of carrying this heartless body
all by themselves,
and the day will come
when they go to another body
and leave me alone.
I'll have to find
new hands to look after me
and tell me
that everything's fine