

LORI ROMERO

DECONSTRUCTING HANDS

The woman peels potatoes
 (little bald heads tucked away in baskets)
the same firm grip as on the choking child
turned upside down to loosen the lodged
piece of hotdog. She soothes a forehead, cheek
until lungs fill with sleep. Sips chamomile from a cup
without handles. Weightless fingers

circle candles, knit gloves for those without
trace a lifeline which ends with a half-moon
dab spilled wine behind
each ear for luck. Fingers cross—

tense wires hoping for a spark—yet she knows
the fickleness of such things. Fists clench
snaring air, uprooting ordinary light. Palms
cold, heavy as river rocks turn up
and bury themselves in old hair.