

Grandma Hands  
By Janet Jordan MD

Since I can remember  
They have always been there  
Those heavy lines and creases  
That map out my life  
    Upon my hands

While other little plump moist fingers  
Molded clay ashtrays  
For their mothers  
Mine were sculpting shapes  
    Without bases

Defying nature...  
Much older and wiser than me  
They tailored Barbie dresses  
As if anticipating  
    Suturing faces

Scaling the keyboard  
They would lure my father in  
Baited by the music  
He would pace until he'd win  
    And my fingers would yield to his

They've grown accustomed  
To turning pages  
Highlighting phrases  
Carefully selected to  
    Always be remembered

And while drawing soft circles  
On little bedtime backs  
As eyelids get heavy  
They sense the same lure of music  
    Alive in one son

And feel the same hands  
With those lines and creases  
Small reproductions of mine  
In the other son  
    Defying nature...

Unwelcomed as a child  
These grandma hands  
Have patiently waited  
For the rest of me  
    To grow into them