

Hold On

*Some days, my hands seem useless to me. I look at them and think,
"Why can't you do anything useful?"*

*I try to sew my pointe shoe ribbons on with little pink thread,
my fingers fumble over the needle.*

*I try to express the hurricane that is happening inside myself in a picture,
the result is unsatisfactory and childish. My hands have never learned how to express
art on their own.*

*My hands aren't beautiful either. Stubby nails with thick fingers and the hue of purple veins right
beneath the surface,*

I've never looked at my own hands and felt adoration.

My hands do not exhibit grace.

They do not know how to create.

*They are not cared for,
and they are always cold.*

*So why does she grab them as often as she can? Why has she chosen my hand to hold onto while
walking along the street,
while watching a movie,
while driving in the car,
while shopping in the store,
while wandering around the golf course,
while dancing at a concert,
while lounging on the couch,
Why?*

*I ask her one day, "Why do you hold my hand?" She glances at me and smiles, like the answer has
been obvious all along,*

"Because, my hand feels empty without yours."