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## My Mother's Hands

Jona Colson

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## Colson: My Mother's Hands

### MY MOTHER'S HANDS

Jona Colson

A tapestry of silk once stretched tight now hangs loose  
and yields with creases and paths. The skin on her hands  
is almost nothing, yet I know she

held me, malleable and male, in a yellow bolt  
of cloth—her fingernails trimmed back as far as  
possible to avoid scratching newborn skin.

Now, her fingers turn and twist against themselves,  
like stems of wild roses—reaching out  
into delicate air. When she holds me at the door,

I know her hands understand the cool love  
to fever, the light to heat, and chests of days  
that close around us, and I can sometimes

feel her fingers straighten and her skin tense  
vowing to hold strong and smooth as if years  
collapsed and the nerves refused to age.