

Grasp of Deception

My hands are like my fathers. large and strong,
full of calluses built by work and wisdom.
They're tough, unbreakable. Man-like.

I was given this gift of strength, when I never wanted it.
My hands, large and strong, made me look
like something I wasn't supposed to be.

Where I grew up, girls were petite. Shiny and helpless.
They were glistening charm bracelets and tiny ring
on their thin fingers. My hands, large and strong,
are nothing of the sort.

But Hidden behind bubblegum scented nail polish,
and gift shop mood rings that barely fit,
my hands, large and strong are there for a reason.

My hands are like my fathers, large and strong,
full of calluses built by work and wisdom.
They're tough, unbreakable. Man-like;
the way they were intended to be.