

Life

The hands of an artist,
hold the paint brush,
Painting the past
for the future.

The hands of a soldier,
holds the rifle,
Protect us,
so we don't have to.

The hands of a boxer,
Clenched into fists,
ready for the fight,
Throwing punches, then an upper cut.

The hands of a writer,
hold the pencil,
Support the head,
elbow on knee.

The hands of a baker,
they kneed and create.
Shape and flip the dough.

The hands of a mechanic,
Dirty,
covered with grease.
Repair and fix vehicles.

But the hands of a friend.
They're from the past for the future,
Ready to protect and fight for you,
To support in a time of need,
Shape and flip your life,
They aren't afraid to get their hands dirty,
Help you up, when times get rough.

The hands tell a story,
What is yours?

