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Hands

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Hands

when i see yours,
i see flat callouses
across golden midwest
plains of palms.
i see you scratch
with your fountain pen
black ink between clammy
crevasses of your fingerprints.
i see bitten nails
painful, short
for climbing, and how
you neglected to touch
(or be touched, by me)
those hands were made
cold for a reason

are they warmer now?
i imagine, sadistically, that
they could be, that
my departure could complete you
in the same loving way it
halved me

do you know my
hands? did you learn me
like i learned you?
my hands were

weaker than yours,
do you only
remember your own?
you could have beat me senseless.
do you see the pencil
between fingers, long
spindly scratching at
your window. do they reach
for you, do you drink
from them. do you
see mine, me
i have to know
or can you only see them
around your neck?