

Hand in Hand

She needs shelter from
A lonely world we live in—gone mad
She needs a roof
Over her head—in front of her face
Unlocked like a box—removable
She needs a hand to slip
Inside hers
Hand in hand—locked—bound
Together for life
A pitiful world we live in—disgraced
Eternally touched by His finger—
Hands—words
She needs a removable face
Unlocked—with buried
Treasures beneath layers
Of happiness—bitterness—sadness
She needs a silver watch
Melted down—at
The golden hour, minute,
Second—perfect time kept
In her pocket
Melted—stuck—bound
Like a hand
In a hand
Taut for life
Like a soul mate

A friend—lover—sister—brother
She needs a photograph
With still moments—encased
In a silver box
Melted down
For the perfect hour, minute,
Second—in her pocket
In a box
With hand in hand
Bound as friends—couples
Maybe lovers
Star-crossed or gay
Blessed like a newborn
Just the same—though disgraced
Looked down upon
He reached out
As a whole—just the same
Touching with His finger—
Hands—words
She needs a life to live
Not guided—but led
By her own heart—singular
Maybe in a photograph
Melted moments of happiness
In locked silver boxes
Bound together for life
Hand in hand